THE POETICAL WORKS OF MILTON.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING

PARADISE REGAIN'D,

A Poem, in Four Books;

SAMSON AGONISTES;

AND

POEMS upon ſeveral Occaſions:

WITH

A GLOSSARY.

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THE

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PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

I WHO erewhile the happy garden ſung,
By one man's diſobedience loſt, now ſing
Recover'd Paradiſe to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience, fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waſte wilderneſs.

Thou Spi'rit who ledd'ſt the glorious eremite
Into the deſert, his victorious field,
Againſt the ſpiritual foe, and brought'ſt him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inſpire,
As thou are wont, my prompted ſong, elſe mute,
And bear thro' height or depth of nature's bounds
With proſp'rous wing full ſumm'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in ſecret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy to' have not remain'd ſo long unſung.

Now had the great proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the ſound of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptiz'd: to his great baptiſm flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the ſon of Joſeph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obſcure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptiſt ſoon

Deſcry'd, divinely warn'd, and witneſs bore
As to his worthier, and would have reſign'd
To him his heavenly office: nor was long
His witneſs unconfirm'd: on him baptize'd
Heaven open'd, and in likeneſs of a dove
The Spi'rit deſcended, while the Father's voice
From heaven pronounce'd him his beloved Son.

That heard, the adverſary', who roving ſtill
About the world, at that aſſembly fam'd
Would not be laſt, and with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-ſtruck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high atteſt was giv'n, a while ſurvey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage,
Flies to his place, nor reſts, but in mid air
To council ſummons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involv'd,
A gloomy conſiſtory; and them amidſt,
With looks aghaſt and ſad, he thus beſpake.

O ancient powers of air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention air,
This our old conqueſt, than remember hell,
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This univerſe we have poſſeſs'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of earth,
Since Adam and his facile conſort Eve
Loſt Paradiſe deceiv'd by me, though ſince
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the ſeed of Eve
Upon my head; long the decrees of heaven
Delay, for longeſt time to him is ſhort;
And now too ſoon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compaſs'd, wherein we
Muſt bide the ſtroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At leaſt if ſo we can, and by the head

Broken be not intended all our power
To be infringe'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's ſeed
Deſtin'd to this, is late of woman born:
His birth to our juſt fear gave no ſmall cauſe,
But his growth now to youth's full flower, diſplaying
All virtue, grace, and wiſdom to achieve
Things higheſt, greateſt, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is ſent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the conſecrated ſtream
Pretends to waſh off ſin, and fit them ſo
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king; all come,
And he himſelf among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The teſtimony' of heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may no doubt; I ſaw
The prophet do him reverence, on him riſing
Out of the water, heaven above the clouds
Unfold her cryſtal doors, thence on his head
A perfect dove deſcend, whate'er it meant,
And out of heaven the Sov'reign Voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him I am pleas'd.
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire
He who obtains the monarchy of heaven;
And what will he not do to' advance his Son?
His firſt-begot we know, and ſore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep:
Who this is we muſt learn; for man he ſeems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpſes of his Father's glory ſhine.
Ye ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,

But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven snares,
Ere at the head of nations he appear
Their King, their Leader, and Supreme on earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition, to find out
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
Successfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once,
Induces best to hope of like success.

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize
To him their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thrive'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd counsel preordain'd and fix'd
Of the Most High, who in full frequence bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,

Thou and all angels converſant on earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verify that ſolemn meſſage late,
On which I ſent thee to the virgin pure
In Galilee, that ſhe ſhould bear a ſon
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then told'ſt her doubting how theſe things could be
To her a virgin, that on her ſhould come
The Holy Ghoſt, and the power of the Higheſt
O'erſhadow her: this man born and now up-grown,
To ſhow him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expoſe
To Satan; let him tempt and now aſſay
His utmoſt ſubtlety, becauſe he boaſts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his apoſtaſy; he might have learn'd
Leſs overweening, ſince he fail'd in Job,
Whoſe conſtant perſeverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now ſhall know I can produce a man
Of female ſeed, far abler to reſiſt
All his ſolicitations, and at length
All his vaſt force, and drive him back to hell,
Winning by conqueſt what the firſt man loſt
By fallacy ſurpriz'd. But firſt I mean
To exerciſe him in the wilderneſs;
There he ſhall firſt lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I ſend him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and ſtrong ſufferance:
His weakneſs ſhall o'ercome Satanic ſtrength,
And all the world, and maſs of ſinful fleſh;
That all the angels and ethereal powers,
They now, and men hereafter may diſcern,
From what conſummate virtue I have choſe

This Perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn ſalvation for the ſons of men.
So ſpake th' eternal Father; and all heaven
Admiring ſtood a ſpace, then into hymns
Burſt forth, and in celeſtial meaſures mov'd,
Circling the throne and ſinging, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.
Victo'ry and triumph to the Son of God
Now ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquiſh by wiſdom helliſh wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore ſecure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
Againſt whate'er may tempt, whate'er ſeduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be fruſtrate all ye ſtratagems of hell,
And deviliſh machinations come to nought.
So they in heaven their odes and vigils tun'd:
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet ſome days
Lodge'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
Muſing and much revolving in his breaſt,
How beſt the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way firſt
Publiſh his godlike office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converſe
With ſolitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and ſtep by ſtep led on,
He enter'd now the bord'ring deſert wild,
And with dark ſhades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus purſu'd.
O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me ſwarm, while I conſider
What from within I feel myſelf, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill ſorting with my preſent ſtate compar'd!

When I was yet a child, no childiſh play
To me was pleaſing, all my mind was ſet
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myſelf I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it ſweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To ſuch perfection, that ere yet my age
Had meaſur'd twice ſix years, at our great feaſt
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propoſe
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all: yet this not all
To which my ſpi'rit aſpir'd; victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To reſcue Iſrael from the Roman yoke,
Then to ſubdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity reſtor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, firſt
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make perſuaſion do the work of fear;
At leaſt to try, and teach the erring ſoul
Not wilfully miſdoing, but unware
Miſled; the ſtubborn only to ſubdue.
Theſe growing thoughts my mother ſoon perceiving,
By words at times caſt forth inly rejoice'd,
And ſaid to me apart, High are thy thoughts,
O ſon, but nouriſh them, and let them ſoar
To what height ſacred virtue and true worth
Can raiſe them, though above example high:
By matchleſs deeds expreſs thy matchleſs Sire.
For know, thou art no ſon of mortal man;
Though men eſteem thee low of parentage,

Thy Father is th' eternal King who rules
All heaven and earth, angels and ſons of men;
A meſſenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a virgin, he foretold
Thou ſhouldſt be great, and ſit on David's throne,
And of thy kingdom there ſhould be no end.
At thy nativity a glorious quire
Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem ſung
To ſhepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Meſſiah now was born
Where they might ſee him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'ſt,
For in the inn was left no better room:
A ſtar, not ſeen before, in heaven appearing
Guided the wiſe men thither from the eaſt,
To honour thee with incenſe, myrrh, and gold,
By whoſe bright courſe led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy ſtar new grav'n in heaven,
By which they knew the King of Iſrael born.
Juſt Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd
By viſion, found thee in the temple', and ſpake
Before the altar and the veſted prieſt,
Like things of thee to all that preſent ſtood.
This having heard, ſtrait I again revolv'd
The law and prophets, ſearching what was writ
Concerning the Meſſiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and ſoon found of whom they ſpake
I am; this chiefly, that my way muſt lie
Through many a hard aſſay ev'n to the death,
Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whoſe ſins
Full weight muſt be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus diſhearten'd or diſmay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptiſt (of whoſe birth I oft had heard,

Not knew by ſight) now come, who was to come
Before Meſſiah, and his way prepare.
I, as all others, to his baptiſm came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Strait knew me, and with loudeſt voice proclaim'd
Me him, (for it was ſhown him ſo from heaven),
Me him whoſe harbinger he was; and firſt
Refus'd on me his baptiſm to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I roſe out of the laving ſtream,
Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spi'rit deſcended on me like a dove,
And laſt the ſum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from heaven, pronounce'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more ſhould live obſcure,
But openly begin, as beſt becomes
Th' authority which I deriv'd from heaven.
And now by ſome ſtrong motions I am led
Into this wilderneſs, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
So ſpake our Morning-Star then in his riſe,
And looking round on every ſide beheld
A pathleſs deſert, duſk with horrid ſhades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human ſteps untrod;
And he ſtill on was led, but with ſuch thoughts
Accompanied of things paſt and to come
Lodge'd in his breaſt, as well might recommend
Such ſolitude before choiceſt ſociety.
Full forty days he paſs'd, whether on hill
Sometimes anon in ſhady vale, each night
Under the covert of ſome ancient oak,

Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor taſted human food, nor hunger felt
Till thoſe days ended, hunger'd then at laſt
Among wild beaſts: they at his ſight grew mild,
Nor ſleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery ſerpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tyger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as ſeem'd, in queſt of ſome ſtray ewe,
Or wither'd ſticks to gather, which might ſerve
Againſt a winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He ſaw approach, who firſt with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd ſpake.
Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from road or path of men, who paſs
In troop or caravan? for ſingle none
Durſt ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcaſe, pin'd with hunger and with drought.
I aſk the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou ſeem'ſt the man, whom late
Our new baptizing prophet at the Ford
Of Jordan honour'd ſo, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I ſaw and heard, for we ſometimes
Who dwell this wild, conſtrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nigheſt is far)
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame alſo finds us out.
To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other guide I ſeek.
By miracle he may, reply'd the ſwain,
What other way I ſee not, for we here
Live on tough roots and ſtubs, to thirſt inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far,

Men to much miſery and hardſhip born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of theſe hard ſtones be made thee bread;
So ſhalt thou ſave thyſelf, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched ſeldom taſte.
He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'ſt thou ſuch force in bread? is it not written
(For I diſcern thee other than thou ſeem'ſt)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with manna? in the mount
Moſes was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waſte; the ſame I now:
Why doſt thou then ſuggeſt to me diſtruſt,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
Whom thus anſwer'd th' archfiénd now undiſguis'd.
'Tis true, I am that ſpirit unfortunate,
Who league'd with millions more in raſh revolt
Kept not my happy ſtation, but was driven
With them from bliſs to the bottomleſs deep;
Yet to that hideous place not ſo confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous priſon, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
Or range in th' air, nor from the heaven of heavens
Hath he excluded my reſort ſometimes.
I came among the ſons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illuſtrate his high worth;
And when to all his angels he propos'd
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies

To his deſtruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do: though I have loſt
Much luſtre of my native brightneſs, loſt
To be belov'd of God, I have not loſt
To love, at leaſt contemplate and admire
What I ſee excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I ſhould ſo have loſt all ſenſe.
What can be then leſs in me than deſire
To ſee thee, and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wiſdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why ſhould I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence; by them
I loſt not what I loſt, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in theſe regions of the world,
If not diſpoſer; lend them of my aid,
Oft my advice by preſages and ſigns,
And anſwers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they ſay excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my miſery and woe.
At firſt it may be; but long ſince with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowſhip in pain divides not ſmart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
Small conſolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me moſt, (what can it leſs?), that man,
Man fall'n ſhall be reſtor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour ſternly thus reply'd.
Deſervedly thou griev'ſt, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boaſt'ſt releaſe from hell, and leave to come
Into the heaven of heavens: thou com'ſt indeed,

As a poor miſerable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had ſat
Among the prime in ſplendour, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, ſhunn'd,
A ſpectacle of ruin or of ſcorn
To all the hoſt of heaven: the happy place
Imparts to thee no happineſs, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, repreſenting
Loſt bliſs, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in hell than when in heaven.
But thou art ſerviceable to heaven's King.
Wilt thou impute to' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleaſure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to miſdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other ſervice was thy choſen taſk,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy ſuſtenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'ſt to truth; all oracles
By thee are given, and what confeſs'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing ſomewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy anſwers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double ſenſe deluding,
Which they who aſk'd have ſeldom underſtood,
And not well underſtood as good not known?
Whoever by conſulting at thy ſhrine
Return'd the wiſer, or the more inſtruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him moſt,
And run no ſooner to his fatal ſnare?
For God hath juſtly given the nations up
To thy deluſions; juſtly, ſince they fell
Idolatrous: but when his purpoſe is
Among them to declare his providence

To thee not known, whence haſt thou then thy truth,
But from him or his angels preſident
In every province? who themſelves diſdaining
T' approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the ſmalleſt tittle thou ſhalt ſay
To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning paraſite obey'ſt;
Then to thyſelf aſcrib'ſt the truth foretold.
But this thy glory ſhall be ſoon retrench'd;
No more ſhalt thou by oracling abuſe
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd;
And thou no more with pomp and ſacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elſewhere,
At leaſt in vain, for they ſhall find thee mute.
God hath now ſent his living oracle
Into the world to teach his final will,
And ſends his Spi'rit of truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requiſite for men to know.
So ſpake our Saviour; but the ſubtle fiend,
Though inly ſtung with anger and diſdain,
Diſſembled, and this anſwer ſmooth return'd.
Sharply thou haſt inſiſted on rebuke,
And urge'd me hard with doings, which not will,
But miſery hath wreſted from me: where
Eaſily canſt thou find one miſerable,
And not enforce'd oft-times to part from truth;
If it may ſtand him more in ſtead to lie,
Say and unſay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art place'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and muſt ſubmiſs endure
Check or reproof, and glad to 'ſcape ſo quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue diſcours'd, pleaſing to th' ear,
And tuneable as ſylvan pipe or ſong;

What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? moſt men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (ſince no man comes),
And talk at leaſt, though I deſpair to' attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wiſe, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous prieſt
To tread his ſacred courts, and miniſter
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchſaf'd his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inſpir'd; diſdain not ſuch acceſs to me.
To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy ſcope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'ſt
Permiſſion from above; thou canſt not more.
He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray diſſimulation, diſappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her fullen wings to double-ſhade
The deſert; fowls in their clay neſts were couch'd;
And now wild beaſts came forth the woods to roam.

BOOK II.

MEanwhile the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptiſt, and had ſeen
Him whom they heard ſo late expreſsly call'd
Jeſus Meſſiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodge'd, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
Now miſſing him their joy ſo lately found,

So lately found, and ſo abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only ſhown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moſes was in the mount, and miſſing long;
And the great Thiſbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore as thoſe young prophets then with care
Sought loſt Elijah, ſo in each place theſe
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho
The city' of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this ſide the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Perea; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and oſiers whiſp'ring play,
Plain fiſhermen, no greater men them call,
Cloſe in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loſs and plaints out-breath'd.
Alas, from what high hope to what relapſe
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Meſſiah certainly now come, ſo long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wiſdom, full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for ſure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom ſhall to Iſreal be reſtor'd:
Thus we rejoice'd, but ſoon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Iſraël,
Send thy Meſſiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppreſs

Thy choſen, to what height their power unjuſt
They have exalted, and behind them caſt
All fear of thee; ariſe and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him
By his great prophet, pointed at and ſhown
In public, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recal,
Mock us with his bleſs'd ſight, then ſnatch him hence:
Soon we ſhall ſee our hope, our joy return.
Thus they out of their plaints new hope reſume,
To find whom at the firſt they found unſought:
But to his mother Mary, when ſhe ſaw
Others return'd from baptiſm, not her ſon,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
Within her breaſt tho' calm, her breaſt tho' pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubled thoughts, which ſhe in ſighs thus clad.
O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that ſalute,
Hail highly favour'd, among women bleſs'd!
While I to ſorrows am no leſs advance'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In ſuch a ſeaſon born when ſcarce a ſhed
Could be obtain'd to ſhelter him or me
From the bleak air; a ſtable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet ſoon enforce'd to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
Were dead, who ſought his life, and miſſing fill'd
With infant-blood the ſtreets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth

Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little ſuſpicious to any king; but now
Full-grown to man, acknowledge'd, as I hear,
By John the Baptiſt, and in public ſhown,
Son own'd from heaven by his Father's voice;
I look'd for ſome great change; to honour? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and riſing he ſhould be
Of many in Iſraël, and to a ſign
Spoken againſt, that through my very ſoul
A ſword ſhall pierce; this is my favour'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it ſeems, and bleſs'd;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? ſome great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he ſcarce had ſeen,
I loſt him, but ſo found, as well I ſaw
He could not loſe himſelf; but went about
His Father's buſineſs; what he meant I mus'd,
Since underſtand; much more his abſence now
Thus long to ſome great purpoſe he obſcures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a ſtorehouſe long of things
And ſay'ings laid up, portending ſtrange events.
  Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had paſs'd
Since firſt her ſalutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her ſon tracing the deſert wild,
Sole but with holieſt meditations fed,
Into himſelf deſcended, and at once
All his great work to come before him ſet;
How to begin, how to accompliſh beſt
His end of being on earth, and miſſion high:

For Satan with ſly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with ſpeed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council ſat;
There without ſign of boaſt, or ſign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began.
  Princes, heaven's ancient ſons; ethereal thrones,
Demonian ſpirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and theſe mild ſeats
Without new trouble; ſuch an enemy
Is riſen to invade us, who no leſs
Threatens than our expulſion down to hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Conſenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, taſted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergone,
Than when I dealt with Adam firſt of men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell,
However to this man inferiour far,
If he be man by mother's ſide at leaſt,
With more than human gifts from heaven adorn'd,
Perfections abſolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greateſt deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, leſt confidence
Of my ſucceſs with Eve in Paradiſe
Deceive ye to perſuaſion over-ſure
Of like ſucceeding here; I ſummon all
Rather to be in readineſs, with hand
Or counſel to aſſiſt; leſt I who erſt
Thought none my equal, now be overmatch'd.
  So ſpake th' old ſerpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was aſſur'd their utmoſt aid
At his command; when from amidſt them roſe

Belial, the diſſoluteſt ſpi'rit that fell,
The ſenſualleſt, and after Aſmodai
The fleſhlieſt incubus; and thus advis'd.
Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the faireſt found;
Many are in each region paſſing fair
As the noon-ſky; more like to goddeſſes
Than mortal creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
Expert in am'rous arts, inchanting tongues
Perſuaſive, virgin majeſty with mild
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible to' approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to ſoften and tame
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve,
Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
As the magnetic hardeſt iron draws.
Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
Of wiſeſt Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.
To whom quick anſwer Satan thus return'd.
Belial, in much even ſcale thou weigh'ſt
All others by thyſelf; becauſe of old
Thou thyſelf doat'dſt on womankind, admiring
Their ſhape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'ſt, but taken with ſuch toys.
Before the flood thou with thy luſty crew,
Falſe titled ſons of God, roaming the earth,
Caſt wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not ſeen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'dſt,
In wood or grove by moſſy fountain-ſide,

In valley or green meadow, to waylay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then layd'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the east
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he firnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire? or should she confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,

Or turn to reverent awe? for beauty ſtands
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; ceaſe to' admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and ſhrink into a trivial toy,
At every ſudden ſlighting quite abaſh'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we muſt try
His conſtancy, with ſuch as have more ſhow
Of worth, of honour, glory', and popular praiſe;
Rocks whereon greateſt men have oftеſt wreck'd;
Or that which only ſeems to ſatisfy
Lawful deſires of nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderneſs;
The reſt commit to me, I ſhall let paſs
No' advantage, and his ſtrength as oft aſſay.
He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a choſen band
Of ſpirits likeſt to himſelf in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cauſe were to unfold ſome active ſcene
Of various perſons, each to know his part;
Then to the deſert takes with theſe his flight;
Where ſtill from ſhade to ſhade the ſon of God
After forty days faſting had remain'd,
Now hung'ring firſt, and to himſelf thus ſaid.
Where will this end? four times ten days I've paſs'd
Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
Nor taſted, nor had appetite; that faſt
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I ſuffer here; if nature need not,
Or God ſupport nature without repaſt
Though needing, what praiſe is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what ſhe aſks; yet God
Can ſatisfy that need ſome other way,

Though hunger ſtill remain: ſo it remain
Without this body's waſting, I content me,
And from the ſting of famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.
It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in ſilent walk, then laid him down
Under the hoſpitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he ſlept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreſhment ſweet;
Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith ſtood,
And ſaw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn,
Tho' ravenous, taught t'abſtain from what they brought:
He ſaw the prophet alſo how he fled
Into the deſert, and how there he ſlept
Under a juniper; then how awak'd,
He found his ſupper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the angel was bid riſe and eat,
And eat the ſecond time after repoſe,
The ſtrength whereof ſuffice'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a gueſt with Daniel at his pulſe.
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
Left his ground-neſt, high tow'ring to deſcry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his ſong:
As lightly from his graſſy couch up roſe
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Faſting he went to ſleep, and faſting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his ſteps he rear'd,
From whoſe high top to ken the proſpect round,
If cottage were in view, ſheep-cote or herd;
But cottage, herd, or ſheep-cote, none he ſaw;
Only' in a bottom ſaw a pleaſant grove,

With chant of tuneful birds reſounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To reſt at noon, and enter'd ſoon the ſhade
High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the mid'ſt a woody ſcene;
Nature's own work it ſeem'd, (nature taught art),
And to a ſuperſtitious eye the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round,
When ſuddenly a man before him ſtood,
Not ruſtic as before, but ſeemlier clad,
As one in city', or court, or palace bred,
And with fair ſpeech theſe words to him addreſs'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild ſolitude ſo long ſhould bide,
Of all things deſtitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of ſome note,
As ſtory tells, have trod this wilderneſs;
The fugitive bond-woman with her ſon
Out-caſt Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel; all the race
Of Iſrael here had famiſh'd, had not God
Rain'd from heaven manna; and that prophet bold
Native of Thebez wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
Of thee theſe forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deſerted here indeed.

To whom thus Jeſus. What conclud'ſt thou hence?
They all had need, as I thou ſeeſt have none.

How haſt thou hunger then? Satan reply'd.
Tell me if food were now before thee ſet,
Would'ſt thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, anſwer'd Jeſus. Why ſhould that
Cauſe thy refuſal? ſaid the ſubtle fiend.
Haſt thou not right to all created things?

Owe not all creatures by juſt right to thee
Duty and ſervice, not to ſtay till bid,
But tender all their power? nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd firſt
To idols, thoſe young Daniel could refuſe;
Nor proferr'd by an enemy, though who
Would ſcruple that, with want oppreſs'd? Behold
Nature aſham'd, or better to expreſs,
Troubled that thou ſhould'ſt hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choiceſt ſtore
To treat thee as beſeems, and as her Lord,
With honour, only deign to ſit and eat.
He ſpake no dream; for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes, beheld
In ample ſpace under the broadeſt ſhade
A table richly ſpread, in regal mode,
With diſhes pil'd, and meats of nobleſt ſort
And ſavour, beaſts of chaſe, or fowl of game,
In paſtry built, or from the ſpit, or boil'd,
Gris amber-ſteam'd; all fiſh from ſea or ſhore,
Freſhet, or purling brook, of ſhell or fin,
And exquiſiteſt name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coaſt.
Alas, how ſimple, to theſe cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a ſtately ſide-board by the wine
That fragrant ſmell diffus'd, in order ſtood
Tall ſtripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymede or Hylas; diſtant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now ſolemn ſtood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of th' Heſperides, that ſeem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled ſince
Of fairy damſels met in foreſt wide

By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming ſtrings, or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentleſt gale Arabian odours fann'd
From their ſoft wings, and Flora's earlieſt ſmells.
Such was the ſplendour; and the tempter now
His invitation earneſtly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to ſit and eat?
Theſe are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of theſe viands pure;
Their taſte no knowledge works at leaſt of evil,
But life preſerves, deſtroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with ſweet reſtorative delight.
All theſe are ſpi'rits of air, and woods, and ſprings,
Thy gentle miniſters, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'ſt thou, Son of God? ſit down and eat.

To whom thus Jeſus temp'rately reply'd.
Saidſt thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my power that right to uſe?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me beſt, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as ſoon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderneſs,
And call ſwift flights of angels miniſtrant
Array'd in glory on my cup to' attend:
Why ſhould'ſt thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what haſt thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy ſpecious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus anſwer'd Satan malecontent.
That I have alſo power to give thou ſeeſt;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary

What I might have beſtow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Choſe to impart to thy apparent need,
Why ſhould'ſt thou not accept it? but I ſee
What I can do or offer is ſuſpect;
Of theſe things others quickly will diſpoſe,
Whoſe pains have earn'd the far-fetch'd ſpoil. With that
Both table and proviſion vaniſh quite,
With ſound of harpies wings, and talons heard;
Only th' impórtune tempter ſtill remain'd,
And with theſe words his temptation purſu'd.
By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible beſides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is ſet on high deſigns,
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprize;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyſelf
Bred up in poverty and ſtraits at home,
Loſt in a deſert here, and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope doſt thou aſpire
To greatneſs? whence authority deriv'ſt?
What followers, what retinue canſt thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canſt feed them on thy coſt?
Money brings honour, friends, conqueſt, and realms:
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his ſon Herod place'd on Judah's throne,
Thy throne, but gold that got him puiſſant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'ſt arrive,
Get riches firſt, get wealth, and treaſure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;

They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wiſdom, ſit and want.
To whom thus Jeſus patiently reply'd.
Yet wealth without theſe three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witneſs thoſe ancient empires of the earth,
In height of all their flowing wealth diſſolv'd:
But men endue'd with theſe have oft attain'd
In loweſt poverty to higheſt deeds;
Gideon, and Jeptha, and the Shepherd Lad,
Whoſe offspring on the throne of Judah ſat
So many ages, and ſhall yet regain
That ſeat, and reign in Iſrael without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy' of memorial), canſt thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I eſteem thoſe names of men ſo poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me ſeems wanting, but that I
May alſo in this poverty as ſoon
Accompliſh what they did, perhaps, and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wiſe man's cumbrance, if not ſnare, more apt
To ſlacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praiſe.
What if, with like averſion, I reject
Riches and realms; yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in ſhow, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and ſleepleſs nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his ſhoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein ſtands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praiſe,

That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himſelf, and rules
Paſſions, deſires, and fears, is more a king;
Which ev'ry wiſe and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aſpires to rule
Cities of men, or headſtrong multitudes,
Subject himſelf to anarchy within,
Or lawleſs paſſions in him which he ſerves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By ſaving doctrine, and from errour lead
To know, and knowing worſhip God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the ſoul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no ſincere delight.
Beſides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to aſſume.
Riches are needleſs then, both for themſelves,
And for thy reaſon why they ſhould be ſought,
To gain a ſceptre, oftеſt better miſs'd.

BOOK III.

SO ſpake the Son of God, and Satan ſtood
A while as mute, confounded what to ſay,
What to reply, confuted and convince'd
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his ſerpent-wiles,
With ſoothing words renew'd, him thus accoſts.
I ſee thou know'ſt what is of uſe to know,
What beſt to ſay can'ſt ſay, to do can'ſt do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words

To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wiſe, juſt, the perfect ſhape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth conſult,
Thy counſel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, thoſe oraculous gems
On Aaron's breaſt; or tongue of ſeers old
Infallible: or wert thou ſought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy ſkill
Of conduct would be ſuch, that all the world
Could not ſuſtain thy proweſs, or ſubſiſt
In battle, though againſt thy few in arms.
Theſe godlike virtues wherefore doſt thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obſcure
In ſavage wilderneſs? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyſelf
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That ſole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of moſt erected ſpi'rits, moſt temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleaſures elſe deſpiſe,
All treaſures and all gain eſteem as droſs,
And dignities and powers all but the higheſt?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the ſon
Of Macedonian Philip had ere theſe
Won Aſia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his diſpoſe; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgement mature,
Quench not the thirſt of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd ſo long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither doſt perſuade me to ſeek wealth

For empire's ſake, nor empire to affect
For glory's ſake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praiſe, if always praiſe unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol [praiſe?
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, ſcarce worth the
They praiſe, and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by ſuch extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be diſprais'd were no ſmall praiſe?
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
The juſt man, and divulges him through heaven
To all his angels, who with true applauſe
Recount his praiſes: thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through heaven and earth,
As thou to thy reproach mayſt well remember,
He aſk'd thee, Haſt thou ſeen my ſervant Job?
Famous he was in heaven, on earth leſs known;
Where glory is falſe glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy' of fame.
They err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By conqueſt far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by aſſault: what do theſe worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and inſlave
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Than thoſe their conquerours, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,

And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy,
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titled Gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worſhipp'd with temple, prieſt and ſacrifice;
One is the ſon of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqu'rour Death diſcover them ſcarce men,
Rolling in brutiſh vices, and deform'd,
Violent or ſhameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wiſdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention ſtill
Him whom thy wrongs with ſaintly patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obſcure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?),
By what he taught and ſuffer'd for ſo doing,
For truth's ſake ſuffering death unjuſt, lives now
Equal in fame to proudeſt conquerours.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught ſuffer'd; if young African' for fame
His waſted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at leaſt,
And loſes, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I ſeek glory then, as vain men ſeek,
Oft not deſerv'd? I ſeek not mine, but his
Who ſent me', and thereby witneſs whence I am.
To whom the tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
Think not ſo ſlight of glory; therein leaſt
Reſembling thy great Father: he ſeeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in heaven
By all his angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,

Wiſe or unwiſe, no difference, no exemption;
Above all ſacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory' he requires, and glory he receives
Promiſcuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounce'd glory' he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reaſon; ſince his word all things produce'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to ſhow forth his goodneſs, and impart
His good communicable to every ſoul
Freely; of whom what could he leſs expect
Than glory' and benediction, that is, thanks,
The ſlighteſt, eaſieſt, readieſt recompenſe
From them who could return him nothing elſe,
And not returning that would likelieſt render
Contempt inſtead, diſhonour, obloquy?
Hard recompenſe, unſuitable return
For ſo much good, ſo much beneficence.
But why ſhould man ſeek glory? who' of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy', and ſhame?
Who for ſo many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and falſe,
And ſo of all true good himſelf deſpoil'd,
Yet, ſacrilegious, to himſelf would take
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet ſo much bounty is in God, ſuch grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himſelf to glory will advance.

So ſpake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to anſwer, but ſtood ſtruck
With guilt of his own ſin, for he himſelf
Inſatiable of glory had loſt all,
Yet of another plea bethought him ſoon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem,
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne;
By mother's side thy father; though thy right
Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms:
Judæa now and all the promis'd land,
Reduce'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temp'rate sway; oft have they violated
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her Heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
The happier reign the sooner it begins;
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
All things are best fulfilled in their due time,
And time there is for all things, truth hath said:
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,

That it ſhall never end, ſo when begin
The Father in his purpoſe hath decreed,
He in whoſe hand all times and ſeaſons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I ſhall firſt
Be try'd in humble ſtate, and things adverſe,
By tribulations, injuries, inſults,
Contempts, and ſcorns, and ſnares, and violence,
Suffering, abſtaining, quietly expecting,
Without diſtruſt or doubt, that he may know
What I can ſuffer, how obey? who beſt
Can ſuffer, beſt can do; beſt reign, who firſt
Well hath obey'd; juſt trial ere I merit
My exaltion without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlaſting kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquiſition?
Know'ſt thou not that my riſing is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy deſtruction?
To whom the tempter, inly rack'd, reply'd.
Let that come when it comes; all hope is loſt
Of my reception into grace; what worſe?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worſe, the expectation more
Of worſe torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worſt; worſt is my port,
My harbour and my ultimate repoſe,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My errour was my errour, and my crime
My crime; whatever for itſelf condemn'd,
And will alike be puniſh'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; tho' to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aſpect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil ſtate,
Would ſtand between me and thy father's ire,

(Whoſe ire I dread more than the fire of hell),
A ſhelter and a kind of ſhading cool
Interpoſition, as a ſummer's cloud.
If I then to the worſt that can be haſte,
Why move thy feet ſo ſlow to what is beſt,
Happieſt both to thyſelf and all the world,
That thou who worthieſt art ſhouldſt be their King?
Perhaps thou linger'ſt in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th' enterprize ſo hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, conſider
Thy life hath yet been private, moſt part ſpent
At home, ſcarce view'd the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jeruſalem, few days
Short ſojourn; and what thence couldſt thou obſerve?
The world thou haſt not ſeen, much leſs her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Beſt ſchool of beſt experience, quickeſt inſight
In all things that to greateſt actions lead.
The wiſeſt, unexperience'd, will be ever
Timorous and loath, with novice modeſty,
(As he who ſeeking aſſes found a kingdom),
Irreſolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:
But I will bring thee where thou ſoon ſhalt quit
Thoſe rudiments, and ſee before thine eyes
The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and ſtate,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyſelf ſo apt, in regal arts,
And regal myſteries, that thou mayſt know
How beſt their oppoſition to withſtand.

With that (ſuch power was given him then) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whoſe verdant feet
A ſpacious plain out-ſtretch'd in circuit wide,

Lay pleaſant; from his ſide two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other ſtrait, and left between
Fair champain with leſs rivers interven'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the ſea:
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine;
With herds the paſtures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might ſeem
The ſeats of mightieſt monarchs, and ſo large
The proſpect was, that here and there was room
For barren deſert fountainleſs and dry.
To this high mountain top the tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we ſpeeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Foreſt, and field, and flood, temples and towers
Cut ſhorter many a league; here thou behold'ſt
Aſſyria and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caſpian Lake, thence on
As far as Indus eaſt, Euphrates weſt,
And oft beyond; to ſouth the Perſian bay,
And inacceſſible th' Arabian drought:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that firſt golden monarchy the ſeat,
And ſeat of Salmanaſſar, whoſe ſucceſs
Iſrael in long captivity ſtill mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's houſe
Led captive, and Jeruſalem laid waſte,
Till Cyrus ſet them free; Perſepolis
His city there thou ſeeſt, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her ſtructure vaſt there ſhows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Suſa by Choaſpes, amber ſtream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame

Built by Emathian, or Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia Niſibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Cteſiphon,
Turning with eaſy eye thou mayſt behold.
All theſe the Parthian, now ſome ages paſt,
By great Arſaces led, who founded firſt
That empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And juſt in time thou com'ſt to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king
In Cteſiphon hath gather'd all his hoſt
Againſt the Scythian, whoſe incurſions wild
Have waſted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haſte; ſee, though from far,
His thouſands, in what martial equipage
They iſſue forth, ſteel bows, and ſhafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight, or in purſuit;
All horſemen, in which fight they moſt excel;
See how in warlike muſter they appear,
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.
He look'd, and ſaw what numbers numberleſs
The city-gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horſes clad, yet fleet and ſtrong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachoſia, from Candaor eaſt,
And Margiana to the Hircanian cliffs
Of Caucaſus, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the ſouth
Of Suſiana, to Balſara's haven.
He ſaw them in their forms of battle range'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhowers againſt the face

Of their purſuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron, caſt a gleaming brown:
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuiraſſiers all in ſteel for ſtanding fight;
Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers
Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers
A multitude with ſpades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was, raiſe hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after theſe, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utenſils of war.
Such forces met not, nor ſo wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Beſiege'd Albraca, as romances tell,
The city' of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The faireſt of her ſex Angelica
His daughter, ſought by many proweſt knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemagne.
Such and ſo numerous was their chivalry;
At ſight whereof the fiend yet more preſum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou mayſt know I ſeek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way ſecure
On no ſlight grounds thy ſafety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and ſhown
All this fair ſight: thy kingdom tho' foretold
By prophet or by angel, unleſs thou
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never ſhalt obtain; prediction ſtill
In all things, and all men, ſuppoſes means,
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But ſay thou wert poſſeſs'd of David's throne
By free conſent of all, none oppoſite,
Samaritan or Jew; how couldſt thou hope

Long to enjoy it quiet and ſecure,
Between two ſuch incloſing enemies
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of theſe
Thou muſt make ſure thy own, the Parthian firſt
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invaſion to annoy
Thy country', and captive lead away her kings
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman: it ſhall be my taſk
To render thee the Parthian at diſpoſe;
Chuſe which thou wilt by conqueſt or by league.
By him thou ſhalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinſtall thee
In David's royal ſeat, his true ſucceſſour,
Deliverance of thy brethren, thoſe ten tribes
Whoſe offspring in his territory yet ſerve,
In Habor, and among the Medes diſpers'd;
Ten ſons of Jacob, two of Joſeph loſt
Thus long from Iſrael, ſerving as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt ſerv'd,
This offer ſets before thee to deliver.
Theſe if from ſervitude thou ſhalt reſtore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæſar not need fear.

To whom our Saviour anſwer'd thus unmov'd.

Much oſtentation vain of fleſhly arm,
And fragile arms, much inſtrument of war
Long in preparing, ſoon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou' haſt ſet; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
Plauſible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I muſt uſe thou ſay'ſt, prediction elſe

Will unpredict and fail me of the throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better fartheſt off) is not yet come;
When that comes, think not thou to find me ſlack
On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumberſome
Luggage of war there ſhown me, argument
Of human weakneſs rather than of ſtrength.
My brethren, as thou call'ſt them, thoſe ten tribes,
I muſt deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full ſceptre ſway
To juſt extent over all Iſrael's ſons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Iſrael, or for David, or his throne,
When thou ſtood'ſt up his tempter to the pride
Of numb'ring Iſrael, which coſt the lives
Of threeſcore and ten thouſand Iſraelites
By three days peſtilence? ſuch was thy zeal
To Iſrael then, the ſame that now to me.
As for thoſe captive tribes, themſelves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worſhip calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Aſhtaroth,
And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
Beſides their other worſe than heath'niſh crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themſelves, or penitent beſought
The God of their forefathers; but ſo dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themſelves, diſtinguiſhable ſcarce
From Gentiles, but by circumciſion vain,
And God with idols in their worſhip join'd.
Should I of theſe the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,

Headlong would follow'; and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them ſerve
Their enemies, who ſerve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himſelf beſt known,
Rememb'ring Abraham, by ſome wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and ſincere,
And at their paſſing cleave th' Aſſyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haſte,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their fathers paſs'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.
So ſpake Iſrael's true King, and to the fiend
Made anſwer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falſehood contends.

BOOK IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad ſucceſs
The tempter ſtood, nor had what to reply,
Diſcover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the perſuaſive rhetoric
That ſleek'd his tongue, and won ſo much on Eve,
So little here, nay loſt; but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who ſelf-deceiv'd
And raſh, beforehand had not better weigh'd
The ſtrength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchleſs held
In cunning, over-reach'd where leaſt he thought,
To ſalve his credit, and for very ſpite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him ſtill,
And never ceaſe, though to his ſhame the more;
Or as a ſwarm of flies in vintage-time,
About the wine-preſs where ſweet muſt is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming ſound;

Or ſurging waves againſt a ſolid rock,
Tho' all to ſhivers daſh'd, th' aſſault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end:
So Satan, whom repulſe upon repulſe
Met ever, and to ſhamefull ſilence brought,
Yet gives not o'er tho' deſp'rate of ſucceſs,
And his vain importunity purſues.
He brought our Saviour to the weſtern ſide
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Waſh'd by the ſouthern ſea, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That ſcreen'd the fruits of th' earth and ſeats of men
From cold Septentrion blaſts, thence in the midſt
Divided by a river, of whoſe banks
On each ſide an imperial city ſtood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On ſeven ſmall hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statutes and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves preſented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interpos'd:
By what ſtrange parallax or optic ſkill
Of viſion multiply'd through air, or glaſs
Of teleſcope, were curious to inquire:
And now the tempter thus his ſilence broke.
The city which thou ſeeſt no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
So far renown'd, and with the ſpoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the capitol thou ſeeſt
Above the reſt lifting his ſtately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable, and there mount Palatine,
Th' imperial palace, compaſs huge, and high
The ſtructure, ſkill of nobleſt architects,

With gilded battlements, conſpicuous far,
Turrets and terraſes, and glitt'ring ſpires.
Many a fair edifice beſides, more like
Houſes of gods, (ſo well I have diſpos'd
My airy microſcope), thou mayſt behold
Outſide and inſide both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates caſt round thine eye, and ſee
What conflux iſſuing forth, or ent'ring in,
Prætors, proconſuls to their provinces
Haſting, or on return, in robes of ſtate;
Lictors and rods, the enſigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horſe and wings:
Or embaſſies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian, ſome from fartheſt ſouth,
Syene', and where the ſhadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic iſle, and more to weſt,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor ſea;
From th' Aſian kings and Parthian among theſe,
From India and the golden Cherſoneſe,
And utmoſt Indian iſle Taprobane,
Duſk faces with white ſilken turbants wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the Britiſh weſt,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great emperor, whoſe wide domain
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou juſtly may'ſt prefer
Before the Parthian; theſe two thrones except,
The reſt are barb'rous, and ſcarce worth the ſight,
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;

Theſe having ſhown thee, I have ſhown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.'
This emp'rour hath no ſon, and now is old,
Old and laſcivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreæ, an iſland ſmall, but ſtrong,
On the Campanian ſhore, with purpoſe there
His horrid luſts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him ſuſpicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what eaſe
Endu'd with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'ſt thou expel this monſter from his throne,
Now made a ſtye, and, in his place aſcending,
A victor people free from ſervile yoke?
And with my help thou may'ſt; to me the power
Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no leſs than all the world,
Aim at the high'eſt, without the high'eſt attain'd
Will be for thee no ſitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be propheſy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.

Nor doth this grandeur and majeſtic ſhow
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much leſs my mind; tho' thou ſhouldſt add to tell
Their ſumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feaſts
On citron tables or Atlantic ſtone,
(For I have alſo heard, perhaps have read),
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Cryſtal and myrrhine cups imboſs'd with gems
And ſtuds of pearl, to me ſhouldſt tell who thirſt
And hunger ſtill: then embaſſies thou ſhow'ſt
From nations far and nigh; what honour that,

But tedious waſte of time to ſit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandiſh flatteries? then proceed'ſt to talk
Of th' emperour, how eaſily ſubdu'd,
How glorioufly; I ſhall, thou ſay'ſt, expel
A brutiſh monſter: what if I withal*
Expel a devil, who firſt made him ſuch?
Let his tormentor conſcience find him out;
For him I was not ſent, nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and baſe,
Deſervedly made vaſſal, who once juſt,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhauſted all
By luſt and rapine; firſt ambitious grown
Of triumph, that inſulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their ſports to blood inur'd
Of fighting beaſts, and men to beaſts expos'd,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier ſtill,
And from the daily ſcene effeminate.
What wiſe and valiant man would ſeek to free
Theſe thus degenerate, by themſelves inſlav'd,
Or could of inward ſlaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my ſeaſon comes to ſit
On David's throne, it ſhall be like a tree
Spreading and overſhadowing all the earth,
Or as a ſtone that ſhall to pieces daſh
All monarchies beſides throughout the world,
And of my kingdom there ſhall be no end:
Means there ſhall be to this; but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the tempter impudent reply'd.
I ſee all offers made by me how ſlight
Thou valueſt, becauſe offer'd, and reject'ſt:
Nothing will pleaſe the difficult and nice,

Or nothing more than ſtill to contradict:
On th' other ſide know alſo thou, that I
On what I offer ſet as high eſteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All theſe which in a moment thou behold'ſt,
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I pleaſe,
No trifle; yet with this reſerve, not elſe,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worſhip me as thy ſuperiour Lord,
Eaſily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can leſs ſo great a gift deſerve?
Whom thus our Saviour anſwer'd with diſdain.
I never like'd thy talk, thy offers leſs,
Now both abhor, ſince thou haſt dar'd to utter
Th' abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou haſt permiſſion on me. It is written
The firſt of all commandments, Thou ſhalt worſhip
The Lord thy God, and only him ſhalt ſerve;
And dar'ſt thou to the Son of God prepound
To worſhip thee accurs'd, now more accurs'd
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
And more blaſphemous? which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,
Permitted rather, and by thee uſurp'd;
Other donation none thou canſt produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings,
God over all ſupreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is loſt
Long ſince. Wert thou ſo void of fear or ſhame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,
To me my own, on ſuch abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worſhip thee as God?

Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'ſt
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.
To whom the fiend, with fear abaſh'd, reply'd.
Be not ſo ſore offended, Son of God,
Though Sons of God both angels are and men,
If I to try whether in higher ſort
Than theſe thou bear'ſt that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations beſides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invoke'd, and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whoſe coming is foretold
To me ſo fatal, me it moſt concerns.
The trial hath indamage'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more eſteem;
Me nought advantage'd, miſſing what I aim'd.
Therefore let paſs, as they are tranſitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I ſhall no more
Adviſe thee; gain them as thou can'ſt, or not.
And thou thyſelf ſeem'ſt otherwiſe inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound diſpute,
As by that early action may be judge'd,
When ſlipping from thy mother's eye thou went'ſt
Alone into the temple; there waſt found
Among the graveſt Rabbies diſputant
On points and queſtions fitting Moſes chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood ſhows the man,
As morning ſhows the day. Be famous then
By wiſdom; as thy empire muſt extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moſes law,
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;
The Gentiles alſo know, and write, and teach

To admiration, led by nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou muſt converſe,
Ruling them by perſuaſion as thou mean'ſt;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold converſation meet?
How wilt thou reaſon with them, how refute
Their idoliſms, traditions, paradoxes?
Errour by his own arms is beſt evince'd.
Look once more ere we leave this ſpecular mount
Weſtward, much nearer by ſouth-weſt, behold
Where on the Ægean ſhore a city ſtands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the ſoil,
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hoſpitable, in her ſweet receſs,
City' or ſuburban, ſtudious walks and ſhades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the ſummer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus with the ſound
Of bees induſtrious murmur oft invites
To ſtudious muſing; there Iliſſus rolls
His whiſp'ring ſtream: within the walls then view
The ſchools of ancient ſages; his who bred
Great Alexander to ſubdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There thou ſhalt hear and learn the ſecret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-meaſur'd verſe,
Æolian charms and Dorian Lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher ſung,
Blind Meleſigenes thence Homer call'd,
Whoſe poem Phœbus challenge'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragœdians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers beſt

Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,
In brief ſententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high paſſions beſt deſcribing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Thoſe ancient, whoſe reſiſtleſs eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook th' areſenal and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne:
To ſage philoſophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven deſcended to the low-rooft houſe
Of Socrates; ſee there his tenement,
Whom well inſpir'd the oracle pronounce'd
Wiſeſt of men; from whoſe mouth iſſu'd forth
Mellifluous ſtreams that water'd all the ſchools
Of Academics old and new, with thoſe
Sirname'd Peripatetics, and the ſect
Epicurean, and the Stoic ſevere;
Theſe here revolve, or, as thou like'ſt, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
Theſe rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyſelf, much more with empire join'd.
To whom our Saviour ſagely thus reply'd.
Think not but that I know theſe things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I ſhort
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But theſe are falſe, or little elſe but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The firſt and wiſeſt of them all profeſs'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell, and ſmooth conceits;
A third ſort doubted all things, tho' plain ſenſe:
Others in virtue place'd felicity,

But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleaſure he, and careleſs eaſe;
The Stoic laſt in philoſophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wiſe, perfect in himſelf, and all poſſeſſing,
Equals to God, oft ſhames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleaſure, pain, or torment, death and life,
Which, when he liſts he leaves, or boaſts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boaſt,
Or ſubtle ſhifts conviction to evade.
Alas, what can they teach, and not miſlead,
Ignorant of themſelves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himſelf, on grace depending?
Much of the ſoul they talk, but all awry,
And in themſelves ſeek virtue, and to themſelves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuſe him under uſual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardleſs quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore ſeeks in theſe
True wiſdom, finds her not, or by deluſion
Far worſe, her falſe reſemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However many books,
Wiſe men have ſaid, are wearisome; who reads
Inceſſantly, and to his reading brings not
A ſpirit and judgement equal or ſuperiour,
(And what he brings, what need he elſewhere ſeek?)
Uncertain and unſettled ſtill remains
Deep-vers'd in books and ſhallow in himſelf,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a ſpunge;
As children gath'ring pebbles on the ſhore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With muſic or with poem, where ſo ſoon

As in our native language can I find
That ſolace? All our law and ſtory ſtrew'd
With hymns, our pſalms with artful terms inſcrib'd,
Our Hebrew ſongs and harps in Babylon,
That pleas'd ſo well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us theſe arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudeſt ſing
The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or ſong, ſo perſonating
Their gods ridiculous, and themſelves paſt ſhame.
Remove their ſwelling epithets thick laid
As varniſh on a harlot's cheek, the reſt,
Thin ſown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's ſongs, to all true taſtes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and godlike men,
The holieſt of holies, and his ſaints;
Such are from God inſpir'd, not ſuch from thee,
Unleſs where moral virtue is expreſs'd
By light of nature not in all quite loſt.
Their orators thou then extoll'ſt, as thoſe
The top of eloquence, ſtatiſts indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may ſeem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The ſolid rules of civil government
In their majeſtic unaffected ſtyle,
Than all the' oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plaineſt taught, and eaſieſt learn'd,
What makes a nation happy', and keeps it ſo,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
Theſe only with our law beſt form a king.
So ſpake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loſs, for all his darts were ſpent,
Thus to our Saviour with ſtern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleaſes thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory', or fame,
What doſt thou in this world? the wilderneſs
For thee is fitteſt place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretel thee, ſoon thou ſhalt have cauſe
To wiſh thou never had'ſt rejected thus
Nicely or cautiouſly my offer'd aid,
Which would have ſet thee in ſhort time with eaſe
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulneſs of time, thy ſeaſon,
When prophecies of thee are beſt fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in heaven,
Or heaven write aught of fate, by what the ſtars
Voluminous, or ſingle characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to ſpell,
Sorrows, and labours, oppoſition, hate,
Attends thee, ſcorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence, and ſtripes, and laſtly cruel death;
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I diſcern not,
Nor when, eternal ſure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the ſtarry rubric ſet.
So ſay'ing he took, (for ſtill he knew his power
Not yet expir'd), and to the wilderneſs
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to diſappear. Darkneſs now roſe,
As day-light ſunk, and brought in louring night
Her ſhadowy offspring, unſubſtantial both,
Privation mere of light and abſent day.
Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind,
After his airy jaunt, though hurry'd ſore,

Hungry and cold betook him to his reſt,
Wherever, under ſome concourſe of ſhades,
Whoſe branching arms thick intertwine'd might ſhield
From dews and damps of night his ſhelter'd head;
But ſhelter'd ſlept in vain, for at his head
The tempter watch'd, and ſoon with ugly dreams
Diſturb'd his ſleep; and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven, the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconcile'd: nor ſlept the winds
Within their ſtony caves, but ruſh'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt pines,
Tho' rooted deep as high, and ſturdieſt oaks
Bow'd their ſtiff necks, laden with ſtormy blaſts,
Or torn up ſheer: ill waſt thou ſhrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only ſtood'ſt
Unſhaken; nor yet ſtaid the terrour there,
Infernal ghoſts, and helliſh furies, round
Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Satt'ſt unappal'd in calm and ſinleſs peace.
Thus paſs'd the night ſo foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim ſteps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And griſly ſpectres, which the fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrours dire.
And now the ſun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or droping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more freſh and green,
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,
Cheer'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray

To gratulate the ſweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidſt this joy and brighteſt morn
Was abſent, after all this miſchief done,
The Prince of Darkneſs, glad would alſo ſeem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were ſpent,
Rather by this his laſt affront reſolv'd,
Deſp'rate of better courſe, to vent his rage,
And mad deſpite to be ſo oft repell'd.
Him walking on a ſunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and weſt by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he ſtarts in wonted ſhape,
And, in a careleſs mood, thus to him ſaid.

Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a diſmal night; I heard the wrack
As earth and ſky would mingle; but myſelf
Was diſtant; and theſe flaws, tho' mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heaven,
Or to the earth's dark baſis underneath,
Are to the main as inconſiderable,
And harmleſs, if not wholeſome, as a ſneeze
To man's leſs univerſe, and ſoon are gone;
Yet as being ofttimes noxious where they light
On man, beaſt, plant, waſteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
Over whoſe heads they roar, and ſeem to point,
They oft fore-ſignify and threaten ill:
This tempeſt at this deſert moſt was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'ſt.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didſt reject
The perfect ſeaſon offer'd with my aid
To win thy deſtin'd ſeat, but wilt prolong
All to the puſh of fate, purſue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told.

Thou ſhalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightlieſt done,
Not when it muſt, but when it may be beſt.
If thou obſerve not this, be ſure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard aſſay
Of dangers, and adverſities, and pains,
Ere thou of Iſrael's ſceptre get faſt hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrours, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a ſure foregoing ſign.

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on,
And ſtaid not, but in brief him anſwer'd thus.

Me worſe than wet thou find'ſt not; other harm
Thoſe terrours, which thou ſpeak'ſt of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noiſing loud
And threat'ning nigh; what can they do as ſigns
Betokening, or ill-boding, I contemn
As falſe portents, not ſent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I ſhall reign paſt thy preventing,
Obtrud'ſt thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At leaſt might ſeem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious ſpi'rit, and wouldſt be thought my God,
And ſtorm'ſt refus'd, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will; deſiſt, thou art diſcern'd,
And toil'ſt in vain, nor me in vain moleſt.

To whom the fiend, now ſwoln with rage, reply'd.

Then hear, O ſon of David, virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
Of the Meſſiah I have heard foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length
Announce'd by Gabriel with the firſt I knew,
And of th' angelic ſong in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that ſung thee Saviour born.
From that time ſeldom have I ceas'd to eye

Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood laſt, tho' yet in private bred;
Till at the Ford of Jordan, whither all
Flock'd to the Baptiſt, I among the reſt,
Tho' not to be baptize'd, by voice from heaven
Heard thee pronounce'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view,
And narrower ſcrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no ſingle ſenſe;
The ſon of God I alſo am, or was,
And if I was, I am, relation ſtands;
All men are ſons of God; yet thee I thought
In ſome reſpect far higher ſo declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footſteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee ſtill on to this waſte wild;
Where by all beſt conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reaſon then, if I beforehand ſeek
To underſtand my adverſary, who
And what he is; his wiſdom, power, intent;
By parl, or compoſition, truce or league,
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, ſift thee, and confeſs have found thee
Proof againſt all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a centre, firm,
To th' utmoſt of mere man both wiſe and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from heaven,
Another method I muſt now begin.

So ſaying he caught him up, and, without wing
Of hippogrif, bore through the air ſublime

Over the wilderneſs, and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jeruſalem,
The holy city lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaſter, topt with golden ſpires:
There on the higheſt pinnacle he ſet
The Son of God; and added thus in ſcorn.
There ſtand, if thou wilt ſtand; to ſtand upright
Will aſk thee ſkill; I to thy Father's houſe
Have brought thee', and higheſt place'd, higheſt is beſt,
Now ſhow thy progeny; if not to ſtand,
Caſt thyſelf down; ſafely, if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They ſhall uplift thee, leſt at any time
Thou chance to daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone.
To whom thus Jeſus: Alſo it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God: he ſaid, and ſtood:
But Satan, ſmitten with amazement, fell.
As when earth's ſon Antæus (to compare
Small things with greateſt) in Iraſſa ſtrove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd ſtill roſe,
Receiving from his mother-earth new ſtrength,
Freſh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell.
So after many a foil the tempter proud,
Renewing freſh aſſaults, amidſt his pride
Fell whence he ſtood to ſee his victor fall.
And as that Theban monſter that propos'd
Her riddle', and him who ſolv'd it not devour'd,
That once found out and ſolv'd, for grief and ſpite
Caſt herſelf headlong from th' Iſmenian ſteep:
So ſtruck with dread and anguiſh fell the fiend,
And to his crew, that ſat conſulting, brought

Joyleſs triumphals of his hope'd ſucceſs,
Ruin, and deſperation, and diſmay,
Who durſt ſo proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and ſtrait a fiery globe
Of angels on full ſail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans receiv'd him ſoft
From his uneaſy ſtation, and upbore,
As on a floating couch, through the blithe air,
Then in a flowery valley ſet him down,
On a green bank, and ſet before him ſpread
A table of celeſtial food, divine,
Ambroſial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambroſial drink,
That ſoon refreſh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirſt; and as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the tempter proud.
True image of the Father, whether throne'd
In the boſom of bliſs, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from heaven, inſhrin'd
In fleſhly tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderneſs, whatever place,
Habit, or ſtate, or motion, ſtill expreſſing
The Son of God, with godlike force endu'd
Againſt th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradiſe; him long of old
Thou didſt debel, and down from heaven caſt
With all his army, now thou haſt avenge'd
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquiſhing
Temptation, haſt regain'd Loſt Paradiſe;
And fruſtrated the conqueſt fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare ſet foot
In Paradiſe to tempt; his ſnares are broke:
For though that ſeat of earthly bliſs be fail'd,

A fairer Paradiſe is founded now
For Adam and his choſen ſons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to reinſtall
Where they ſhall dwell ſecure, when time ſhall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal ſerpent, ſhall not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal ſtar,
Or lightning, thou ſhalt fall from heaven, trod down
Under his feet: for proof ere this thou feel'ſt
Thy wound, yet not thy laſt and deadlieſt wound,
By this repulſe receiv'd, and hold'ſt in hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chaſe thee with the terrour of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, poſſeſſion foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they ſhall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of ſwine,
Leſt he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment ſent before their time.
Hail Son of the Moſt High! heir of both worlds!
Queller of Satan! on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to ſave to mankind.

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and from heavenly feaſt refreſh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobſerv'd
Home to his mother's houſe private return'd.

THE END.

SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c. Arioft. poet. cap. 6.

Tragoedia eſt imitatio actionis ſeriae, &c. per miſericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum luſtrationem.

The PERSONS.

Samson.
Manoah, the father of Samson,
Dalila, his wife.
Harapha of Gath.
Public officer.
Meſſenger.
Chorus of Danites,

The ſcene before the priſon in Gaza.

Of that ſort of Dramatic Poem which is called TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compoſed, hath been ever held the graveſt, moraleſt, and moſt profitable of all other poems: therefore ſaid by Ariſtotle to be of power, by raiſing pity and fear, or terrour, to purge the mind of thoſe and ſuch like paſſions; that is, to temper and reduce them to juſt meaſure with a kind of delight, ſtirred up by reading or ſeeing thoſe paſſions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his aſſertion: for ſo in phyſic things of melancholic hue and quality are uſed againſt melancholy, ſour againſt ſour, ſalt to remove ſalt humours. Hence philoſophers and other graveſt writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illuſtrate their diſcourſe. The Apoſtle Paul himſelf thought it not unworthy to inſert a verſe of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33.; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts diſtinguiſhed each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and ſong between. Heretofore men in higheſt dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compoſe a tragedy. Of that honour Dionyſius the Elder was no leſs ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Auguſtus Cæſar alſo had begun his Ajax, but unable to pleaſe his own judgement with what he had begun, left it unfiniſhed. Seneca the philoſopher is by ſome thought the author of thoſe tragedies (at leaſt the beſt of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the Church, thought it not unbeſeeming the ſanctity

ſanctity of his perſon to write a tragedy, which is intitled, *Chriſt ſuffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the ſmall eſteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet's errour of intermixing comic ſtuff with tragic ſadneſs and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar perſons, which by the judicious hath been counted abſurd; and brought in without diſcretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy uſe no prologue, yet uſing ſometimes, in caſe of ſelf-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epiſtle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us paſſes for beſt, thus much beforehand may be epiſtled; that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only, but modern, and ſtill in uſe among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reaſon, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The meaſure of verſe uſed in the Chorus is of all ſorts, called by the Greeks Monoſtrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antiſtrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of ſtanzas framed only for the muſic, then uſed with the chorus that ſung; not eſſential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into ſtanzas or pauſes, they may be called Allæoſtropha. Diviſion into act and ſcene referring chiefly to the ſtage, (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It ſuffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the ſtyle and uniformity and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but ſuch œcono-

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my, or diſpoſition of the fable, as may ſtand beſt with veriſimilitude and decorum; they only will beſt judge who are not unacquainted with Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the beſt rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumſcription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule, and beſt example, within the ſpace of twenty-four hours.

ARGUMENT.

Samſon made captive, blind, and now in the priſon at Gaza there to labour as in a common work-houſe, on a feſtival day, in the general ceſſation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place, nigh, ſomewhat retired, there to ſit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be viſited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who ſeek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpoſe to procure his liberty by ranſom; laſtly, that this feaſt was proclaimed by the Philiſtines as a day of thankſgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samſon, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to proſecute his endeavour with the Philiſtian Lords for Samſon's redemption; who in the meanwhile is viſited by other perſons; and laſtly, by a public officer, to require his coming to the feaſt before the lords and people, to play or ſhow his ſtrength in their preſence; he at firſt refuſes, diſmiſſing the public officer with abſolute denial to come; at length perſuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the ſecond time with great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns, full of joyful hope to procure ere long his ſon's deliverance: in the midſt of which diſcourſe, an Hebrew comes in haſte, confuſedly at firſt, and afterwards more diſtinctly relating the cataſtrophe, what Samſon had done to the Philiſtines, and by accident to himſelf; wherewith the tragedy ends.

SAMSON AGONISTES

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Samſ. A Little onward lend thy guiding hand
To theſe dark ſteps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of ſun or ſhade:
There I am wont to ſit, when any chance
Relieves me from my taſk of ſervile toil,
Daily' in the common priſon elſe injoin'd me,
Where I a priſoner chain'd, ſcarce freely draw
The air impriſon'd alſo, cloſe and damp,
Unwholeſome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of heaven freſh blowing, pure and ſweet,
With day-ſpring born; here leave me to reſpire.
This day a ſolemn feaſt the people hold
To Dagon their ſea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this reſt
Their ſuperſtition yields me; hence we leave
Retiring from the popular noiſe, I ſeek
This unfrequented place to find ſome eaſe,
Eaſe to the body ſome, none to the mind
From reſtleſs thoughts, that like a deadly ſwarm
Of hornets arm'd, no ſooner found alone,
But ruſh upon me thronging, and preſent
Times paſt, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from heaven foretold

Twice by an angel, who at laſt in ſight
Of both my parents all in flames aſcended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike preſence, and from ſome great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and preſcrib'd
As of a perſon ſeparate to God,
Deſign'd for great exploits; if I muſt die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the ſcorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under taſk
With this heaven-gifted ſtrength? O glorious ſtrength
Put to the labour of a beaſt, debas'd
Lower than bondſlave! Promiſe was that I
Should Iſrael from Philiſtian yoke deliver;
Aſk for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeleſs in Gaza at the mill with ſlaves,
Himſelf in bonds under Philiſtian yoke:
Yet ſtay, let me not raſhly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but thro' mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myſelf?
Who this high gift of ſtrength committed to me,
In what part lodge'd, how eaſily bereft me,
Under the ſeal of ſilence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman muſt reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body ſtrong!
But what is ſtrength without a double ſhare
Of wiſdom, vaſt, unwieldly, burdenſome,
Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt ſubtleties, not made to rule,
But to ſubſerve where wiſdom bears command!
God, when he gave me ſtrength, to ſhow withal

How ſlight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I muſt not quarrel with the will
Of higheſt diſpenſation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me ſtrength is my bane,
And proves the ſource of all my miſeries;
So many, and ſo huge, that each apart
Would aſk a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loſs of ſight, of thee I moſt complain!
Blind among enemies, O worſe than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me' is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferiour to the vileſt now become
Of man or worm; the vileſt here excel me:
They creep, yet ſee; I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuſe and wrong,
Within doors, or without, ſtill as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipſe
Without all hope of day!
O firſt created beam, and thou great word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The ſun to me is dark
And ſilent as the noon,
When ſhe deſerts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light ſo neceſſary is to life,
And almoſt life itſelf, if it be true
That light is in the ſoul,
She all in every part; why was the ſight

To ſuch a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and ſo eaſy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That ſhe might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkneſs yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miſerable!
Myſelf, my ſepulchre, a moving grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worſt of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miſeries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are theſe? for with joint peace I hear
The tread of many feet ſteering this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to ſtare
At my affliction, and perhaps t' inſult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.
Chor. This, this is he; ſoftly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, careleſsly diffus'd,
With languiſh'd head unpropt,
As one paſt hope, abandon'd,
And by himſelf given over;
In ſlaviſh habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'erworn and ſoil'd;
Or do my eyes miſrepreſent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irreſiſtible Samſon? whom unarm'd [ſtand;
No ſtrength of man, or fierceſt wild beaſt could with-
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,

Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,
And weaponleſs himſelf,
Made arms ridiculous, uſeleſs the forgery
Of brazen ſhield and ſpear, the hammer'd cuiraſs,
Chalyb'ean temper'd ſteel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;
But ſafeſt he who ſtood aloof,
When inſupportably his foot advance'd,
In ſcorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Aſcalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriours turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grov'ling ſoil'd their creſted helmets in the duſt.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead aſs, his ſword of bone,
A thouſand foreſkins fell, the flower of Paleſtine,
In Ramath-lechi famous to this day.
Then main by force pull'd up, and on his ſhoulders bore
The gates of Gaza, poſt, and maſſy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, ſeat of giants old,
No journey of a ſabbath-day, and loaded ſo;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heaven.
Which ſhall I firſt bewail,
Thy bondage or loſt ſight,
Priſon within priſon
Inſeparably dark?
Thou art become (O worſt impriſonment!)
The dungeon of thyſelf; thy ſoul
(Which men enjoying ſight oft without cauſe complain)
Impriſon'd now indeed,
In real darkneſs of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
T' incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light alas
Puts forth no viſual beam.

O mirrour of our fickle ſtate,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example ſtands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongeſt of mortal men,
To loweſt pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high eſtate
Whom long deſcent of birth
Or the ſphere of fortune raiſes;
But thee whoſe ſtrength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have ſubdu'd the earth,
Univerſally crown'd with higheſt praiſes.

Samſ. I hear the ſound of words, their ſenſe the air
Diſſolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He ſpeaks, let us draw nigh. Matchleſs in might,
The glory late of Iſrael, now the grief;
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From Eſhtaol and Zora's fruitful vale
To viſit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counſel or conſolation we may bring,
Salve to thy ſores; apt words have power to ſwage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to feſter'd wounds.

Samſ. Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their ſuperſcription, (of the moſt
I would be underſtood); in proſp'rous days
They ſwarm, but in adverſe withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though ſought. Ye ſee, O friends,
How many evils have inclos'd me round:
Yet that which was the worſt now leaſt afflicts me,
Blindneſs; for had I ſight, confus'd with ſhame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a fooliſh pilot have ſhipwreck'd

My veſſel truſted to me from above,
Gloriouſly rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have divulge'd the ſecret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
Am I not ſung and proverb'd for a fool
In ev'ry ſtreet? do they not ſay, how well
Are come upon him his deſerts? yet why?
Immeaſurable ſtrength they might behold
In me, of wiſdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other ſhould, at leaſt, have pair'd,
Theſe two proportion'd ill drove me tranſverſe.
Chor. Tax not divine diſpoſal; wiſeſt men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
And ſhall again, pretend they ne'er ſo wiſe.
Deject not then ſo overmuch thyſelf,
Who haſt of ſorrow thy full load beſides;
Yet truth to ſay, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou ſhouldſt wed Philiſtian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At leaſt of thy own nation, and as noble.
Samſ. The firſt I ſaw at Timna, and ſhe pleas'd
Me, not my parents, that I ſought to wed
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
That what I mention'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulſe, and therefore urge'd
The marriage on; that by occaſion hence
I might begin Iſrael's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving falſe, the next I took to wife
(O that I never had! fond wiſh too late)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That ſpecious monſter, my accompliſh'd ſnare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the ſame end; ſtill watching to oppreſs
Iſrael's oppreſſors: of what now I ſuffer

She was not the prime cauſe, but I myſelf,
Who vanquiſh'd with a peal of words (O weakneſs!)
Gave up my fort of ſilence to a woman.
Chor. In ſeeking juſt occaſion to provoke
The Philiſtine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never waſt remiſs, I bear thee witneſs:
Yet Iſraël ſtill ſerves with all his ſons.
Samſ. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Iſrael's governours, and heads of tribes,
Who ſeeing thoſe great acts, which God had done
Singly by me againſt their conquerours,
Acknowledge'd not, or not at all conſider'd
Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other ſide
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themſelves, though mute, ſpoke loud the doer:
But they perſiſted deaf, and would not ſeem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their Lords the Philiſtines with gather'd powers
Enter'd Judea ſeeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
Not flying, but fore-caſting in what place
To ſet upon them, what advantage'd beſt:
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harraſs of their land, beſet me round;
I willingly on ſome conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
Touch'd with the flame: on their whole hoſt I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choiceſt youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this poſſeſs'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they ſerve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,

And by their vices brought to ſervitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with eaſe than ſtrenuous liberty;
And to deſpiſe, or envy, or ſuſpect
Whom God hath of his ſpecial favour rais'd
As their deliverer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to deſert him, and at laſt
To heap ingratitude on worthieſt deeds?
Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchleſs Gideon, in purſuit
Of Madian and her vanquiſh'd kings:
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worſe than by his ſhield and ſpear,
Defended Iſrael from the Ammonite,
Had not his proweſs quell'd their pride
In that ſore battle, when ſo many dy'd,
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.
Samſ. Of ſuch examples add me to the roll;
Me eaſily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not ſo.
Chor. Juſt are the ways of God,
And juſtifiable to men;
Unleſs there be who think not God at all:
If any be, they walk obſcure;
For of ſuch doctrine never was there ſchool,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himſelf.
Yet more there be who doubt his ways not juſt,
And to his own edicts found contradicting;
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,
Regardleſs of his glory's diminution;

Till by their own perplexities involv'd,
They revel more, ſtill leſs reſolv'd,
But never find ſelf-ſatisfying ſolution.
As if they would confine th' interminable,
And tie him to his own preſcript,
Who made our laws to binds us, not himſelf,
And hath full right t' exempt
Whom ſo it pleaſes him by choice
From national obſtriction, without taint
Of ſin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can beſt diſpenſe.
He would not elſe, who never wanted means,
Nor in reſpect of th' enemy juſt cauſe
To ſet his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Againſt his vow of ſtricteſt purity,
To ſeek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean unchaſte.
Down reaſon then, at leaſt vain reaſonings down,
Though reaſon here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaſte was ſubſequent, her ſtain not his.
But ſee, here comes thy reverend ſire,
With careful ſtep, locks white as down,
Old Manoah: adviſe
Forthwith how thou ought'ſt to receive him.
Samſ. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' aſſault.
Man. Brethren and men of Dan, for ſuch ye ſeem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old reſpect,
As I ſuppoſe, tow'ards your once glory'd friend,
My ſon, now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine caſt back with age
Came lagging after; ſay if he be here.
Cher. As ſignal now in low dejected ſtate,

As erſt in high'eſt; behold him where he lies.
Man. O miſerable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samſon, far renown'd,
The dread of Iſrael's foes, who with a ſtrength
Equivalent to angels walk'd their ſtreets,
None offering fight; who ſingle combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himſelf an army, now unequal match
To himſelf againſt a coward arm'd
At one ſpear's length? O ever-failing truſt
In mortal ſtrength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenneſs
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a ſon,
And ſuch a ſon as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a father in my ſtead?
O wherefore did God grant me my requeſt,
And as a bleſſing with ſuch pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts deſirable, to tempt
Our earneſt pray'rs, then given with ſolemn hand
As graces, draw a ſcorpion's tail behind?
For this did th' angel twice deſcend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and ſacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Inſnar'd, aſſaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes deriſion, captive, poor, and blind,
Into a dungeon thruſt, to work with ſlaves?
Alas, methinks whom God hath choſen once
To worthieſt deeds, if he through frailty err,
He ſhould not ſo o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to ſo foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's ſake of former deeds.
Samſ. Appoint not heavenly diſpoſition, father;

Nothing of all theſe evils hath befall'n me
But juſtly; I myſelf have brought them on,
Sole author I, ſole cauſe: if aught ſeem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd
The myſtery of God given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithleſs enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all ſurpris'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not ſhe
Of Timna firſt betray me, and reveal
The ſecret wreſted from me in her height
Of nuptial love profeſs'd, carrying it ſtrait
To them who had corrupted her, my ſpies,
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who alſo in her prime of love,
Spouſal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the ſcent conceiv'd
Her ſpurious firſt-born, treaſon againſt me?
Thrice ſhe aſſay'd with flattering prayers and ſighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital ſecret, in what part my ſtrength
Lay ſtor'd, in what part ſumm'd, that ſhe might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to ſport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She propos'd to betray me, and (which was worſe
Than undiſſembled hate) with what contempt
She ſought to make me traitor to myſelf;
Yet the fourth time, when muſt'ring all her wiles,
With blandiſh'd parlies, feminine aſſaults,
Tongue-batteries, ſhe ſurceas'd not day nor night
To ſtorm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out,
At times when men ſeek moſt repoſe and reſt,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well reſolv'd

Might eaſily have ſhook of all her ſnares:
But foul effeminacy held me yoke'd
Her bond-ſlave; O indignity, O blot
To honour and religion! ſervile mind
Rewarded well with ſervile puniſhment!
The baſe degree to which I now am fallen,
Theſe rags, this grinding is not yet ſo baſe
As was my former ſervitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True ſlavery, and that blindneſs worſe than this,
That ſaw not how degenerately I ſerv'd.

Man. I cannot praiſe thy marriage-choices, ſon,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didſt plead
Divine impulſion prompting how thou mightſt
Find ſome occaſion to infeſt our foes.
I ſtate not that; this I am ſure, our foes
Found ſoon occaſion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the ſooner
Temptation found'ſt, or over-potent charms
To violate the ſacred truſt of ſilence
Depoſited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou bear'ſt
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly haſt thou paid, and ſtill art paying
That rigid ſcore. A worſe thing yet remains:
This day the Philiſtines a popular feaſt
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp, and ſacrifice, and praiſes loud
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samſon, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who ſlew'ſt them many a ſlain.
So Dagon ſhall be magnify'd, and God,
Beſides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Diſglorify'd, blaſpheme'd, and had in ſcorn
By the idolatrous rout amidſt their wine;

Which to have come to paſs by means of thee,
Samſon, of all thy ſufferings think the heavieſt,
Of all reproach the moſt with ſhame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's houſe.

Samſ. Father, I do acknowledge and confeſs
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advance'd his praiſes high
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Diſhonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idioliſts, and atheiſts; have brought ſcandal
To Iſrael, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propenſe enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, ſhame, and ſorrow,
The anguiſh of my ſoul, that ſuffers not
Mine eye to harbour ſleep, or thoughts to reſt.
This only hope relieves me, that the ſtriſe
With me hath end; all the conteſt is now
Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath preſum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter liſts with God,
His Deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be ſure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoke'd,
But will ariſe, and his great name aſſert:
Dagon muſt ſtoop, and ſhall ere long receive
Such a diſcomfit, as ſhall quite deſpoil him
Of all theſe boaſted trophies won on me,
And with confuſion blank his worſhippers.

Man. With cauſe this hope relieves thee, and theſe words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Againſt all competition, nor will long
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what ſhall be done?

Thou muſt not in the meanwhile here forgot
Lie in this miſerable loathſome plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To ſome Philiſtian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ranſom: well they may by this
Have ſatisfy'd their utmoſt of revenge
By pains and ſlaveries, worſe than death inflicted
On thee, who now no more canſt do them harm.
Samſ. Spare that propoſal, father, ſpare the trouble
Of that ſolicitation; let me here,
As I deſerve, pay on my puniſhment;
And expiate, if poſſible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the ſecrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deſerving
Contempt, and ſcorn of all, to be excluded
All friendſhip, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool ſet on his front?
But I God's counſel have not kept, his holy ſecret
Preſumptuouſly have publiſh'd, impiouſly,
Weakly at leaſt, and ſhamefully: a ſin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn,
To their abyſs and horrid pains confin'd.
Man. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, ſon;
Repent the ſin, but if the puniſhment
Thou can'ſt avoid, ſelf-preſervation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high diſpoſal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyſelf; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts
(Beſt pleas'd with humble' and filial ſubmiſſion)
Him who imploring mercy ſues for life,
Than who ſelf-rigorous chuſes death as due;

Which argues over-juſt, and ſelf-diſpleas'd
For ſelf-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
But God hath ſet before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his ſacred houſe,
Where thou mayſt bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?

Samſ. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end ſhould I ſeek it? when in ſtrength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes,
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from heaven foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine inſtinct, after ſome proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The ſons of Anack, famous now and blaze'd,
Fearleſs of danger, like a petty god
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
On hoſtile ground, none daring my affront.
Then ſwoll'n with pride into the ſnare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleaſure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my ſtrength in the laſcivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who ſhore me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me cut ridiculous, deſpoil'd,
Shaven, and diſarm'd among mine enemies.

Chor. Deſire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warriour overturns,
Thou could'ſt repreſs, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the ſmell,
Or taſte that cheers the heart of gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool cryſtalline ſtream.

Samſ. Wherever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure

With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirſt, and refreſh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.
Chor. O madneſs, to think uſe of ſtrongeſt wines
And ſtrongeſt drinks our chief ſupport of health,
When God with theſe forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty champion, ſtrong above compare,
Whoſe drink was only from the liquid brook.
Samſ. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not complete
Againſt another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquiſh'd? by which means,
Now blind, diſhearten'd, ſhame'd, diſhonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be uſeful, wherein ſerve
My nation, and the work from heaven impos'd,
But to ſit idle on the houſehold-hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to viſitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object, theſe redundant locks
Robuſtious to no purpoſe cluſt'ring down,
Vain monument of ſtrength; till length of years
And ſedentary numbneſs craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obſcure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of ſervile food
Conſume me, and oft-invocated death
Haſten the welcome end of all my pains.
Man. Wilt thou then ſerve the Philiſtines with that gift
Which was expreſsly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to ſpring, thy thirſt to' allay
After the brunt of battle, can as eaſy

Cauſe light again within thy eyes to ſpring,
Wherewith to ſerve him better than thou haſt;
And I perſuade me ſo; why elſe this ſtrength
Miraculous yet remaining in thoſe locks?
His might continues in thee not for naught,
Nor ſhall his wondrous gifts be fruſtrate thus.

Samſ. All otherwiſe to me my thoughts portend,
That theſe dark orbs no more ſhall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkneſs nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial ſpirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me ſeems
In all her functions weary of herſelf,
My race of glory run, and race of ſhame,
And I ſhall ſhortly be with them at reſt.

Man. Believe not theſe ſuggeſtions, which proceed
From anguiſh of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Muſt not omit a father's timely care
To proſecute the means of thy deliverance
By ranſom, or how elſe: meanwhile be calm,
And healing words from theſe thy friends admit.

Samſ. O that torment ſhould not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and ſores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breaſt, and reins;
But muſt ſecret paſſage find
To th' inmoſt mind,
There exerciſe all his fierce accidents,
And on her pureſt ſpirits prey,
As on intrails, joints, and limbs,
With anſwerable pains, but more intenſe,
Though void of corporal ſenſe.
My griefs not only pain me
As a ling'ring diſeaſe,

But finding no redreſs ferment and rage,
Nor leſs than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and feſter, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly ſtings
Mangle my apprehenſive tendereſt parts,
Exaſperate, exulcerate, and raiſe
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can aſſwage,
Nor breath of vernal air from ſnowy Alp.
Sleep hath forſook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumming opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, ſwoonings of deſpair,
And ſenſe of heaven's deſertion.
I was his nurſling once and choice delight,
His deſtin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heavenly meſſage twice deſcending:
Under his ſpecial eye
Abſtemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightieſt deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Againſt th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies:
But now hath caſt me off as never known,
And to thoſe cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provoke'd,
Left me all helpleſs with the irreparable loſs
Of ſight, reſerv'd alive to be repeated
The ſubject of their cruelty or ſcorn.
Nor am I in the leaſt of them that hope;
Hopeleſs are all my evils, all remedileſs;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, ſpeedy death,
The cloſe of all my miſeries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the ſayings of the wiſe
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,

Extolling patience as the trueſt fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Conſolatories writ
With ſtudy'd argument, and much perſuaſion ſought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their ſound
Little prevails, or rather ſeems a tune
Harſh, and of diſſonant mood from his complaint;
Unleſs he feel within
Some ſource of conſolation from above,
Secret refreſhings, that repair his ſtrength,
And fainting ſpirits uphold.
God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou tow'ards him with hand ſo various,
Or might I ſay contraries,
Temper'ſt thy providence thro' his ſhort courſe
Not ev'nly, as thou rule'ſt
Th' angelic orders and inferiour creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wand'ring looſe about
Grow up and periſh, as the ſummer-fly,
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But ſuch as thou haſt ſolemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To ſome great work, thy glory,
And people's ſafety, which in part they' effect:
Yet toward theſe thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidſt their height of noon [gard
Changeſt thy count'nance, and thy hand with no re-
Of higheſt favours paſt
From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.
Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,

But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them
Unſeemly falls in human eye, [high,
Too grievous for the treſpaſs or omiſſion;
Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
Of heathen and profane, their carcaſes
To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd;
Or to th' unjuſt tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
If theſe they ſcape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
In crude old age;
Tho' not diſordinate, yet cauſeleſs ſuff'ring
The puniſhment of diſſolute days: in fine,
Juſt or unjuſt alike ſeem miſerable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy ſtrength, and mighty miniſter.
What do I beg? how haſt thou dealt already?
Behold him in this ſtate calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canſt, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of ſea or land?
Female of ſex it ſeems,
That ſo bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way ſailing
Like a ſtately ſhip
Of Tarſus, bound for th' iſles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber ſcent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damſel train behind;
Some rich Philiſtian matron ſhe may ſeem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain

Than Dalila thy wife.

Samſ. My wife, my trait'reſs, let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on ſhe moves, now ſtands and eyes thee fix'd,
About to' have ſpoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flower ſurcharg'd with dew, ſhe weeps,
And words addreſs'd ſeem into tears diſſolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her ſilken vail:
But now again ſhe makes addreſs to ſpeak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering reſolution
I came, ſtill dreading thy diſpleaſure, Samſon,
Which to have merited, without excuſe,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
My expiate, (tho' the fact more evil drew
In the perverſe event than I foreſaw),
My penance hath not ſlacken'd, tho' my pardon
No way aſſur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, deſirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy eſtate,
If aught in my ability may ſerve
To lighten what thou ſuffer'ſt, and appeaſe
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Tho' late, yet in ſome part to recompence
My raſh, but more unfortunate miſdeed.

Samſ. Out, out, Hyæna! theſe are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman falſe like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray;
Then as repentant to ſubmit, beſeech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorſe,
Confeſs, and promiſe wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her huſband, how far urge'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakneſs which way to aſſail:
Then with more cautious and inſtructed ſkill
Again tranſgreſſes, and again ſubmits;

That wiſeſt and beſt men full oft beguil'd,
With goodneſs principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miſerable days,
Intangled with a pois'nous boſom ſnake,
If not by quick deſtruction ſoon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.
Dal. Yet hear me, Samſon; not that I endeavour
To leſſen or extenuate my offence,
But that on th' other ſide if it be weigh'd
By' itſelf, with aggravations not ſurcharge'd,
Or elſe with juſt allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if poſſible, thy pardon find
The eaſier towards me, or thy hatred leſs.
Firſt granting, as I do, it was a weakneſs
In me, but incident to all our ſex,
Curioſity, inquiſitive, importune
Of ſecrets, then with like infirmity
To publiſh them; both common female faults:
Was it not weakneſs alſo to make known
For importunity, that is, for naught,
Wherein conſiſted all thy ſtrength and ſafety?
To what I did thou ſhowd'ſt me firſt the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and ſhould not:
Nor ſhouldſt thou have truſted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyſelf waſt cruel.
Let weakneſs then with weakneſs come to parle,
So near related, or the ſame of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may cenſure thine
The gentler, if ſeverely thou exact not
More ſtrength from me, than in thyſelf was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'ſt hate,
The jealouſy of love, powerful of ſway
In human hearts, nor leſs in mine tow'ards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I ſaw thee mutable,

Of fancy, fear'd leſt one day thou wouldſt leave me
As her at Timna; ſought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmeſt:
No better way I ſaw than by' importuning
To learn thy ſecrets, get into my power
Thy key of ſtrength and ſafety; thou wilt ſay,
Why then reveal'd? I was aſſur'd by thoſe
Who tempted me, that nothing was deſign'd
Againſt thee but ſafe cuſtody, and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterpriſes,
While I at home ſat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy abſence in my widow'd bed;
Here I ſhould ſtill enjoy thee day and night
Mine and love's priſoner, not the Philiſtines,
Whole to myſelf, unhazarded abroad,
Fearleſs at home of partners in my love.
Theſe reaſons in love's law have paſs'd for good,
Tho' fond and reaſonleſs to ſome perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not auſtere
As thou art ſtrong, inflexible as ſteel.
If thou in ſtrength all mortals doſt exceed,
In uncompaſſionate anger do not ſo.

Samſ. How cunningly the ſorcereſs diſplays
Her own tranſgreſſions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou ſay'ſt, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myſelf was falſe ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou ſeeſt
Impartial, ſelf-ſevere, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy ſeeking, and much rather

Confeſs it feign'd. Weakneſs is thy excuſe,
And I believe it; weakneſs to reſiſt
Philiſtian gold: if weakneſs may excuſe,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Inceſtuous, ſacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedneſs is weakneſs: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remiſſion.
But love conſtrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To ſatisfy thy luſt: love ſeeks to' have love;
My love how couldſt thou hope, who took'ſt the way
To raiſe in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I muſt, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou ſtriv'ſt to cover ſhame with ſhame,
Or by evaſions thy crime uncover'ſt more.

Dal. Since thou determin'ſt weakneſs for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what aſſaults I had, what ſnares beſides,
What ſieges girt me round, ere I conſented;
Which might have aw'd the beſt reſolv'd of men,
The conſtanteſt, to' have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'ſt,
That wrought with me: thou know'ſt the magiſtrates
And princes of my country came in perſon,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urge'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, preſs'd how juſt it was,
How honourable, how glorious to intrap
A common enemy, who had deſtroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the prieſt
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to inſnare an irreligious
Diſhonourer of Dagon: what had I
T' oppoſe againſt ſuch pow'rful arguments?
Only my love to thee held long debate,

And combated in ſilence all theſe reaſons
With hard conteſt: at length that grounded maxim,
So riſe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wiſeſt men, That to the public good
Private reſpects muſt yield, with grave authority
Took full poſſeſſion of me, and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty ſo injoining.
Samſ. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd religion, ſmooth hypocriſy.
But had thy love, ſtill odiouſly pretended,
Been, as it ought, ſincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reaſonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation choſe thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'ſt,
Too well, unboſom'd all my ſecrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpower'd
By thy requeſt, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judge'd an enemy. Why then
Didſt thou at firſt receive me for an huſband,
Then, as ſince then, thy country's foe profeſs'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou waſt to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their ſubject,
Nor under their protection, but my own;
Thou mine, not theirs: if aught againſt my life
Thy country ſought of thee, if ſought unjuſtly,
Againſt the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conſpiring to uphold their ſtate
By worſe than hoſtile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name ſo dear;
Not therefore to be' obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To pleaſe thy gods thou didſt it; gods unable
T' acquit themſelves and proſecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction

Of their own deity: gods they cannot be;
Leſs therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.
Theſe falſe pretexts and varniſh'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul muſt thou appear?
Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worſe, whatever be her cauſe.
Samſ. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
Witneſs when I was worried with thy peals.
Dal. I was a fool, too raſh, and quite miſtaken
In what I thought would have ſucceeded beſt.
Let me obtain forgiveneſs of thee, Samſon,
Afford me place to ſhow what recompenſe
Tow'ards thee I intend for what I have miſdone,
Miſguided; only what remains paſt cure
Bear not too ſenſibly, nor ſtill inſiſt
T' afflict thyſelf in vain: though ſight be loſt,
Life yet hath many ſolaces, enjoy'd
Where other ſenſes want not their delights
At home in leiſure and domeſtic eaſe,
Exempt from many care and chance to which
Eye-ſight expoſes daily men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathſome priſon-houſe, to abide
With me; where my redoubl'ed love and care
With nurſing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful cheer'd, and ſo ſupply'd
That what by me thou' haſt loſt thou leaſt ſhalt miſs.
Samſ. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long ſince are twain:
Nor think me ſo unwary or accurs'd,
To bring my feet again into the ſnare
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains,
Though dearly to my coſt, thy gins, and toils;

Thy fair inchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd;
So much of adder's wiſdom I have learn'd
To fence my ear againſt thy ſorceries.
If in my flower of youth and ſtrength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldſt hate me
Thy huſband, ſlight me, ſell me, and forego me;
How wouldſt thou uſe me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in moſt things as a child
Helpleſs, thence eaſily contemn'd, and ſcorn'd,
And laſt neglected? How wouldſt thou inſult,
When I muſt live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloſs upon, and cenſuring, frown or ſmile?
This jail I count the houſe of liberty
To thine, whoſe doors my feet ſhall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at leaſt, and touch thy hand.

Samſ. Not for thy life, leſt fierce remembrance wake
My ſudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At diſtance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falſehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illuſtrious women, faithful wives:
Cheriſh thy haſten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treaſon: ſo farewel.

Dal. I ſee thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers, than winds and ſeas; yet winds to ſeas
Are reconcile'd at length, and ſea to ſhore:
Thy anger, unappeaſable, ſtill rages,
Eternal tempeſt never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myſelf, and ſuing
For peace, reap nothing but repulſe and hate?
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounce'd?

To mix with thy concernments I deſiſt
Henceforth, nor too much diſapprove my own.
Fame, if not double-face'd, is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blaſt proclaims moſt deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greateſt names in his wild airy flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all poſterity may ſtand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falſehood moſt unconjugal traduce'd.
But in my country where I moſt deſire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Aſdod, and in Gath,
I ſhall be name'd among the famouſeſt
Of women, ſung at ſolemn feſtivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to ſave
Her country from a fierce deſtroyer, choſe
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odours viſited and annual flowers;
Not leſs renown'd than in mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhoſpitable guile
Smote Siſera ſleeping thro' the temples nail'd.
Nor ſhall I count it hainous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judge'd to' have ſhown.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifeſt ſerpent by her ſting
Diſcover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Samſ. So let her go; God ſent her to debaſe me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To ſuch a viper his moſt ſacred truſt
Of ſecrecy, my ſafety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, tho' injurious, hath ſtrange power,

After offence returning, to regain
Love once poſſeſs'd; nor can be eaſily
Repuls'd, without much inward paſſion felt,
And ſecret ſting of amorous remorſe.

Samſ. Love-quarrels oft in pleaſing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery indange'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wiſdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comelineſs of ſhape, or ampleſt merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to ſay,
Harder to hit,
(Which way ſoever men refer it),
Much like thy riddle, Samſon, in one day
Or ſeven, though one ſhould muſing ſit.

If any of theſe or all, the Timnian bride
Had not ſo ſoon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthleſs to thee compar'd,
Succeſſour in thy bed,
Nor both ſo looſely diſally'd
Their nuptials, nor this laſt ſo treacherouſly
Had ſhorn the fatal harveſt of thy head.
Is it for that ſuch outward ornament
Was laviſh'd on their ſex, that inward gifts
Were left for haſte unfiniſh'd, judgement ſcant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is beſt
In choice, but oftеſt to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of ſelf-love mix'd,
Of conſtancy no root infix'd,
That ether they love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wiſeſt men and beſt
Seeming at firſt all heavenly under virgin vail,
Soft, modeſt, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary ſhe proves, a thorn
Inteſtine, far within defenſive arms

A cleaving miſchief, in his way to virtue
Adverſe and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry inſlav'd
With dotage, and his ſenſe deprav'd
To folly' and ſhameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot ſo expert but needs muſt wreck,
Imbark'd with ſuch a ſteers-mate at the helm?
Favour'd of heaven who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domeſtic good combines:
Happy that houſe! his way to peace is ſmooth:
But virtue, which breaks thro' all oppoſition,
And all temptation can remove,
Moſt ſhines, and moſt is acceptable above.
Therefore God's univerſal law
Gave to the man deſpotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile ſhe or lour:
So ſhall he leaſt confuſion draw
On his whole life, not ſway'd
By female uſurpation, or diſmay'd.
But had we beſt retire, I ſee a ſtorm?
Samſ. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempeſt brings.
Samſ. Be leſs abſtruſe, my riddling days are paſt.
Chor. Look now for no inchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his ſtride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I leſs conjecture than when firſt I ſaw
The ſumptuous Dalila floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samſ. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.
Chor. His fraught we ſoon ſhall know, he now arrives.
Har. I come not, Samſon, to condole thy chance,
As theſe perhaps, yet wiſh it had not been,
Though for no friendly' intent. I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of ſtock renown'd
As Og or Anak, and the Emims old
That Kiriathaim held; thou know'ſt me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this diſpleas'd,
That I was never preſent on the place
Of thoſe encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or liſted field:
And now am come to ſee of whom ſuch noiſe
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to ſurvey,
If thy appearance anſwer loud report.
Samſ. The way to know were not to ſee, but taſte.
Har. Doſt thou already ſingle me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd
To' have wrought ſuch wonders with an aſs's jaw;
I ſhould have force'd thee ſoon with other arms,
Or left thy carcaſe where the aſs lay thrown:
So had the glory' of proweſs been recover'd
To Paleſtine, won by a Philiſtine
From the unforeſkin'd race, of whom thou bear'ſt
The higheſt name for valiant acts; that honour
Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,
I loſe, prevented by thy eyes put out.
Samſ. Boaſt not of what thou wouldſt have done, but [do
What then thou wouldſt, thou ſeeſt it in thy hand.
Har. To combat with a blind man I diſdain,
And thou haſt need much waſhing to be touch'd.
Samſ. Such uſage as your honourable lords

Afford me' aſſaſſinated and betray'd,
Who durſt not with their whole united powers
In fight withſtand me ſingle and unarm'd,
Nor in the houſe with chamber-ambuſhes
Cloſe-banded durſt attack me, no not ſleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold,
Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd ſhifts let be aſſign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of braſs, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-braſs, and greaves, and gauntlet; add thy ſpear,
A weaver's beam, and ſeven-times-folded ſhield;
I only with an oaken ſtaff will meet thee,
And raiſe ſuch outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long ſhall not with-hold me from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft ſhalt wiſh thyſelf at Gath, to boaſt
Again in ſafety what thou wouldſt have done
To Samſon, but ſhalt never ſee Gath more.

Har. Thou durſt not thus diſparage glorious arms,
Which greateſt heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and ſafety, had not ſpells
And black inchantments, ſome magician's art, [heaven
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee ſtrong; which thou from
Feign'd at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
Where ſtrength can leaſt abide, though all thy hairs
Were briſtles range'd like thoſe that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

Samſ. I know no ſpells, uſe no forbidden arts;
My truſt is in the Living God, who gave me
At my nativity this ſtrength, diffus'd
No leſs through all my ſinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preſerv'd theſe locks unſhorn,

The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his temple, invocate his aid
With ſolemneſt devotion, ſpread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To fruſtrate and diſſolve theſe magic ſpells,
Which I to be the power of Iſrael's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the teſt,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmoſt of his godhead ſeconded:
Then thou ſhalt ſee, or rather to thy ſorrow
Soon feel, whoſe God is ſtrongeſt, thine or mine.

Har. Preſume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd ſend thee
Into the common priſon, there to grind
Among the ſlaves and aſſes thy comrades,
As good for nothing elſe, no better ſervice
With thoſe thy boiſt'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to aſſail, nor by the ſword
Of noble warriour, ſo to ſtain his honour,
But by the barber's razor beſt ſubdu'd.

Samſ. All theſe indignities, for ſuch they are
From thine, theſe evils I deſerve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Juſtly, yet deſpair not of his final pardon
Whoſe ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the ſuppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whoſe God is God;
Thine, or whom I with Iſrael's ſons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou doſt thy God, in truſting

He will accept thee to defend his cauſe,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber. [me theſe?
Samſ. Tongue-doughty giant, how doſt thou prove
Har. Is not thy nation ſubject to our lords?
Their magiſtrates confeſs'd it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands; for hadſt thou not committed
Notorious murder on theſe thirty men
At Aſcalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber ſtripp'dſt them of their robes?
The Philiſtines, when thou hadſt broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only ſeeking,
To others did no violence nor ſpoil.
Samſ. Among the daughters of the Philiſtines
I choſe a wife, which argue'd me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feaſt:
But your ill-meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and gueſts,
Appointed to await me thirty ſpies,
Who threat'ning cruel death conſtrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my ſecret,
That ſolv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all ſet on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chance'd,
I us'd hoſtility, and took their ſpoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was ſubjected to your lords.
It was the force of conqueſt; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private perſon, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, preſum'd
Single rebellion, and did hoſtile acts.
I was no private, but a perſon rais'd
With ſtrength ſufficient and command from Heaven
To free my country; if their ſervile minds

Me their deliverer ſent would not receive,
But to their maſters gave me up for naught,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they ſerve.
I was to do my part from Heaven aſſign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my known offence
Had not diſabled me, not all your force:
Theſe ſhifts refuted, anſwer thy appellant,
Though by his blindneſs maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to ſingle fight,
As a petty enterprize of ſmall enforce.

Har. With thee a man condemn'd, a ſlave inroll'd,
Due by the law to capital puniſhment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Samſ. Cam'ſt thou for this, vain boaſter, to ſurvey me,
To deſcant on my ſtrength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence ſo ſlight inform'd;
..ke good heed my hand ſurvey not thee.

Har. O Baalzebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear theſe diſhonours, and not render death?

Samſ. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fiſt is free.

Har. This inſolence other kind of anſwer fits.

Samſ. Go, baffled coward, leſt I run upon thee,
Though in theſe chains, bulk without ſpirit vaſt,
And with one buffet lay thy ſtructure low;
Or ſwing thee in the air, then daſh thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and ſhatter'd ſides.

Har. By Aſtaroth ere long thou ſhalt lament
Theſe braveries in irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His giantſhip is gone ſomewhat creſt-fall'n,
Stalking with leſs unconſcionable ſtrides,
And lower looks, but in a ſultry chaſe.

Samſ. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five ſons,

All of gigantic ſize, Goliah chief.
Chor. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counſel ſtir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.
Samſ. He muſt allege ſome cauſe, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, leſt a queſtion riſe
Whether he durſt accept the' offer or not;
And that he durſt not, plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impoſe, nor I ſuſtain;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no ſmall profit daily to my owners.
But come what will my deadlieſt foe will prove
My ſpeedieſt friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worſt that he can give, to me the beſt.
Yet ſo it may fall out, becauſe their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.
Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the ſpirits of juſt men long oppreſs'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppreſſour,
The brute and boiſt'rous force of violent men,
Hardy and induſtrious to ſupport
Tyrannic power, but raging to purſue
The righteous, and all ſuch as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celeſtial vigour arm'd,
Their armouries and magazines contemns,
Renders them uſeleſs, while
With winged expedition,

Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who ſurpris'd
Loſe their defence diſtracted and amaze'd.
  But patience is more oft the exerciſe
Of ſaints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of theſe is in thy lot,
Samſon, with might endu'd
Above the ſons of men; but ſight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with thoſe
Whom patience finally muſt crown.
  This idol's day hath been to thee no day of reſt,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind;
For I deſcry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A ſceptre or quaint ſtaff he bears,
Comes on amain, ſpeed in his look.
By his habit I diſcern him now
A public officer, and now at hand.
His meſſage will be ſhort and voluble.
  Off. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samſon here I ſeek.
  Chor. His manacles remark him, there he ſits.
  Off. Samſon, to thee our lords thus bid me ſay;
This day to Dagon is a ſolemn feaſt,
With ſacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy ſtrength they know ſurpaſſing human rate,
And now ſome public proof thereof require
To honour this great feaſt, and great aſſembly:
Riſe therefore with all ſpeed and come along,
Where I will ſee thee hearten'd and freſh clad
To' appear as fits before th' illuſtrious lords.

Samſ. Thou know'ſt I am an Hebrew, therefore tell
Our law forbids at their religious rites [them,
My preſence; for that cauſe I cannot come.
Off. This anſwer, be aſſur'd, will not content them.
Samſ. Have they not ſword-players, and every ſort
Of gymnic artiſts, wreſtlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they muſt pick me out with ſhakles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their public mill,
To make them ſport with blind activity?
Do they not ſeek occaſion of new quarrels
On my refuſal to diſtreſs me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'ſt, I will not come.
Off. Regard thyſelf, this will offend them highly.
Samſ. Myſelf? my conſcience and internal peace.
Can they think me ſo broken, ſo debas'd
With corporal ſervitude, that my mind ever
Will condeſcend to ſuch abſurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jeſter,
And in my midſt of ſorrow and heart-grief
To ſhow them feats, and play before their god,
The worſt of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.
Off. My meſſage was impos'd on me with ſpeed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy reſolution?
Samſ. So take it with that ſpeed thy meſſage needs.
Off. I am ſorry what this ſtoutneſs will produce.
Samſ. Perhaps thou ſhalt have cauſe to ſorrow' indeed.
Chor. Conſider, Samſon; matters now are ſtrain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another meſſage more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Sam. Shall I abuſe this conſecrated gift
Of ſtrength, again returning with my hair
After my great tranſgreſſion, ſo requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater ſin
By proſtituting holy things to idols;
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my ſtrength in honour to their Dagon?
Beſides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

Chor. Yet with this ſtrength thou ſerv'ſt the Philiſtines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Samſ. Not in their idol-worſhip, but by labour
Honeſt and lawful to deſerve my food
Of thoſe who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile

Samſ. Where outward force conſtrains, the ſentence holds.
But who conſtrains me to the temple' of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philiſtian lords command.
Commands are no conſtraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to diſpleaſe
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealouſy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveneſs.
Yet that he may diſpenſe with me or thee
Preſent in temples at idolatrous rites
For ſome important cauſe, thou needſt not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off ſurmounts my reach.

Samſ. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rouſing motions in me, which diſpoſe
To ſomething extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this meſſenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be ſure, that may diſhonour
Our law, or ſtain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of preſage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life

By ſome great act, or of my days the laſt.
Chor. In time thou haſt reſolv'd, the man returns.
Off. Samſon, this ſecond meſſage from our lords
To thee I am bid ſay. Art thou our ſlave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'ſt thou at our ſending and command
Diſpute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we ſhall find ſuch engines to aſſail
And hamper thee, as thou ſhalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier faſten'd than a rock.
Samſ. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Becauſe they ſhall not trail me thro' their ſtreets
Like a wild beaſt, I am content to go.
Maſters commands come with a power reſiſtleſs
To ſuch as owe them abſolute ſubjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpoſe?
(So mutable are all the ways of men);
Yet this be ſure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous, or forbidden in our law.
Off. I praiſe thy reſolution: doff theſe links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to ſet thee free.
Samſ. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wiſh, leſt it perhaps offend them
To ſee me girt with friends; and how the ſight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exaſperate them,
I know not: lords are lordlieſt in their wine;
And the well-feaſted prieſt then ſooneſt fir'd
With zeal, if aught religion ſeem concern'd;
No leſs the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, inſolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear

Nothing diſhonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myſelf,
The laſt of me or no I cannot warrant.
Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of Iſrael be thy guide
To what may ſerve his glory beſt, and ſpread his name
Great among the Heathen round;
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to ſtand
Faſt by thy ſide, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his meſſage told
Of thy conception, and be now a ſhield
Of fire; that ſpirit that firſt ruſh'd on thee
In the camp of Dan,
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from heaven imparted
Meaſure of ſtrength ſo great to mortal ſeed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been ſeen.
But wherefore comes old Manoah in ſuch haſte
With youthful ſteps? much livelier than erewhile
He ſeems: ſuppoſing here to find his ſon,
Or of him bringing to us ſome glad news? [hither
Man. Peace with you, brethren; my inducement
Was not at preſent here to find my ſon,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feaſt.
I heard all as I came; the city rings,
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,
Leſt I ſhould ſee him force'd to things unſeemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good ſucceſs to work his liberty.
Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; ſay, reverend ſire, we thirſt to hear.
Man. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home, or thro' the high ſtreet paſſing,

With ſupplication prone, and father's tears,
To' accept of ranſon for my ſon their pris'ner.
Some much averſe I found and wondrous harſh,
Contemptuous, proud, ſet on revenge and ſpite;
That part moſt reverence'd Dagon and his prieſts:
Others more moderate ſeeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and ſtate
They eaſily would ſet to ſale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confeſs'd
They had enough revenge'd, having reduce'd
Their foe to miſery beneath their fears,
The reſt was magnanimity to remit,
If ſome convenient ranſom were prepos'd.
What noiſe or ſhout was that? it tore the ſky.

Chor. Doubtleſs the people ſhouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at ſome proof of ſtrength before them ſhown.

Man. His ranſom, if my whole inheritance
May compaſs it, ſhall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I ſhall chuſe
To live the pooreſt in my tribe, than richeſt,
And he in that calamitous priſon left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him, I ſhall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their ſons;
Thou for thy ſon are bent to lay out all:
Sons wont to nurſe their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'ſt how to nurſe thy ſon,
Made older than thy age thro' eye-ſight loſt.

Man. It ſhall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him ſitting in the houſe, ennobled
With all thoſe high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his ſhoulders waving down thoſe locks,

That of a nation arm'd the ſtrength contain'd:
And I perſuade me God had not permitted
His ſtrength again to grow up with his hair,
Garriſon'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful ſoldiery, were not his purpoſe
To uſe him further yet in ſome great ſervice;
Not to ſit idle with ſo great a gift
Uſeleſs, and thence ridiculous about him.
And ſince his ſtrength with eye-ſight was not loſt,
God will reſtore him eye-ſight to his ſtrength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor ſeem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds, and—O what noiſe!
Mercy of heaven! what hideous noiſe was that?
Horribly loud, unlike the former ſhout.

Chor. Noiſe call you it, or univerſal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation periſh'd!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noiſe,
Ruin, deſtruction, at the utmoſt point.

Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noiſe:
Oh it continues, they have ſlain my ſon!

Chor. Thy ſon is rather ſlaying them, that outcry
From ſlaughter of one foe could not aſcend.

Man. Some diſmal accident it needs muſt be;
What ſhall we do? ſtay here, or run and ſee?

Chor. Beſt keep together here, leſt running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philiſtines is fallen;
From whom could elſe a general cry be heard?
The ſufferers then will ſcarce moleſt us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-ſight (for to Iſrael's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle reſtore'd,

He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of ſlaughter'd walk his way?
Man. That were a joy preſumptuous to be thought.
Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?
Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain ſubſcribe, and tempts belief.
A little ſtay will bring ſome notice hither.
Chor. Of good or bad ſo great, of bad the ſooner;
For evil news rides poſt, while good news baits.
And to our wiſh I ſee one hither ſpeeding,
An Hebrew, as I gueſs, and of our tribe.
Meſſ. O whither ſhall I run, or which way fly
The ſight of this ſo horrid ſpectacle,
Which erſt my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination ſtill purſues me.
But providence, or inſtinct of nature ſeems,
Our reaſon tho' diſturb'd, and ſcarce conſulted,
To' have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee firſt, reverend Manoah, and to theſe
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at ſome diſtance from the place of horrour,
So in the ſad event too much concern'd.
Man. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou ſeeſt we long to know.
Meſſ. It would burſt forth; but I recover breath
And ſenſe diſtract, to know well what I utter.
Man. Tell us the ſum, the circumſtance defer.
Meſſ. Gaza yet ſtands, but all her ſons are fallen,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.
Man. Sad, but thou know'ſt to Iſraelites not ſaddeſt
The deſolation of a hoſtile city.
Meſſ. Feed on that firſt, there may in grief be ſurfeit.
Man. Relate by whom.

Meſſ. By Samſon.
Man. That ſtill leſſens
The ſorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.
Meſſ. Ah Manoah, I refrain too ſuddenly
To utter what will come at laſt too ſoon;
Leſt evil tidings, with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear ſhould pierce too deep.
Man. Suſpenſe in news is torture, ſpeak them out.
Meſſ. Take then the worſt in brief, Samſon is dead.
Man. The worſt indeed: O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death, who ſets all free,
Hath paid his ranſom now and full diſcharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his deliv'ry, which now proves
Abortive as the firſt-born bloom of ſpring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's froſt?
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, ſay firſt,
How dy'd he; death to life is crown or ſhame.
All by him fell, thou ſayſt, by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samſon his death's wound?
Meſſ. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.
Man. Wearied with ſlaughter then, or how? explain.
Meſſ. By his own hands.
Man. Self-violence! what cauſe
Brought him ſo ſoon at variance with himſelf
Among his foes?
Meſſ. Inevitable cauſe,
At once both to deſtroy, and be deſtroy'd;
The edifice where all were met to ſee him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.
Man. O laſtly overſtrong againſt thyſelf!
A dreadful way thou took'ſt to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confuſion, give us if thou canſt,
Eye-witneſs of what firſt or laſt was done,

Relation more particular and distinct.
Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning-trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little I had dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd, that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games:
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state-livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupenduous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him

Between the pillars; he his guide requeſted
(For ſo from ſuch as nearer ſtood we heard)
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on thoſe two maſſy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main ſupport.
He unſuſpicious led him; which when Samſon
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes faſt fixt he ſtood, as one who pray'd,
Or ſome great matter in his mind revolv'd:
At laſt with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reaſon was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord ſuch other trial
I mean to ſhow you of my ſtrength, yet greater,
As with amaze ſhall ſtrike all who behold.
This utter'd, ſtraining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, thoſe two maſſy pillars
With horrible convulſion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he ſhook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burſt of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who ſat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counſellors, or prieſts,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each Philiſtian city round
Met from all parts to ſolemnize this feaſt.
Samſon with theſe immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the ſame deſtruction on himſelf;
The vulgar only ſcap'd, who ſtood without.
Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou haſt fulfill'd
The work for which thou waſt foretold
To Iſrael, and now ly'ſt victorious
Among thy ſlain ſelf-kill'd,

Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire neceſſity, whoſe law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy ſlaughter'd foes, in number more
Than all thy life had ſlain before.

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and ſublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And ſat regorge'd of bulls and goats,
Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo his bright ſanctuary:
Among them he a ſpi'rit of phrenzy ſent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urge'd them on with mad deſire
To call in haſte for their deſtroyer;
They only ſet on ſport and play
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own deſtruction to come ſpeedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themſelves t' invite,
Inſenſate left, or to ſenſe reprobate,
And with blindneſs internal ſtruck.

Semichor. But he, though blind of ſight,
Deſpis'd, and thought extinguiſh'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under aſhes into ſudden flame,
And as an evening-dragon came,
Aſſailant on the perched rooſts,
And neſt in order range'd
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudleſs thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue given for loſt,
Depreſs'd, and overthrown, as ſeem'd
Like that ſelf-begotten bird

In the Arabian woods imboſs'd,
That no ſecond knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocauſt,
From out her aſhy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflouriſhes, then vigorous moſt
When moſt unactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame ſurvives
A ſecular bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cauſe; Samſon hath quit himſelf
Like Samſon, and heroicly hath finiſh'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenge'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the ſons of Caphtor
Through all Philiſtian bounds; to Iſrael
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occaſion;
To' himſelf and father's houſe eternal fame;
And, which is beſt and happieſt yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and aſſiſting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breaſt, no weakneſs, no contempt,
Diſpraiſe, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death ſo noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Sok'd in his enemies blood, and from the ſtream
With lavers pure and cleanſing herbs waſh off
The clotted gore. I with what ſpeed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to ſay us nay)
Will ſend for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and ſolemnly attend
With ſilent obſequy and funeral train
Home to his father's houſe: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with ſhade

Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or ſweet lyric ſong.
Thither ſhall all the valiant youth reſort,
And from his memory inflame their breaſts
To matchleſs valour, and adventures high:
The virgins alſo ſhall on feaſtful days
Viſit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loſs of eyes.
Chor. All is beſt, though we oft doubt,
What th' unſearchable diſpoſe
Of higheſt wiſdom brings about,
And ever beſt found in the cloſe.
Oft he ſeems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witneſs gloriouſly; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to reſiſt
His uncontroulable intent;
His ſervants he with new acquiſt
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and conſolation hath diſmiſt,
And calm of mind all paſſion ſpent.

THE END.

THE END.

POEMS

Upon ſeveral occaſions,

Compoſed at ſeveral times.

——————Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

Virgil, Eclog. 7.

To the firſt edition of the author's poems, printed in 1645, was prefixed the following advertiſement of the Stationer to the Reader.

IT is not any private reſpect of gain, gentle reader, for the ſlighteſt pamphlet is now-a-days more vendible than the works of learnedeſt men; but it is the love I have to our own language, that hath made me diligent to collect and ſet forth ſuch pieces, both in proſe and verſe, as may renew the wonted honour and eſteem of our Engliſh tongue: and it is the worth of theſe both Engliſh and Latin poems, not the flouriſh of any prefixed encomiums, that can invite thee to buy them, though theſe are not without the higheſt commendations and applauſe of the learnedeſt academics, both domeſtic and foreign; and amongſt thoſe of our own country, the unparallel'd atteſtation of that renowned Provoſt of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton. I know not thy palate how it reliſhes ſuch dainties, nor how harmonious thy ſoul is; perhaps more trivial airs may pleaſe thee better. But howſoever thy opinion is ſpent upon theſe, that encouragement I have already received from the moſt ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Waller's late choice pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, preſenting it with theſe ever-green, and not-to-be-blaſted laurels. The authour's more peculiar excellency in theſe ſtudies was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to ſolicit them from him. Let the event guide itſelf which way it will, I ſhall deſerve of the age, by bringing into the light as true a birth, as the Muſes have brought forth ſince our famous Spenſer wrote; whoſe poems in theſe Engliſh ones are as rarely imitated, as ſweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art eagle-ey'd to cenſure their worth, I am not fearful to expoſe them to thy exacteſt peruſal.

HUMPH. MOSELEY.

POEMS.

I.

On the death of a fair infant, dying of the cough *.

I.

O Faireſt flower no ſooner blown but blaſted,
Soft ſilken primroſe fading timeleſsly,
Summer's chief honour; if thou hadſt utlaſted
Bleak winter's force that made thy bloſſom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiſs,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliſs.

II.

For ſince grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boiſt'rous rape th' Athenian damſel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewiſe he ſome fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childleſs eld,
Which 'mongſt the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he ſpy'd from far;
There ended was his queſt, there ceas'd his care.
Down he deſcended from his ſnow-ſoft chair,
But all unwares with his cold kind embrace
Unhous'd thy virgin-ſoul from her fair biding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For ſo Apollo, with unweeting hand,

* Compoſed in 1625, the 17th year of Milton's age——This infant was the authour's niece, a daughter of his ſiſter Philips, and probably her firſt child.

Whilome did ſlay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurota's ſtrand,
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack that ſo to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perſuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corſe corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
Could Heaven for pity thee ſo ſtrictly doom?
Oh no! for ſomething in thy face did ſhine
Above mortality, that ſhow'd thou waſt divine.

VI.

Reſolve me then, oh ſoul moſt ſurely bleſt,
(If ſo it be that thou theſe plaints doſt hear),
Tell me bright ſpirit where'er thou hovereſt,
Whether above that high firſt-moving ſphere,
Or in th' Elyſian fields (if ſuch there were);
Oh ſay me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us ſo quickly thou didſt take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou ſome ſtar which from the ruin'd roof
Of ſhak'd Olympus by miſchance didſt fall;
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinſtall?
Or did of late earth's ſons beſiege the wall
Of ſheeny heaven, and thou ſome goddeſs fled
Amongſt us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that juſt maid who once before
Forſook the hated earth, O tell me ſooth,
And cam'ſt again to viſit us once more?
Or wert thou that ſweet ſmiling Youth?
Or that crown'd matron ſage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world ſome good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoſt,
Who having clad thyſelf in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed ſeat didſt poſt,
And after ſhort abode fly back with ſpeed,
As if to ſhow what creatures heaven doth breed,
Thereby to ſet the hearts of men on fire
To ſcorn the ſordid world, and unto heaven aſpire?

X.

But oh why didſt thou not ſtay here below
To bleſs us with thy heaven-lov'd innocence,
To ſlake his wrath whom ſin hath made our foe,
To turn ſwift-ruſhing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the ſlaughtering peſtilence,
To ſtand 'twixt us and our deſerved ſmart?
But thou canſt beſt perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the mother of ſo ſweet a child,
Her falſe imagin'd loſs ceaſe to lament,
And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild;
Think what a preſent thou to God haſt ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent:
This if thou do, he will an offſpring give,
That till the world's laſt end ſhall make thy name to live.

II.

At a vacation-exerciſe in the college, part Latin, part Engliſh. The Latin ſpeeches ended, the Engliſh thus began.*

HAil, native language! that, by ſinews weak,
Didſt move my firſt endeavouring tongue to ſpeak.

* Compoſed in 1627.

And made'ſt imperfect words with childiſh trips,
Half unpronounce'd, ſlide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb ſilence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely ſat two years before:
Here I ſalute thee, and thy pardon aſk,
That now I uſe thee in my latter taſk:
Small loſs it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'ſt not be ambitious to be firſt,
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worſt:
And, if it happen as I did forecaſt,
The daintieſt diſhes ſhall be ſerv'd up laſt.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,
For this ſame ſmall neglect that I have made:
But haſte thee ſtrait to do me once a pleaſure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeſt treaſure,
Not thoſe new-fangled toys, and trimming ſlight,
Which takes our late fantaſtics with delight,
But cull thoſe richeſt robes, and gay'ſt attire,
Which deepeſt ſpirits, and choiceſt wits deſire:
I have ſome naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their paſſage out;
And weary of their place do only ſtay
Till thou haſt deck'd them in thy beſt array;
That ſo they may without ſuſpect or fears
Fly ſwiftly to this fair aſſembly's ears:
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuſe,
Thy ſervice in ſome graver ſubject uſe,
Such as may make thee ſearch thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit ſound:
Such where the deep-tranſported mind may ſoar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
Look in, and ſee each bliſsful deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,

Liſt'ning to what unſhorn Apollo ſings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly ſire:
Then paſſing thro' the ſpheres of watchful fire,
And miſty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of ſnow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heaven's defiance muſtering all his waves;
Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
Such as the wiſe Demodocus once told
In ſolemn ſongs at King Alcinous' feaſt:
While ſad Ulyſſes' ſoul, and all the reſt,
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and ſweet captivity.
But fie, my wand'ring muſe, how doſt thou ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way;
Thou know'ſt it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come,
That to the next I may reſign my room.

Then Ens *is repreſented as father of the* Predicaments *his ten ſons, whereof the eldeſt ſtood for* Subſtance *with his canons; which* Ens, *thus ſpeaking, explains.*

GOod luck befriend thee, ſon; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies dance'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowy nurſe hath ſworn ſhe did them ſpy
Come tripping to the room where thou didſt lie,
And ſweetly ſinging round about thy bed
Strow all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhouldſt ſtill
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible:

Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear;
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wiſely could preſage,
And in Time's long and dark proſpective glaſs
Foreſaw what future days ſhould bring to paſs;
Your ſon, ſaid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent),
Shall ſubject be to many an accident.
O'er all his brethren he ſhall reign as king,
Yet every one ſhall make him underling;
And thoſe that cannot live from him aſunder,
Ungratefully ſhall ſtrive to keep him under;
In worth and excellence he ſhall outgo them,
Yet being above them, he ſhall be below them;
From others he ſhall ſtand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers ſhall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it ſhall not be his hap,
And Peace ſhall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his door
Devouring war ſhall never ceaſe to roar:
Yea, it ſhall be his natural property
To harbour thoſe that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty ſpell, if not
Your learned hands, can looſe this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity *and* Quality *ſpake in proſe, then* Relation *was called by his name.*

RIvers, ariſe; whether thou be the ſon
Of utmoſt Tweed, or Ooſe, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who like ſome earth-born giant ſpreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
Or ſullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn ſwift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of ſedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,

Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway ſmooth, or royal tow'red Thame.
The reſt was proſe.

III.

On the morning of CHRIST'S *nativity* *.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin-mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For ſo the holy ſages once did ſing,
That he our deadly forfeit ſhould releaſe,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light inſufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majeſty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To ſit the midſt of Trinal Unity,
He laid aſide; and here with us to be,
Forſook the courts of everlaſting day,
And choſe with us a darkſome houſe of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heavenly Muſe, ſhall not thy ſacred vein
Afford a preſent to the Infant God?
Haſt thou no verſe, no hymn, or ſolemn ſtrain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven by the ſun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far, upon the eaſtern road,
The ſtar-led wiſards haſte with odours ſweet!

* Compoſed in 1629.

O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his bleſſed feet;
Have thou the honour firſt, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his ſecret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

The HYMN.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Hath doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great maſter ſo to ſympathize:
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the ſun her luſty paramour.

II.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent ſnow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinful blame,
The ſaintly vail of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She crown'd with olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning ſphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She ſtrikes an univerſal peace through ſea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's ſound
Was heard the world around,
The idle ſpear and ſhield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot ſtood,
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood,
The trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng,
And kings ſat ſtill with awful eye,
And if they ſurely knew their ſov'reign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whiſt
Smoothly the waters kiſt,
Whiſp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm ſit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The ſtars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in ſtedfaſt gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning-light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himſelf beſpake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the ſhady gloom
Had given day her room,
The ſun himſelf withheld his wonted ſpeed,
And hid his head for ſhame,
As his inferiour flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more ſhould need;
He ſaw a greater ſun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The ſhepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat ſimply chatting in a ruſtic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſy keep.

IX.

When ſuch muſic ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely warbled voice
Anſwering the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their ſouls in bliſsful rapture took:
The air ſuch pleaſure loth to loſe,
With thouſand echoes ſtill prolongs each heav'nly cloſe.

X.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's ſeat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the ſhame-face'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim
And ſworded Seraphim,
Are ſeen in glitttering ranks with wings diſplay'd,

Harping in loud and ſolemn quire,
With unexpreſſive notes to heaven's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such muſic (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,
But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,
While the Creator great
His conſtellations ſet,
And the well-balance'd world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye cryſtal ſpheres,
Once bleſs our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo),
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the baſe of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full conſort to th' angelic ſymphony.

XIV.

For if ſuch holy ſong
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And ſpeckled Vanity
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Juſtice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will ſit between,
Throne'd in celeſtial ſheen,
With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſteering,

And Heaven, as at ſome feſtival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wiſeſt Fate ſays no,
This muſt not yet be ſo,
The Babe lies yet in ſmiling infancy,
That on the bitter croſs
Muſt redeem our loſs;
So both himſelf and us to glorify:
Yet firſt to thoſe ychain'd in ſleep,
The wakeful trump of doom muſt thunder through the deep.

XVII.

With ſuch a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire, and ſmould'ring clouds out brake:
The aged earth aghaſt,
With terrour of that blaſt,
Shall from the ſurface to the centre ſhake;
When at the world's laſt ſeſſion,
The dreadful Judge in middle air ſhall ſpread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at laſt our bliſs
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In ſtraiter limits bound,
Not half ſo far caſts his uſurped ſway,
And wroth to ſee his kingdom fail,
Swinges the ſcaly horrour of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his ſhrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow ſhriek the ſteep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathed ſpell
Inſpires the pale-ey'd prieſt from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the reſounding ſhore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted ſpring, and dale
Edge'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with ſighing ſent;
With flower-inwoven treſſes torn
The nymphs in twilight ſhade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In conſecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight-plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying ſound
Affrights the flamens at their ſervice quaint;
And the chill marble ſeems to ſweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted ſeat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forſake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of Paleſtine;
And mooned Aſhtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now ſits not girt with tapers holy ſhine;
The Libyc Hammon ſhrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

XXIII.

And ſullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in ſhadows dread
His burning idol all of blackeſt hue;
In vain with cymbals ring
They call the griſly king,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue;

The brutiſh gods of Nile as faſt,
Iſis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haſte.

XXIV.

Nor is Oſiris ſeen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unſhower'd graſs with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt,
Nought but profoundeſt hell can be his ſhroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The ſable-ſtoled ſorcerers bear his worſhipt ark.

XXV.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his duſky eyn;
Nor all the gods beſide,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending his ſnaky twine:
Our Babe, to ſhow his Godhead true,
Can in his ſwaddling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the ſun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,
And the yellow-ſkirted Fayes [maze.
Fly after the night-ſteeds, leaving their moon-love'd

XXVII.

But ſee the virgin bleſt
Hath laid her Babe to reſt,
Time is our tedious ſong ſhould here have ending:
Heaven's youngeſt teemed ſtar
Hath fix'd her poliſh'd car,
Her ſleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:

And all about the courtly ſtable,
Bright harneſs'd angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

IV.
The PASSION*.

I.

ERewhile of muſic, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the ſtage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,
My muſe with angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry ſolſtice like the ſhorten'd light
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long outliving night.

II.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my harp to notes of ſaddeſt woe,
Which on our deareſt Lord did ſeize ere long,
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe than ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Moſt perfect Hero, try'd in heavieſt plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.

He ſov'reign Prieſt ſtooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleſhly tabernacle entered,
His ſtarry front low-rooſt beneath the ſkies;
O what a maſk was there, what a diſguiſe!
Yet more; the ſtroke of death he muſt abide,
Then lies him meekly down faſt by his brethrens ſide.

IV.

Theſe lateſt ſcenes confine my roving verſe,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;

* This poem ſeems to have been compoſed ſoon after the Ode on the Nativity.

His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former ſufferings, other where are found;
Loud o'er the reſt Cremona's trump doth ſound;
Me ſofter airs befit, and ſofter ſtrings
Of lute, or viol ſtill, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, beſt patroneſs of grief,
Over the pole thy thickeſt mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That heaven and earth are colour'd with my woe;
My ſorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves ſhould all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have waſh'd a wanniſh white.

VI.

See, ſee the chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood!
My ſpirit ſome tranſporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem ſtood,
Once glorious towers, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;
There doth my ſoul in holy viſion ſit
In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that ſad ſepulchral rock
That was the caſket of heaven's richeſt ſtore;
And here tho' grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the ſoften'd quarry would I ſcore
My plaining verſe as lively as before;
For ſure ſo well inſtructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or ſhould I thence hurried on viewleſs wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and ſpring
Would ſoon unboſom all their echos mild,
And I (for grief is eaſily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my ſorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on ſome pregnant cloud.

This ſubject the author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it, and nothing ſatisfied with what was begun, left it unfiniſhed.

V.

On TIME *.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping hours,
Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyſelf with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is falſe and vain,
And merely mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou haſt intomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd,
Then long Eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs;
And Joy ſhall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is ſincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, ſhall ever ſhine
About the ſupreme throne
Of him, t' whoſe happy-making ſight alone
When once our heavenly-guided ſoul ſhall clime,
Then all this earthly groſſneſs quit,
Attir'd with ſtars, we ſhall for ever ſit, [Time.
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O

* In theſe poems where no date is prefixed, and no circumſtances direct us to aſcertain the time when they were compoſed, the order of Milton's own editions is followed. Before this copy of verſes, it appears from the author's manuſcript, that he had written them, *To be ſet on a clock-caſe.*

VI.

Upon the CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming powers, and winged warriours bright,
That erſt with muſic, and triumphant ſong,
Firſt heard by happy watchful ſhepherds ear,
So ſweetly ſung your joy the clouds along
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſt'ning night;
Now mourn, and if ſad ſhare with us to bear
Your fiery eſſence can diſtil no tear,
Burn in your ſighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep ſorrow:
He who with all heaven's heraldry while-ere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us eaſe;
Alas, how ſoon our ſin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to ſeize!
O more exceeding love or law more juſt?
Juſt law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remedileſs
Were loſt in death, till he that dwelt above
High throne'd in ſecret bliſs, for us frail duſt
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedneſs;
And that great covenant which we ſtill tranſgreſs
Entirely ſatisfied,
And the full wrath beſide
Of vengeful Juſtice bore for our exceſs,
And ſeals obedience firſt with wounding ſmart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and ſtrong
Will pierce more near his heart.

VII.

At a SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLeſs'd pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious ſiſters, Voice and Verſe,
Wed your divine ſounds, and mix'd power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantaſy preſent
That undiſturbed ſong of pure concent,
Ay ſung before the ſaphire-colour'd throne
To him that ſits thereon
With ſaintly ſhout, and ſolemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic hoſt in thouſand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt ſpirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy pſalms
Singing everlaſtingly;
That we on earth with undiſcording voice
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin
Jarr'd againſt nature's chime, and with harſh din
Broke the fair muſic that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd
In perfect diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood
In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O may we ſoon again renew that ſong,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To his celeſtial conſort us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light.

VI.

Upon the CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming powers, and winged warriours bright,
That erſt with muſic, and triumphant ſong,
Firſt heard by happy watchful ſhepherds ear,
So ſweetly ſung your joy the clouds along
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſt'ning night;
Now mourn, and if ſad ſhare with us to bear
Your fiery eſſence can diſtil no tear,
Burn in your ſighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep ſorrow:
He who with all heaven's heraldry while-ere
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Alas, how ſoon our ſin
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In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O may we ſoon again renew that ſong,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To his celeſtial conſort us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light.

VIII.

An EPITAPH on the Marchioneſs of WINCHESTER*.

THIS rich marble doth inter
The honour'd wife of Wincheſter,
A Viſcount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Beſides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than ſhe could own from earth.
Summers three times eight ſave one
She had told; alas too ſoon,
After ſo ſhort time of breath,
To houſe with darkneſs, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praiſe,
Nature and Fate had had no ſtrife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces ſweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her requeſt
The god that ſits at marriage-feaſt;
He at their invoking came
But with a ſcarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland as he ſtood,
Ye might diſcern a cypreſs bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely ſon,
And now with ſecond hope ſhe goes,
And calls Lucina to her throws;

* This Lady was Jane, daughter of Thomas Lord Viſc. Savage of Rock-Savage, Cheſhire, who by marriage became the heir of Lord Darcy Earl of Rivers; and was the wife of John Marquis of Wincheſter, and the mother of Charles firſt Duke of Bolton. She died in childbed of a ſecond ſon, in the 23d year of her age; and Milton made theſe verſes at Cambridge.

But, whether by miſchance or blame,
Attropos for Lucina came;
And with remorſeleſs cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapleſs babe before its birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languiſh'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I ſeen ſome tender ſlip,
Save'd with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by ſome unheedy ſwain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New ſhot up from vernal ſhower;
But the fair bloſſom hangs the head
Sideways, as on a dying bed,
And thoſe pearls of dew ſhe wears,
Prove to be preſaging tears,
Which the ſad morn had let fall
On her haſt'ning funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel ſore
Sweet reſt ſeize thee evermore,
That, to give the world increaſe,
Shortned haſt thy own life's leaſe.
Here, beſides the ſorrowing
That thy Noble houſe doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And ſome flowers, and ſome bays,
For thy herſe, to ſtrow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Cam,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;

Whilſt thou, bright ſaint, high ſitt'ſt in glory,
Next her much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair Syrian ſhepherdeſs,
Who, after years of barrenneſs,
The highly-favour'd Joſeph bore
To him that ſerv'd for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boſom bright
Of blazing majeſty and light:
There with thee, new welcome ſaint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

IX.

SONG. *On a May morning.*

NOW the bright morning-ſtar, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the eaſt, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip, and the pale primroſe.
Hail bounteous May that doſt inſpire
Mirth, and youth, and warm deſire;
Woods and groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

X.

On SHAKESPEAR *.

WHat needs my Shakeſpear for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled ſtones,

* Compoſed in 1630.

Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtary-pointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument.
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo ſepúlcher'd in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die.

XI.

On the univerſity-carrier, who ſickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reaſon of the plague *.

HEre lies old Hobſon; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,

* We have the following account of this extraordinary man in the Spectator, No. 509. "Mr. Tobias Hobſon was a carrier, and the firſt man in this iſland who let out hackney-horſes. He lived in Cambridge; and obſerving that the ſcholars rid hard, his manner was, to keep a large ſtable of horſes, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furniſh the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done ſince the death of this worthy man: I ſay, Mr. Hobſon kept a ſtable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling: but when a man came for a horſe, he was led into the ſtable, where there was great choice; but he obliged him to take the horſe which ſtood next to the ſtable-door: ſo that every cuſtomer was alike well ſerved, according to his chance, and every horſe ridden with the ſame juſtice. From whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to ſay, *Hobſon's choice*. This memorable man ſtands drawn in freſco at an inn (which he uſed) in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inſcription upon the ſaid bag,

The fruitful mother of an hundred more."

Or elſe the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodge'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And ſurely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly courſe of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his lateſt inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he muſt lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any aſk for him, it ſhall be ſaid,
Hobſon has ſupp'd, and's newly gone to bed.

XII.

Another on the ſame.

HEre lieth one, who did moſt truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his deſtiny, never to rot
While he might ſtill jog on and keep his trot,
Made of ſphære-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at ſtay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainſt old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended ſtrait.
Reſt that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation haſten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he ſicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;

Nay, quoth he, on his ſwooning bed out-ſtretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, ſure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, tho' the croſs doctors all ſtood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make ſix bearers.
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heavineſs that his cart went light:
His leiſure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdenſome,
That ev'n to his laſt breath (there be that ſay't)
As he were preſs'd to death, he cried more weight;
But had his doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he ſpent his date
In courſe reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the ſeas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this ſuperſcription.

XIII.

L' ALLEGRO *.

HEnce loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven ſings;
There under ebon ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſert ever dwell.
But come thou goddeſs fair and free,
In heaven ycleap'd Euphroſyne,

* *i. e.* The cheerful merry man.

And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as ſome ſager ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonnair.
Haſte thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides:
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,

Through the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before:
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn,
Cheerly rouze the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight,
While the plowman near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whits his ſithe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the landſcape round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighb'ring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage-chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country-meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bower ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind the ſheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he by friers lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin ſwet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Tow'red cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk, and antique pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer-eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Johnſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of harmony;
That Orpheus ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elyſian flowers, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

XIV.

IL PENSEROSO *.

HEnce vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus train.
But hail thou goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid wiſdom's hue;
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The ſea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain),

* *i. e.* The thoughtful melancholy man.

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penſive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad laden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hiſs'd along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;

Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee chantreſs of the woods among
I woo to hear thy even ſong;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the heaven's wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp, at midnight-hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes, as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounce'd, as ſhe was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,

Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved ſtroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profane eye may look,
Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep;
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſters pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antic pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voice'd quire below,

In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into ecſtaſies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every ſtar that heaven doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chuſe to live.

XV.

ARCADES.

Part of an entertainment preſented to the Counteſs-dowager of Derby, at Harefield, by ſome Noble perſons of her family, who appear on the ſcene in paſtoral habit, moving toward the ſeat of ſtate, with this ſong *.

I. SONG.

LOok nymphs, and ſhepherds look,
What ſudden blaze of majeſty
Is that which we from hence deſcry,
Too divine to be miſtook:
This, this is ſhe

* This Lady muſt have been Alice, daughter of Sir John Spenſer of Althorp, Northamptonſhire, and widow of Ferdinando Stanley the fifth Earl of Derby. And as Harefield is in Middleſex, and, according to Camden, lieth a little to the north of Uxbridge, we may conclude, that Milton made this poem while he reſided i t that neighbourhood with his father at Horton near Colebroke. It ſhould ſeem too, that it was made before the Maſk at Ludlow, as it is a more imperfect eſſay. And Frances the ſecond daughter of this

To whom our vows and wiſhes bend;
Here our ſolemn ſearch hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raiſe,
Seem'd erſt ſo laviſh and profuſe,
We may juſtly now accuſe
Of detraction from her praiſe;
  Leſs than half we find expreſt,
  Envy bid conceal the reſt.

Mark what radiant ſtate ſhe ſpreads,
In circle round her ſhining throne,
Shooting her beams like ſilver threads;
This, this is ſhe alone,
  Sitting like a goddeſs bright,
  In the centre of her light.

Might ſhe the wiſe Latona be,
Or the tow'red Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dares not give her odds;
  Who had thought this clime had held
  A deity ſo unparallel'd?

[*As they come forward the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, ſpeaks.*

Gen. STay, gentle ſwains; for though in this diſguiſe,
I ſee bright honour ſparkle thro' your eyes;

Counteſs-dowager of Derby being married to John Earl of Bridgewater, before whom was preſented the Maſk at Ludlow, we may conceive in ſome meaſure how Milton was induced to compoſe the one after the other. The alliance between the families naturally and eaſily accounts for it: and, in all probability, the Genius of the wood in this poem, as well as the attendant ſpirit in the Maſk, was Mr. Henry Lawes, who was the great maſter of muſic at that time, and taught moſt of the young nobility.

Of famous Arcady ye are, and ſprung
Of that renowned flood, ſo often ſung,
Divine Alpheus, who by ſecret ſluce
Stole under ſeas to meet his Arethuſe;
And ye, the breathing roſes of the wood,
Fair ſilver-buſkin'd nymphs as great and good,
I know this queſt of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great miſtreſs of yon princely ſhrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful ſervice will comply
To further this night's glad ſolemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What ſhallow-ſearching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidſt theſe ſhades alone
Have ſat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurſe the ſaplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I ſave from nightly ill
Of noiſome winds, and blaſting vapours chill:
And from the boughs bruſh off the evil dew,
And hail the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the croſs dire-looking planet ſmites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth riſe, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the ſlumb'ring leaves, or taſſel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haſte I all about,
Number my ranks, and viſit every ſprout
With puiſſant words, and murmurs made to bleſs;
But elſe in deep of night, when drouſineſs

Hath lock'd up mortal ſenſe, then liſten I
To the celeſtial Sirens harmony,
That ſit upon the nine infolded ſpheres,
And ſing to thoſe that hold the vital ſhears,
And turn the adamantine ſpindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſic lie,
To lull the daughters of Neceſſity,
And keep unſteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mold with groſs unpurged ear;
And yet ſuch muſic worthieſt were to blaze
The peerleſs height of her immortal praiſe,
Whoſe luſtre leads us, and for her moſt fit,
If my inferiour hand or voice could hit
Inimitable ſounds; yet as we go,
Whate'er the ſkill of leſſer gods can ſhow,
I will aſſay, her worth to celebrate,
And ſo attend ye tow'ard her glittering ſtate;
Where ye may all, that are of noble ſtem,
Approach and kiſs her ſacred veſture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'ER the ſmooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring,
Under the ſhady roof
Of branching elm ſtar-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where ſhe ſits,
Clad in ſplendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not ſeen.

III. SONG.

NYmphs and ſhepherds, dance no more
By ſandy Ladon's lilied banks,
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your loſs deplore,
A better ſoil ſhall give ye thanks.
From the ſtony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye ſhall have greater peace,
To ſerve the lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's miſtreſs were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not ſeen.

XVI.

COMUS:

A MASK.

Preſented at Ludlow-caſtle, 1634,

Before the Earl of BRIDGEWATER, then Preſident of Wales,

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of Thyrſis.
COMUS, with his crew.
The LADY.
Firſt BROTHER.
Second BROTHER.
SABRINA, the nymph.

The chief perſons who preſented, were

The Lord BRACKLY.
Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.
The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

The Maſk was preſented in 1634, and conſequently in the 26th year of our Author's age. In the title-page of the firſt edition, printed in 1637, it is ſaid that it was preſented *on Michaelmas night*; and there was this motto,

Eheu quid volui miſero mihi! floribus auſtrum
Perditus——

In this edition, and in that of Milton's poems in 1645, there was prefixed to the Maſk the following Dedication.

To the Right Honourable JOHN Lord Viſcount BRACKLY, ſon and heir-apparent to the Earl of BRIDGEWATER, &c.

My LORD,

THIS poem, which received its firſt occaſion of birth from yourſelf and others of your Noble family, and much honour from your own perſon in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itſelf to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offſpring, ſo lovely, and ſo much deſired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my ſeveral friends ſatisfaction, and brought me to a neceſſity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to thoſe fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promiſing youth, which give a full aſſurance, to all that know you, of a future

excellence. Live, ſweet Lord, to be the honour of your name; and receive this as your own, from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your moſt honoured parents; and as in this repreſentation your attendant Thyrſis, ſo now, in all real expreſſion,

Your faithful and moſt

humble ſervant,

H. LAWES.

In the edition of 1645 *was alſo prefixed Sir Henry Wotton's letter to the Author upon the following poem: but as we have inſerted it in the Life of Milton, there is no occaſion to repeat it here.*

COMUS:

A MASK.

The Firſt Scene diſcovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit deſcends or enters.

BEfore the ſtarry threſhold of Jove's court
My manſion is, where thoſe immortal ſhapes
Of bright aëreal ſpirits live inſphere'd
In regions mild of calm and ſerene air,
Above the ſmoke and ſtir of this dim ſpot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd and peſter'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feveriſh being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true ſervants
Amongſt the enthrone'd gods on ſainted ſeats.
Yet ſome there be that by due ſteps aſpire
To lay their juſt hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity:
To ſuch my errand is; and but for ſuch,
I would not ſoil theſe pure ambroſial weeds
With the rank vapours of this ſin worn mould.

But to my taſk. Neptune, beſides the ſway
Of every ſalt flood, and each ebbing ſtream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the ſea-girt iſles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned boſom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By courſe commits to ſeveral government,
And gives them leave to wear their ſaphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this iſle,
The greateſt and the beſt of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd dieties;
And all this tract that fronts the falling ſun
A noble Peer of mickle truſt and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's ſtate,
And new-intruſted ſceptre; but their way
Lies thro' the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horrour of whoſe ſhady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring paſſenger;
And here their tender age might ſuffer peril,
But that by quick command from ſov'reign Jove
I was diſpatch'd for their defence and guard;
And liſten why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or ſong,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that firſt from out the purple grape
Cruſh'd the ſweet poiſon of miſuſed wine,
After the Tuſcan mariners transform'd,
Coaſting the Tyrrhene ſhore, as the winds liſted,
On Circe's iſland fell: (who knows not Circe
The daughter of the ſun? whoſe charmed cup
Whoever taſted, loſt his upright ſhape,

And downward fell into a grov'ling ſwine):
This nymph that gaze'd upon his cluſt'ring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a ſon
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore ſhe brought up, and Comus nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At laſt betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick ſhelter of black ſhades imbower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a cryſtal glaſs,
To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they taſte
(For moſt do taſte thro' fond intemp'rate thirſt),
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' expreſs reſemblance of the gods, is change'd
Into ſome brutiſh form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tyger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, ſo perfect is their miſery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boaſt themſelves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleaſure in a ſenſual ſty.
Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to paſs through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the ſparkle of a glancing ſtar
I ſhoot from heaven to give him ſafe convoy,
As now I do: but firſt I muſt put off
Theſe my ſky-robes ſpun out of Iris woof,
And take the weeds and likeneſs of a ſwain,
That to the ſervice of this houſe belongs,
Who with his ſoft pipe and ſmooth-dittied ſong,
Well knows to ſtill the wild winds when they roar,

And huſh the waving woods, nor of leſs faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likelieſt, and neareſt to the preſent aid
Of this occaſion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful ſteps, I muſt be viewleſs now.

Comus *enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glaſs in the other; with him a rout of monſters headed like ſundry ſorts of wild beaſts, but otherwiſe like men and women, their apparel gliſtering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noiſe, with torches in their hands.*

Comus. The ſtar that bids the ſhepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the deep Atlantic ſtream,
And the ſlop ſun his upward beam
Shoots againſt the duſky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the eaſt.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feaſt,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipſy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with roſy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with ſcrupulous head,
Strict Age, and ſour Severity,
With their grave ſaws in ſlumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the ſtarry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful ſpheres,
Lead in ſwift round the months and years.
The ſounds and ſeas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;

And on the tawny ſands and ſhelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath night to do with ſleep?
Night hath better ſweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes ſin,
Which theſe dun ſhades will ne'er report.
Hail goddeſs of nocturnal ſport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the ſecret flame
Of midnight-torches burns; myſterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkneſs ſpits her thickeſt gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ride'ſt with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd prieſts, till utmoſt end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing eaſtern ſcout,
The nice morn on th' Indian ſteep
From her cabin'd loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale ſun deſcry
Our conceal'd ſolemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantaſtic round.

The meaſure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of ſome chaſte footing near about this ground.
Run to your ſhrouds, within theſe brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: ſome virgin ſure
(For ſo I can diſtinguiſh by mine art)

Benighted in theſe woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains; I ſhall ere long
Be well-ſtock'd with as fair a herd as graze'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling ſpells into the ſpungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illuſion,
And give it falſe preſentments, leſt the place
And my quaint habits breed aſtoniſhment,
And put the damſel to ſuſpicious flight;
Which muſt not be, for that's againſt my courſe.
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-place'd words of glozing courteſy
Baited with reaſons not unplauſible,
Wind me into the eaſy-hearted man,
And hug him into ſnares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic duſt,
I ſhall appear ſome harmleſs villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country-gear.
But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep aſide,
And hearken, if I may, her buſineſs here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,
My beſt guide now; methought it was the ſound
Of riot and ill-manage'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gameſome pipe
Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praiſe the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiſs. I ſhould be loath
To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd inſolence
Of ſuch late waſſailers; yet O where elſe
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they ſaw me wearied out

With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
Under the ſpreading favour of theſe pines,
Stept, as they ſaid, to the next thicket-ſide
To bring me berries, or ſuch cooling fruit
As the kind hoſpitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a ſed votariſt in palmer's weed,
Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likelieſt
They had engage'd their wand'ring ſteps too far,
And envious darkneſs, ere they could return,
Had ſtole them from me; elſe, O thieviſh Night,
Why ſhould'ſt thou, but for ſome fellonious end,
In thy dark lanthorn thus cloſe up the ſtars,
That Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlaſting oil, to give due light
To the miſled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may gueſs,
Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my liſt'ning ear,
Yet nought but ſingle darkneſs do I find.
What might this be? a thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling ſhapes, and beck'ning ſhadows dire,
And airy tongues, that ſyllable mens names
On ſands, and ſhores, and deſert wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong ſiding champion, Conſcience.——
O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemiſh'd form of Chaſtity;
I ſee ye viſibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill

Are but as ſlaviſh officers of vengeance,
Would ſend a gliſt'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hollow to my brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
I'll venture, for my new-enliven'd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

SWeet Echo, ſweeteſt nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy ſhell,
By ſlow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourneth well;
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in ſome flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the ſphere,
So mayſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe ſuch divine inchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtify his hidden reſidence:
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night,

At every fall ſmoothing the raven down
Of darkneſs till it ſmil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
Amidſt the flowery-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they ſung, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in Elyſium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the ſenſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of itſelf;
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs
I never heard till now. I'll ſpeak to her,
And ſhe ſhall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed,
Unleſs the goddeſs that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with Pan, or Sylvan, by bleſs'd ſong
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the proſp'rous growth of this tall wood.

La. Nay, gentle ſhepherd, ill is loſt that praiſe
That is addreſs'd to unattending ears;
Not any boaſt of ſkill, but extreme ſhift
How to regain my ſever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me anſwer from her moſſy couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darkneſs, and this leafy labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from near-uſhering guides?

La. They left me weary on a graſſy turf.

Co. By falſehood, or diſcourteſy, or why?

La. To ſeek i' th' valley ſome cool friendly ſpring.

Co. And left your fair ſide all unguarded, Lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps foreſtalling night prevented them.

La. How eaſy my misfortune is to hit!
Co. Imports their loſs, beſide the preſent need?
La. No leſs than if I ſhould my brothers loſe.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La. As ſmooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
Co. Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the labour'd ox
In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwinkt hedger at his ſupper ſat;
I ſaw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots;
Their port was more than human, as they ſtood:
I took it for a fairy viſion
Of ſome gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-ſtruck,
And as I paſs'd, I worſhipp'd; if thoſe you ſeek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.
La. Gentle villager,
What readieſt way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.
La. To find out that, good ſhepherd, I ſuppoſe,
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of ſtar-light,
Would overtaſk the beſt land-pilot's art,
Without the ſure gueſs of well-practis'd feet.
Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wild wood,
And every boſky bourn from ſide to ſide,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your ſtray-attendance be yet lodge'd,
Or ſhroud within theſe limits, I ſhall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-rooſted lark
From her thatch'd pallat rouſe; if otherwiſe,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low

But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till further queſt.

La. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſy,
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoky rafters, than in tap'ſtry halls
And courts of princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended: In a place
Leſs warranted than this, or leſs ſecure,
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it.
Eye me, bleſs'd Providence, and ſquare my trial
To my proportion'd ſtrength. Shepherd, lead on.

The two Brothers.

Eld. Br. Unmuffle ye feint ſtars, and thou fair moon,
That wont'ſt to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkneſs and of ſhades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black uſurping miſts, ſome gentle taper,
Though a ruſh-candle from the wicker hole
Of ſome clay habitation, viſit us
With thy long levell'd rule of ſtreaming light,
And thou ſhalt be our ſtar of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynoſure.

2d Bro. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happineſs, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cotes,
Or ſound of paſt'ral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the lodge or village-cock
Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little cheering
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapleſs virgin, our loſt ſiſter,

Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongſt rude burs and thiſtles?
Perhaps ſome cold bank is her bolſter now,
Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſome broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with ſad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we ſpeak, within the direful graſp
Of ſavage hunger, or of ſavage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace, brother, be not over-exquiſite
To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?
I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into miſbecoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though ſun and moon
Were in the flat ſea ſunk. And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired ſolitude,
Where with her beſt nurſe Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.
He that his light within his own clear breaſt
May ſit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day ſun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

2d Bro. 'Tis moſt true,
That muſing meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecrecy of deſert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a ſenate-houſe;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple diſh,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Heſperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms, and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well ſpread out the unſunn'd heaps
Of miſers treaſure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a ſingle helpleſs maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wild ſurrounding waſte.
Of night, or lonelineſs, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Leſt ſome ill-greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned ſiſter.

Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my ſiſter's ſtate
Secure without all doubt, or controverſy:
Yet where an equal poiſe of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly baniſh ſquint ſuſpicion.
My ſiſter is not ſo defenceleſs left
As you imagine; ſhe' has a hidden ſtrength
Which you remember not.

2d Bro. What hidden ſtrength,
Unleſs the ſtrength of Heaven, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden ſtrength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chaſtity, my brother, chaſtity:
She that has that, is clad in cómplete ſteel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge foreſts, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and ſandy perilous wilds,
Where through the ſacred rays of chaſtity,
No ſavage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to ſoil her virgin-purity:
Yea there, where very deſolation dwells
By grots, and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty,
Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption.
Some ſay no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
Blue meager hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,
No goblin, or ſwart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old ſchools of Greece
To teſtify the arms of chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs Dian her dread bow,
Fair ſilver-ſhafted queen, for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tame'd the brinded lioneſs
And ſpotted mountain pard, and ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was queen o' the woods.
What was that ſnaky-headed Gorgon ſhield,
That wiſe Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace that daſh'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration, and blank awe?

So dear to Heaven is ſaintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft converſe with heavenly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by lewd and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The ſoul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in charnel vaults, and ſepulchres,
Ling'ring, and ſitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.
2d Bro. How charming is divine philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns.
Eld. Bro. Liſt, liſt, I hear
Some far off hallow break the ſilent air.
2d Bro. Methought ſo too; what ſhould it be?
Eld. Bro. For certain
Either ſome one like us night-founder'd here,
Or elſe ſome neighbour woodman, or, at worſt,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2d Bro. Heaven keep my ſiſter. Again, again, and near;
Beſt draw, and ſtand upon our guard.
Eld. Bro. I'll hallow;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cauſe, and Heaven be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I ſhould know, what are you? ſpeak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron ſtakes elſe.
Spir. What voice is that? my young Lord? ſpeak again.
2d Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's ſhepherd, ſure.
Eld. Bro. Thyrſis? whoſe artful ſtrains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And ſweeten'd every muſkroſe of the dale.
How cam'ſt thou here, good ſwain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid loſt his dam,
Or ſtraggling wether the pent flock forſook?
How could'ſt thou find this dark ſequeſter'd nook?
Spir. O my lov'd maſter's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on ſuch a trivial toy
As a ſtray'd ewe, or to purſue the ſtealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich theſe downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin Lady, where is ſhe?
How chance ſhe is not in your company?
Eld. Bro. To tell thee ſadly, ſhepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we loſt her as we came.
Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thyrſis? Pr'ythee briefly ſhew.
Spir. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though ſo eſteem'd by ſhallow ignorance),
What the ſage poets, taught by th' heavenly Muſe,
Story'd of old in high immortal verſe,
Of dire chimeras and inchanted iſles,

And rifted rocks whoſe entrance leads to hell;
For ſuch there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypreſs ſhades a ſorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep ſkill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirſty wanderer
By ſly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whoſe pleaſing poiſon
The viſage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeneſs of a beaſt
Fixes inſtead, unmolding Reaſon's mintage
Charáčter'd in the face; this have I learn'd
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monſtrous rout are heard to howl
Like ſtabled wolves, or tygers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obſcured haunts of inmoſt bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful ſpells,
To' inveigle and invite th' unwary ſenſe
Of them that paſs unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their ſupper on the ſavoury herb
Of knot-graſs dew-beſprent, and were in fold,
I ſat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeyſuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleaſing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minſtrelſy,
Till fancy had her fill; but ere a cloſe
The wonted roar was up amidſt the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous diſſonance;
At which I ceas'd, and liſten'd them a while,
Till an unuſual ſtop of ſudden ſilence

Gave reſpite to the drowſy flighted ſteeds,
That draw the litter of cloſe-curtain'd ſleep;
At laſt a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
And ſtole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere ſhe was ware, and wiſh'd ſhe might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be ſo diſplace'd. I was all ear,
And took in ſtrains that might create a ſoul
Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my moſt honour'd Lady, your dear ſiſter.
Amaz'd I ſtood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapleſs nightingale, thought I,
How ſweet thou ſing'ſt, how near the deadly ſnare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haſte,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
'Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wiſard hid in ſly diſguiſe
(For ſo by certain ſigns I knew) had met
Already, ere my beſt ſpeed could prevent,
The aidleſs innocent Lady his wiſh'd prey,
Who gently aſk'd if he had ſeen ſuch two,
Suppoſing him ſome neighbour villager.
Longer I durſt not ſtay, but ſoon I gueſs'd
Ye were the two ſhe meant; with that I ſprung
Into ſwift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

2d Bro. O night and ſhades,
How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot,
Againſt th' unarmed weakneſs of one virgin
Alone, and helpleſs! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it ſtill,
Lean on it ſafely; not a period

Shall be unſaid for me: againſt the threats
Of malice or of ſorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory:
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettled to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble. But come let's on.
Againſt th' oppoſing will and arm of Heaven
May never this juſt ſword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the griſly legions that troop
Under the ſooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monſtrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to reſtore his purchaſe back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold empriſe;
But here thy ſword can do thee little ſtead;
Far other arms, and other weapons muſt
Be thoſe that quell the might of helliſh charms:
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
And crumble all thy ſinews.

Eld. Bro. Why pr'ythee, ſhepherd,
How durſt thou then thyſelf approach ſo near,
As to make this relation?

Spir. Care and utmoſt ſhifts

How to ſecure the Lady from ſurpriſal,
Brought to my mind a certain ſhepherd lad,
Of ſmall regard to ſee to, yet well ſkill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That ſpreads her verdant leaf to th' morning-ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me ſing;
Which when I did, he on the tender graſs
Would ſit, and hearken even to ecſtaſy,
And in requital ope his leathern ſcrip,
And ſhow me ſimples of a thouſand names,
Telling their ſtrange and vigorous faculties:
Amongſt the reſt a ſmall unſightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkiſh, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he ſaid,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this ſoil:
Unknown, and like eſteem'd, and the dull ſwain
Treads on it daily with his clouted ſhoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wiſe Ulyſſes gave;
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of ſov'reign uſe
'Gainſt all inchantments, mildew, blaſt, or damp,
Or ghaſtly furies apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though diſguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his ſpells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go), you may
Boldly aſſault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood,
And brandiſh'd blade ruſh on him, break his glaſs,
And ſhed the luſcious liquor on the ground,

But ſeize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce ſign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the ſons of Vulcan vomit ſmoke,
Yet will they ſoon retire, if he but ſhrink.
Eld. Bro. Thyrſis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And ſome good angel bear a ſhield before us.

The ſcene changes to a ſtately palace, ſet out with all manner of deliciouſneſs: ſoft muſic, tables ſpread with all dainties. Comus *appears with his rabble, and the Lady ſet in an inchanted chair, to whom he offers his glaſs, which ſhe puts by, and goes about to riſe.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, ſit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaſter,
And you a ſtatue, or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
La. Fool, do not boaſt,
Thou canſt not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou haſt immanacle'd, while Heaven ſees good.
Co. Why are you vex'd, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from theſe gates
Sorrow flies far: ſee here be all the pleaſures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the freſh blood grows lively, and returns
Briſk as the April buds in primroſe-ſeaſon.
And firſt behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his cryſtal bounds,
With ſpi'rits of balm, and fragrant ſyrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of ſuch power to ſtir up joy as this,
To life ſo friendly, or ſo cool to thirſt.
Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to yourſelf,
And to thoſe dainty limbs which Nature lent

For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her truſt,
And harſhly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty muſt ſubſiſt,
Refreſhment after toil, eaſe after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repaſt,
And timely reſt have wanted; but, fair virgin,
This will reſtore all ſoon.

La. 'Twill not, falſe traitor,
'Twill not reſtore the truth and honeſty
That thou haſt baniſh'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the ſafe abode
Thou told'ſt me of? What grim aſpects are theſe,
Theſe ugly-headed monſters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver;
Haſt thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With viſor'd falſehood, and baſe forgery?
And wouldſt thou ſeek again to trap me here
With liquoriſh baits fit to inſnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when ſhe banquets,
I would not taſte thy treaſonous offer; none
But ſuch as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wiſe appetite.

Co. O fooliſhneſs of men! that lend their ears
To thoſe budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praiſing the lean and ſallow Abſtinence.
Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth,
With ſuch a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the ſea with ſpawns innumerable,
But all to pleaſe, and ſate the curious taſte?

And ſet to work millions of ſpinning worms,
That in their green ſhops weave the ſmooth-hair'd ſilk
To deck her ſons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worſhipp'd ore, and precious gems
To ſtore her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulſe,
Drink the clear ſtream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet deſpis'd,
And we ſhould ſerve him as a grudging maſter,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's baſtards, not her ſons,
Who would be quite ſurcharge'd with her own weight,
And ſtrangled with her waſte fertility,
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The ſea o'erfraught would ſwell, and th' unſought diamonds
Would ſo imblaze the forehead of the deep,
And ſo beſtud with ſtars, that they below
Would grow inure'd to light, and come at laſt
To gaze upon the ſun with ſhameleſs brows.
Liſt, Lady, be not coy, and be not coſen'd
With that ſame vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, muſt not be hoarded,
But muſt be current, and the good thereof
Conſiſts in mutual and partaken bliſs,
Unſavoury in th' enjoyment of itſelf;
If you let ſlip time, like a neglected roſe
It withers on the ſtalk with languiſh'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and muſt be ſhown
In courts, in feaſts, and high ſolemnities,
Where moſt may wonder at the workmanſhip;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarſe complexions

And cheeks of ſorry grain will ſerve to ply
The ſampler, and to teaſe the huſwife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or treſſes like the morn?
There was another meaning in theſe gifts,
Think what, and be adviſ'd, you are but young yet.
La. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
Obtruding falſe rules prankt in reaſon's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impoſtor, do not charge moſt innocent Nature,
As if ſhe would her children ſhould be riotous
With her abundance; ſhe good catereſs
Means her proviſion only to be good,
That live according to her ſober laws,
And holy dictate of ſpare temperance:
If every juſt man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon ſome few with vaſt exceſs,
Nature's full bleſſings would be well diſpens'd
In unſuperfluous even proportion,
And ſhe no whit incumber'd with her ſtore,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praiſe due paid; for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
Crams, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I ſaid enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Againſt the ſun-clad power of Chaſtity,
Fain would I ſomething ſay, yet to what end?
Thou haſt nor ear, nor ſoul to apprehend

The ſublime notion, and high myſtery,
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhouldſt not know
More happineſs than this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That has ſo well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyſelf convince'd;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rapt ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and ſhake,
'Till all thy magic ſtructures rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o'er thy falſe head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words ſet off by ſome ſuperiour power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold ſhudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To ſome of Saturn's crew. I muſt diſſemble,
And try her yet more ſtrongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Againſt the canon laws of our foundation;
I muſt not ſuffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And ſettling of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all ſtrait, one ſip of this
Will bathe the drooping ſpirits in delight
Beyond the bliſs of dreams. Be wiſe, and taſte.—

The Brothers ruſh in with ſwords drawn, wreſt his glaſs out of his hand, and break it againſt the ground; his rout make ſign of reſiſtance, but are all driven in; the attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the falſe inchanter ſcape?

O ye miſtook, ye ſhould have ſnatch'd his wand
And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of diſſevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that ſits here
In ſtony fetters fix'd, and motionleſs:
Yet ſtay, be not diſturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Meliboeus old I learn'd,
The ſootheſt ſhepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moiſt curb ſways the ſmooth Severn ſtream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome ſhe was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the ſceptre from his father Brute.
She guiltleſs damſel flying the mad purſuit
Of her enraged ſtepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That ſtay'd her flight with his croſs-flowing courſe.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wriſts and took her in,
Bearing her ſtrait to aged Nereus hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers ſtrow'd with aſphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe
Dropt in ambroſial oils till ſhe reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddeſs of the river; ſtill ſhe retains
Her maiden gentleneſs, and oft at eve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blaſt, and ill-luck ſigns
That the ſhrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
Which ſhe with precious vial'd liquors heals.
For which the ſhepherds at their feſtivals
Carol her goodneſs loud in ruſtic lays,

And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old ſwain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numming ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok'd in warbled ſong,
For maidenhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a virgin, ſuch as was herſelf,
In hard beſetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of ſome adjuring verſe.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
  Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſy, cool, tranſlucent wave,
  In twiſted braids of lilies knitting
The looſe train of thy amber-dropping hair;
  Liſten for dear honour's ſake,
  Goddeſs of the ſilver lake,
    Liſten and ſave.
Liſten and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-ſhaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majeſtic pace,
By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wiſard's hook,
By ſcaly Triton's winding ſhell,
And old ſoothſaying Glaucus ſpell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her ſon that rules the ſtrands,
By Thetis tinſel-ſlipper'd feet,
And the ſongs of Sirens ſweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith ſhe ſits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her ſoft alluring locks,

By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy ſtreams with wily glance,
Riſe, riſe, and heave thy roſy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our ſummons anſwer'd have.
Liſten and ſave.

Sabrina *riſes, attended by water-nymphs, and ſings.*

By the ruſhy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the oſier dank,
My ſliding chariot ſtays,
Thick ſet with agat, and the azurn ſheen
Of turkis blue, and emrald green,
That in the channel ſtrays;
Whilſt from off the waters fleet
Thus I ſet my printleſs feet
O'er the cowſlips velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle ſwain, at thy requeſt
I am here.

Spir. Goddeſs dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here diſtreſt,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unbleſs'd inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
To help inſnared chaſtity:
Brighteſt Lady, look on me;
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;

Next this marble venom'd ſeat,
Smear'd with gums of glutenous heat,
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold:
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold;
And I muſt haſte ere morning-hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina *deſcends, and the Lady riſes out of her ſeat.*

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchiſes line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miſs
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumble down the ſnowy hills:
Summer drought, or ſinged air
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten cryſtal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll aſhore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this curſed place,
Leſt the ſorcerer us entice
With ſome other new device.
Not a waſte, or needleſs ſound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I ſhall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's reſidence,
Where this night are met in ſtate
Many a friend to gratulate

His wiſh'd preſence, and beſide
All the ſwains that near abide,
With jigs, and rural dance reſort;
We ſhall catch them at their ſport,
And our ſudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come let us haſte, the ſtars grow high,
But Night ſits monarch yet in the mid ſky.

The ſcene changes, preſenting Ludlow town, and the Preſident's caſtle; then come in country-dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Spir. Back, ſhepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next ſun-ſhine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and ſuch court-guiſe
As Mercury did firſt deviſe
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas.

The ſecond ſong preſents them to their father and mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold ſo goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And ſent them here through hard aſſays
With a crown of deathleſs praiſe,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er ſenſual folly, and intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
And thoſe happy climes that lie
Where day never ſhuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the ſky:
There I ſuck the liquid air
All amidſt the gardens fair
Of Heſperus, and his daughters three
That ſing about the golden tree:
Along the criſped ſhades and bowers
Revels the ſpruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And weſt-winds with muſky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and Caſſia's balmy ſmells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled ſcarf can ſhew,
And drenches with Elyſian dew
(Liſt, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roſes,
Where young Adonis oft repoſes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
Sadly ſits th' Aſſyrian queen;
But far above in ſpangled ſheen
Celeſtial Cupid her fam'd ſon advance'd,
Holds his dear Pſyche ſweet intrance'd,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free conſent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide

Two bliſsful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; ſo Jove hath ſworn.
But now my taſk is ſmoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend,
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, ſhe alone is free,
She can teach you how to clime
Higher than the ſphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itſelf would ſtoop to her.

XVII.

LYCIDAS *.

In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his paſſage from Cheſter on the Iriſh ſeas, 1637; and by occaſion foretels the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never ſere,
I come to pluck your berries harſh and crude,
And with force'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,

* This poem was made upon the unfortunate and untimely death of Mr. Edward King, ſon of Sir John King Secretary for Ireland, a fellow collegian and intimate friend of Milton, who, as he was going to viſit his relations in Ireland, was drowned, Aug. 10, 1637, in the 25th year of his age. The poem is made of the paſtoral kind, as both Mr. King and Milton had been deſigned for holy orders and the paſtoral care.

Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for Lycidas? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhime.
He muſt not float upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.

Begin then, ſiſters of the ſacred well,
That from beneath the ſeat of Jove doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd urn,
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the ſelf-ſame hill,
Fed the ſame flock by fountain, ſhade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night,
Oft till the ſtar that roſe, at evening, bright,
Tow'ard heaven's deſcent had ſlop'd his weſt'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs dance'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old Damœtas love'd to hear our ſong.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee, ſhepherd, thee the woods, and deſert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy ſoft lays.
As killing as the canker to the roſe,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or froſt to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loſs to ſhepherds ear.
Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wiſard ſtream:
Ay me! I fondly dream
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muſe herſelf that Orpheus bore,
The Muſe herſelf for her inchanting ſon,
Whom univerſal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift Hebrus to the Leſbian ſhore?
Alas! what boots it with inceſſant care
To tend the homely ſlighted ſhepherd's trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe?
Were it not better done, as others uſe,
To ſport with Amaryllis in the ſhade,
Or with the Tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpi'rit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin-ſpun life. But not the praiſe,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſt'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfect witneſs of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in heaven expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuſe, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-ſliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And liſtens to the herald of the ſea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He aſk'd the waves, and aſk'd the fellon winds,
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle ſwain?
And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage Hippotades their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend ſire, went footing ſlow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two maſſy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his miter'd lock, and ſtern beſpake,

How well could I have ſpare'd for thee, young ſwain,
Enow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful herdſman's art belongs!
What recks it them? what need they? They are ſped;
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel pipes of wretched ſtraw;
The hungry ſheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoln with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſaid,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
  Return Alpheus, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; return Sicilian Muſe,
And call the vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their bells, and flourets of a thouſand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whiſpers uſe
Of ſhades, and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart ſtar ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe. and pale jeſſamine,
The white pink, and the panſy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,

And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid amarantus all his beauty ſhed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtraw the laureate herſe where Lycid lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ay me! whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding ſeas
Waſh far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great viſion of the guarded mount
Looks tow'ard Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapleſs youth.
Weep no more, woful ſhepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-ſpangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky:
So Lycidas ſunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves, and other ſtreams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial ſong,
In the bleſs'd kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the ſaints above,
In ſolemn troops, and ſweet ſocieties,
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the ſhepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompence, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus ſang the uncouth ſwain to th' oaks and rills,
While the ſtill morn went out with ſandals gray,

XVIII.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat eſſe miſeros.

QUis multa gracilis te puer in roſa
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatoſque deos flebit, et aſpera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur inſolens!

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui ſemper vacuam, ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius auræ
Fallacis. Miſeri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula ſacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo.

He touch'd the tender ſtops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the ſun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the weſtern bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to freſh woods, and paſtures new.

XVIII.

The FIFTH ODE of HORACE, LIB. I.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in roſa, *Rendered almoſt word for word without rhyme, according to the Latin meaſure, as near as the language will permit.*

WHat ſlender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on roſes in ſome pleaſant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'ſt thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatneſs? O how oft ſhall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and ſeas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapleſs they

To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dreeping weeds
To the ſtern god of ſea.

XIX.

On the new forcers of conſcience under the Long Parliament *.

BEcauſe you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with ſtiff vows renounce'd his liturgy,
To ſeize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whoſe ſin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil ſword
To force our conſciences that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic hierarchy †
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford ‡?
Man whoſe life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high eſteem with Paul,
Muſt now be name'd and printed heretics
By ſhallow Edwards ‖ and Scotch What-d'ye-call **:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worſe than thoſe of Trent,
That ſo the parliament
May with their wholeſome and preventive ſhears
Clip your phylacteriers, though bauk your ears,
And ſuccour our juſt fears,
When they ſhall read this clearly in your charge,
New Preſbyter is but Old Prieſt writ large.

* This poem is ſuppoſed to have been made, when the Directory was eſtabliſhed, and diſputes ran high between the Preſbyterians and Independents in 1645, the latter pleading for a toleration, and the former againſt it.

† In the Preſbyterian form of government there are congregational, claſſical, provincial, and national aſſemblies.

‡ It is not known who is meant by A. S. Mr. Samuel Rutherford was Profeſſor of Divinity at St. Andrews, and one of the Scotch commiſſioners to the Weſtminſter aſſembly.

‖ Mr. Thomas Edwards, author of the *Gangræna*.

** Either Mr. Alexander Henderſon, or Mr. George Gilleſpie, both commiſſioners to the Weſtminſter aſſembly.

SONNETS*.

I.

To the Nightingale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy ſpray
Warbleſt at eve, when all the woods are ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart doſt fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of day,
Firſt heard before the ſhallow cuccoo's bill,
Portend ſucceſs in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude bird of hate
Fortel my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove nigh;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief, yet hadſt no reaſon why:
Whether the Muſe, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herboſa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d' ogni valore ſcarco

* The Sonnet (ſays Dr. *Newton*) is a ſpecies of poetry of Italian extraction. It conſiſts generally of one thought, and that always turned in fourteen verſes of the length of our heroics, two ſtanzas or meaſures of four verſes each, and two of three, the firſt eight verſes having no more than two rhymes. It is certainly one of the moſt difficult of all the leſſer kinds of poetry, ſuch ſimplicity and ſuch correctneſs being required in the compoſition.——The Sonnet (ſays Mr. *Johnſon*) is a ſhort poem conſiſting of fourteen lines, of which the rhymes are adjuſted by a particular rule. It is not very ſuitable to the Engliſh language, and has not been uſed by any man of eminence ſince Milton.

Qual tuo ſpirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente moſtra ſi di fuora
De ſui atti ſoavi giamai parco,
E i don', che ſon d' amor ſætte ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover poſſa duro alpeſtre legno
Guardi ciaſcun a gli occhi, ed a gli orrecchi
L'entrata, chi di te ſi truova indegno;
Gratia ſola di ſu gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l diſio amoroſo al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aſpro, al imbrunir di ſera
L'avezza giovinetta paſtorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta ſtrana e bella
Che mal ſi ſpande a diſuſata ſpera
Fuor di ſua natia alma primavera,
Coſi Amor mecor insù la lingua ſnella
Deſta il fior novo di ſtrania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzoſamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteſo
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volſe, ed io a l'altrui peſo
Seppi ch' Amor coſa mai volſe indarno.
Deh! foſs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro ſeno
A chi pianta pal chiel ſi buon terreno.

Canzone.

RIdonſi donne e giovani amoroſi
M' accoſtandoſi attorno, e perche ſcrivi;
Perche tu ſcrivi in lingua ignota e ſtrana
Verſeggiando d' amor, e come t'oſi?
Dinne, ſe la tua ſpeme ſia mai vana,
E de penſieri lo miglior t' arrivi;

Coſi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aſpettan, et altre onde
Nelle cui verdi ſponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche alle ſpalle tue ſoverchia ſoma?
Canzon dirrotti, e tu per me riſpondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l ſuo dir, é il mio cuore
Queſta e lingua di cui ſi vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,
Quel ritroſo io ch'amor ſpreggiar ſoléa
E de ſuoi lacci ſpeſſo mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Nec treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian si, ma ſotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honeſti, e nelle ciglia
Quel ſereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemiſpero
Traviar ben puo la faticoſa Luna,
E degli occhi ſuoi auventa ſi gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei voſtr'occhi, Donna mia
Eſſer non puo che non ſian lo mio ſole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei ſuole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne ſentì pria)
Da quel lato ſi ſpinge ove mi duole,
Che force amanti nelle lor parole

Chiaman ſoſpir ; io non ſe che ſi ſia :
Parte rinchiuſa, e turbida ſi cela
Scoſſo mi il petto, e poi n'uſcendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me ſuol far piovoſe
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo in dubbio ſono,
Maddonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, conſtante,
De penſiere leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,
S'arma di ſe, e d'intero diamante,
Tanto del forſe, e d'invidia ſicuro,
Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe
Quanto d' ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetta ſonora, e delle muſe :
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor miſe l'inſanabil ago.

VII.

On his being arrived at the age of 23.

How ſoon hath Time, the ſuble thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My haſting days fly on with full career,
But my late ſpring no bud or bloſſom ſhew'th.
Perhaps my ſemblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd ſo near,
And inward ripeneſs doth much leſs appear,
That ſome more timely happy ſpirits indu'th.

Yet be it leſs or more, or ſoon or ſlow,
It ſhall be ſtill in ſtricteſt meaſure even
To that ſame lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to uſe it ſo,
As ever in my great Taſkmaſter's eye.

VIII.

*When the aſſault was intended to the city**.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whoſe chance on theſe defenceleſs doors may ſeiſe,
If deed of honour did thee ever pleaſe,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on ſuch gentle acts as theſe,
And he can ſpread thy name o'er lands and ſeas,
Whatever clime the ſun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy ſpear againſt the Muſes bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid ſpare
The houſe of Pindarus, when temple' and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of ſad Electra's poet had the power
To ſave th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

To a virtuous young Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earlieſt youth
Wiſely haſt ſhunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with thoſe few art eminently ſeen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth

* In the manuſcript, after the title, is added 1642. It was in November that year that the King marched with his army as near as Brentford, and put the city in great conſternation.

Choſen thou haſt; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their ſpleen,
No anger find in thee but pity' and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealouſly attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not ſhame. Therefore be ſure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feaſtful friends
Paſſes to bliſs at the mid hour of night,
Haſt gain'd thy entrance, virgin wiſe and pure.

X.

To the Lady Margaret Ley *.

Daughter to that good Earl, once Preſident
Of England's council, and her treaſury,
Who liv'd in both, unſtain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himſelf content,
Till ſad the breaking of that parliament
Broke him †, as that diſhoneſt victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flouriſh'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I ſee him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praiſe,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to poſſeſs them, honour'd Margaret.

* This lady was daughter of Sir James Ley, afterward created Earl of Marlborough. He was Lord High Treaſurer, and Lord Preſident of the Council, to King James I. This Lady Margaret was married to Captain Hobſon of the Iſle of Wight; and it appears from Milton's life, that in 1643 he frequently viſited her and her huſband. And about that time we may ſuppoſe this ſonnet was compoſed.

† This Lord died in an advanced age; and Milton attributes his death to the breaking of the parliament, which was diſſolved March 10, 1628-9, and the Earl died on the 14th of the ſame month.

XI.

On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain treatiſes *.

A book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*,
And woven cloſe, both matter, form, and ſtyle;
The ſubject new: it walk'd the town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.
Cries the ſtall-reader, Bleſs us! what a word on
A title-page is this! and ſome in file
Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to Mile-
End-Green. Why, it is harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galaſp †?
Thoſe rugged names to our like mouths grow ſleek,
That would have made Quintilian ſtare and gaſp.
Thy age, like ours, O ſoul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worſe than toad or aſp,
When thou taught'ſt Cambridge, and King Edward Greek.

XII.

On the ſame.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,

* When Milton publiſhed his book of divorce, he was greatly condemned by the Preſbyterian miniſters, whoſe advocate and champion he had been before. He publiſhed his Tetrachordon, or Expoſitions upon the four chief places in Scripture, which treat of marriage, or nullities in marriage, in 1645.——See his life.

† "We may ſuppoſe," (ſays Dr. Newton), "that theſe were perſons of note and eminence amongſt the Scotch miniſters who were "for preſſing and enforcing the covenant." Mr. George Gilleſpie, here wrongouſly named *Galaſp*, was one of the Scotch commiſſioners to the Weſtminſter aſſembly. But who the other perſons were, is not known. It appears from this ſonnet, and the verſes *On the forcers of conſcience*, that Milton treats the Preſbyterians with great contempt.——See his life in vol. i.

When ſtrait a barbarous noiſe environs me
Of owls and cuccoos, aſſes, apes, and dogs:
As when thoſe hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the ſun and moon in fee.
But this is got by caſting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their ſenſeleſs mood,
And ſtill revolt when truth would ſet them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, muſt firſt be wiſe and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we ſee,
For all this waſte of wealth, and loſs of blood.

XIII.

To Mr. H. Lawes *on his airs* *.

Harry, whoſe tuneful and well-meaſure'd ſong
Firſt taught our Engliſh muſic how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With Midas ears, committing ſhort and long;
Thy worth and ſkill exempts thee from the throng,
With praiſe enough for envy to look wan;
To after age thou ſhalt be writ the man,
That with ſmooth air couldſt humour beſt our tongue.
Thou honour'ſt verſe, and verſe muſt lend her wing
To honour thee, the prieſt of Phœbus quire,
That tune'ſt their happieſt lines in hymn, or ſtory.
Dante ſhall give fame leave to ſet thee higher
Than his Caſella, whom he woo'd to ſing
Met in the milder ſhades of purgatory.

* This Mr. Henry Lawes was a gentleman of the King's chapel, and one of his band of muſic, and an intimate friend of Milton.

XIV.

On the religious memory of Mrs. Katharine Thomſon, my Chriſtian friend, deceaſed Dec. 16, 1646.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy juſt ſoul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didſt reſign this earthy load
Of death, call'd Life; which us from life doth ſever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliſs for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them beſt
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew ſo dreſt,
And ſpake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee reſt,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal ſtreams.

XV.

To the Lord General FAIRFAX *.

Fairfax, whoſe name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praiſe,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, that daunt remoteſt kings;
Thy firm unſhaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raiſe
Their Hydra heads, and the falſe North diſplays
Her broken league to imp their ſerpent-wings.
O yet a nobler taſk awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endleſs war ſtill breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the ſhameful brand

* This ſonnet appears from the manuſcript to have been addreſſed to Gen. Fairfax at the ſiege of Colcheſter, which was carried on in the ſummer 1648.

Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
While avarice and rapine ſhare the land.

XVI.

To the Lord General CROMWELL *.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detraction rude,
Guided by faith and matchleſs fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way haſt plow'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Haſt rear'd God's trophies, and his work purſued,
While Darwen ſtream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field reſounds thy praiſes loud,
And Worceſter's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer ſtill; peace hath her victories
No leſs renown'd than war: new foes ariſe
Threat'ning to bind our ſouls with ſecular chains:
Help us to ſave free conſcience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whoſe goſpel is their maw.

XVII.

To Sir HENRY VANE *the younger.*

Vane, young in years, but in ſage counſel old,
Than whom a better ſenator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to ſettle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow ſtates hard to be ſpell'd,
Then to adviſe how war may beſt upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: beſides, to know
Both ſpiritual power and civil, what each means,

* In the author's manuſcript is this inſcription. *To the Lord General Cromwell, May* 1652. *On the propoſals of certain miniſters at the committee for propagation of the goſpel.*

What ſevers each, thou haſt learn'd, which few have
The bounds of either ſword to thee we owe: [done:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldeſt ſon.

XVIII.

On the late maſſacre in Piedmont *.

Avenge, O Lord, thy ſlaughter'd ſaints, whoſe bones
Lie ſcatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth ſo pure of old,
When all our fathers worſhipp'd ſtocks and ſtones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy ſheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmonteſe that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where ſtill doth ſway
The triple tyrant; that from theſe may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

* This perſecution of the Proteſtants in Piedmont broke out in 1655. In May that year Cromwell wrote ſeveral letters to the Duke of Savoy, and other potentates and ſtates, complaining of that perſecution. Echard tells us, that he proclaimed a faſt, and cauſed large contributions be gathered for them in England; that he ſent his agents to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correſpondence or commerce, and the next year ſo engaged Cardinal Mazarine, and even terrified the Pope himſelf, without ſo much as doing any favour to the Engliſh Roman Catholics, that the Duke thought it neceſſary to reſtore all that had been taken from them, and renewed all thoſe privileges they had formerly enjoyed. "So "great" (adds Echard) "was the terror of his name; nothing be-"ing more uſual than his ſaying, that his ſhips in the Mediterra-"nean ſhould viſit Civita Vecchia, and the ſound of his canon "ſhould be heard in Rome."

XIX.

On his blindneſs.

When I conſider how my light is ſpent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodge'd with me uſeleſs, though my ſoul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leſt he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly aſk: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who beſt
Bear his mild yoke, they ſerve him beſt: his ſtate
Is kingly; thouſands at his bidding ſpeed,
And poſt o'er land and ocean without reſt;
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.

XX.

To Mr. LAWRENCE *.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous ſon,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waſte a ſullen day, what may be won
From the hard ſeaſon gaining? time will run
On ſmoother, till Favonius reinſpire
The frozen earth, and clothe in freſh attire
The lily' and roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.
What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice,
Of Attic taſte, with wine, whence we may riſe
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuſcan air?
He who of thoſe delights can judge, and ſpare
To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

* This Mr. Lawrence was the ſon of the Preſident of Cromwell's council.

XXI.

To CYRIAC SKINNER *.

Cyriac, whoſe grandſire on the royal bench
Of Britiſh Themis, with no mean applauſe
Pronounce'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar ſo often wrench;
To-day deep thoughts reſolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid reſt, and Archimedes pauſe,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To meaſure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward ſolid good what leads the neareſt way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And diſapproves that care, though wiſe in ſhow,
That with ſuperfluous burden loads the day,
And when God ſends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

To the ſame.

Cyriac, this three years day theſe eyes, tho' clear,
To outward view, of blemiſh or of ſpot,
Bereft of light their ſeeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth ſight appear
Of ſun, or moon, or ſtar throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Againſt Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but ſtill bear up and ſteer
Right onward. What ſupports me, doſt thou aſk?
The conſcience, friend, to' have loſt them overply'd

* Cyriac Skinner was the ſon of William Skinner, Eſq. and grandſon of Sir Vincent Skinner, and his mother was daughter of the famous Lord Chief Juſtice Coke. Mr. Wood relates, that he was one of Harrington's political club, and ſometimes held the chair; and farther adds, that he was a merchant's ſon of London, an ingenious young gentleman, and ſcholar to John Milton.

In Liberty's defence, my noble taſk,
Of which all Europe talks from ſide to ſide.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain maſk
Content tho' blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

On his deceaſed wife *.

Methought I ſaw my late eſpouſed ſaint
Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband gave,
Reſcu'd from death by force, tho' pale and faint.
Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of childbed-taint
Purification in the old law did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in heaven without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

* This was his ſecond wife, Katharine the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney, who lived with him not above a year after their marriage, and died in childbed of a daughter.

The little poems or fragments contained in this and the three following pages, are commonly placed after the Sonnets; *but they are no where to be found in the Authour's own edition of* 1673, *or in that of Dr. Newton.*

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget *.

* See the author's life prefixed to the firſt volume.

Gaudete, Scombri, et quicquid eſt piſcium Salo,
Qui frigida hyeme incolitis algentes freta,
Veſtrum miſertus ille Salmaſius eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos præferentes Claudii
Inſignia, nomenque et decus Salmaſii,
Geſtetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, ſcriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, et capſulis gratiſſimos.

Brutus taking with him Geryon the diviner in the inward ſhrine of the temple of the goddeſs Diana, utters his requeſt thus:

Diva potens nemorum, etc.

GOddeſs of ſhades, and huntreſs, who at will
Walk'ſt on the lowring ſpheres, and thro' the deep,
On thy third reign the earth look now, and tell
What land, what ſeat of reſt thou bid'ſt me ſeek,
What certain ſeat, where I may worſhip thee
For ay, with temples vow'd and virgin choirs.

To whom ſleeping before the altar, Diana, in a viſion that night, thus anſwered:

Brute, ſub occaſum ſolis, etc.

Brutus, far to the weſt in th' ocean wide
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people; thither bend
Thy courſe: there ſhalt thou find a laſting ſeat,
There to thy ſons another Tory ſhall riſe,
And kings be born of thee, whoſe dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

Dante in the 19th canto of Inferno.

Ah, Conſtantine, of how much ill was cauſe,
Not thy converſion, but thoſe rich domains
That the firſt wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee!

In the 20th canto of Paradiſe.

Founded in chaſte and humble poverty,
'Gainſt them that rais'd thee doſt thou lift thy horn?
Impudent whore, where haſt thou place'd thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Conſtantine comes not in haſte.

Arioſto, cant. 34.

And to be ſhort, at laſt his guide him brings
Into a goodly valley, where he ſees
A mighty maſs of things ſtrangely confus'd,
Things that on earth were loſt, or were abus'd.
Then paſt he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once ſmelt ſweet, now ſtinks as odiouſly;
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That Conſtantine to good Silveſter gave.

Horace to Quintius.

Whom do we count a good man, whom but he
Who keeps the laws and ſtatutes of the ſenate,
Who judges in great ſuits and controverſies,
Whoſe witneſs and opinion wins the cauſe?
But his own houſe, and the whole neighbourhood
Sees his foul inſide through his whited ſkin.

Four Greek lines out of Euripides.

This is true liberty, when free-born men
Having t' adviſe the public, may ſpeak free,
Which he who can, and will, deſerves his praiſe;

Who either can, or will, may hold his peace;
What can be juſter in a ſtate than this?

HORACE.

———————Valet ima ſummis
Mutare, et inſignem attenuat Deus,
Obſcura promens, etc.

The power that did create, can change the ſcene
Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean:
The brighteſt glory can eclipſe with night;
And place the moſt obſure in dazzling light.

HORACE.

Te Dacus aſper, to profugi Scythæ,
Reguinque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni.
Injurioſo ne peae proruas
Stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma ceſſantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

All barbarous people, and their princes too,
All purple tyrants honour you;
The very wand'ring Scythians do.
Support the pillar of the Roman ſtate,
Leſt all men be involv'd in one man's fate,
Continue us in wealth and peace;
Let wars and tumults ever ceaſe.

CATULLUS.

Tanto peſſimus omnium poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

The worſt of poets I myſelf declare,
By how much you the beſt of patrons are.

On Salmasius.

Quis expedivit Salmaſio ſuam Hundredam,
Picamque docuit verba noſtra conari?
Magiſter artis venter, et Jacobei
Centum, exulantis viſcera marſupii regis.
Quod ſi doloſi ſpes refulſerit nummi,
Ipſe, antichriſti modo qui primatum Papæ
Minatus uno eſt diſſipare ſufflatu,
Cantabit ultro cardinalitium melos.

Engliſhed.

Who taught Salmaſius, that French chattering pye,
To aim at Engliſh, and Hundreda cry?
The ſtarving raſcal, fluſh'd with juſt a hundred
Engliſh Jacobus's, Hundreda blunder'd.
An outlaw'd king's laſt ſtock.——A hundred more
Would make him pimp for th' antichriſtian whore;
And in Rome's praiſe employ his poiſon'd breath,
Who threaten'd once to ſtick the Pope to death.

PSALMS.

Psalm I. *Done into verſe*, 1653.

BLeſs'd is the man who hath not walk'd aſtray
In counſel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of ſinners hath not ſtood, and in the ſeat
Of ſcorners hath not ſat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry ſtreams, and in his ſeaſon knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf ſhall not fall;
And what he takes in hand ſhall proſper all.
Not ſo the wicked; but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, ſo the wicked ſhall not ſtand
In judgement, or abide their trial then,
Nor ſinners in th' aſſembly of juſt men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the juſt,
And the way of bad men to ruin muſt.

Psal. II. *Done Aug.* 8, 1653. *Terzette.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muſe a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upſtand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Againſt the Lord and his Meſſiah dear?
Let us break off, ſay they, by ſtrength of hand
Their bonds, and caſt from us, no more to wear,
Their twiſted cords. He who in heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord ſhall ſcoff them, then ſevere
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell

And fierce ire trouble them; but I, ſaith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; The Lord to me hath ſaid,
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; aſk of me, and the grant is made:
As thy poſſeſſion, I on thee beſtow
Th' Heathen, and, as thy conqueſt to be ſway'd,
Earth's utmoſt bounds: them ſhalt thou bring full low
With iron ſceptre bruis'd, and them diſperſe
Like to a potter's veſſel ſhiver'd ſo.
And now be wiſe at length, ye kings averſe,
Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
With trembling; kiſs the Son leſt he appear
In anger, and ye periſh in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fewel ſere.
Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay.

PSAL. III. *Aug.* 9, 1653.

When he fled from Abſalom.

LORD, how many are my foes!
How many thoſe
That in arms againſt me riſe!
Many are they
That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my ſhield, my glory,
Thee through my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah; he full ſoon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,
For my ſuſtain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch againſt me their pavilions.
Riſe, Lord, ſave me, my God, for thou
Haſt ſmote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy bleſſing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug.* 10, 1653.

ANſwer me, when I call,
God of my righteouſneſs,
In ſtraits and in diſtreſs
Thou didſt me diſinthrall
And ſet at large; now ſpare,
Now pity me, and hear my earneſt prayer.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in ſcorn;
How long be thus foreborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to ſeek, to prize
Things falſe and vain, and nothing elſe but lies?
Yet know, the Lord hath choſe,
Choſe to himſelf apart,
The good and meek of heart:
(For whom to chuſe he knows).
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not ſin;

Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings juſt
Of righteouſneſs, and in Jehovah truſt.
Many there be that ſay,
Who yet will ſhow us good?
Talking like this world's brood:
But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladneſs thou haſt put,
Than when a year of glut
Their ſtores doth overcloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vaſt increaſe their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and ſleep,
For thou alone doſt keep
Me ſafe where'er I lie;
As in a rocky cell
Thou, Lord, alone in ſafety mak'ſt me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

JEhovah, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
I' th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedneſs delight;
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or madmen ſtand not within thy ſight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'ſt; and them unbleſt
Thou wilt deſtroy, that ſpeak a lye;
The bloody' and guileful man God doth deteſt.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy houſe; I in thy fear
Will tow'rds thy holy temple worſhip low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteouſneſs,
Lead me becauſe of thoſe
That do obſerve if I tranſgreſs;
Set thy ways right before, where my ſtep goes.
For in his faltring mouth unſtable
No word is firm or ſooth;
Their inſide, troubles miſerable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they ſmooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counſels quell'd;
Puſh them in their rebellions all
Still on; for againſt thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who truſt in thee ſhall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'ſt them, they ſhall ever ſing
And ſhall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bleſs the juſt man ſtill,
As with a ſhield thou wilt ſurround
Him with thy laſting favour and good-will.

Psal. VI. *Aug.* 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot diſpleaſure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that even with anguiſh ake,
Are troubled, yea my ſoul is troubled ſore;
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord, reſtore
My ſoul, O ſave me for thy goodneſs ſake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praiſe?
Wearied I am with ſighing out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of ſea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief conſumes, is waxen old and dark
I' th' midſt of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer,
My ſupplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies ſhall all be blank and daſh'd
With much confuſion; then grown red with ſhame,
They ſhall return in haſte the way they came,
And in a moment ſhall be quite abaſh'd.

Psal. VII. *Aug.* 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Cuſh the Benjamite againſt him.

LORD my God, to thee I fly,
Save me and ſecure me under
Thy protection while I cry
Leſt as a lion (and no wonder)
He haſte to tear my ſoul aſunder,
Tearing, and no reſcue nigh.

Lord my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedneſs
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd leſs,
And not freed my foe for naught;

Let th' enemy purſue my ſoul,
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the duſt my glory dead,
In the duſt, and there outſpread
Lodge it with diſhonour foul.

Riſe, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouſe thyſelf amidſt the rage
Of my foes, that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury' aſſuage;
Judgement here thou didſt engage,
And command which I deſire.

So th' aſſemblies of each nation
Will ſurround thee, ſeeking right;
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their ſight.
Jehovah judgeth moſt upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteouſneſs,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cauſe at length to ceaſe
Of evil men the wickedneſs,
And their power that do amiſs.

But the juſt eſtabliſh faſt,
Since thou art the juſt God that tries

Heart and reins. On God is caſt
My defence, and in him lies,
In him, who, both juſt and wiſe,
Saves th' upright of heart at laſt.

God is a juſt judge and ſevere,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjuſt will not forbear,
His ſword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purpoſely made he
For them that perſecute). Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His miſchief that due courſe doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin ſteep.

Then will I Jehovah's praiſe
According to his juſtice raiſe,
And ſing the name and deity
Of Jehovah the Moſt High.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug.* 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the heaven's thy praiſe to ſet
Out of the tender mouths of lateſt birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings thou
Haſt founded ſtrength, becauſe of all thy foes,
To ſtint th' enemy, and ſlack the avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to' oppoſe.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers art,
The moon and ſtars which thou ſo bright haſt ſet
In the pure firmament, then ſaith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembreſt yet,

And think'ſt upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou viſit'ſt, and of him art found?
Scarce to be leſs than gods, thou mad'ſt his lot,
With honour and with ſtate thou haſt him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'ſt him lord,
Thou haſt put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beaſts that in the field or foreſt meet,

Fowl of the heavens, and fiſh that through the wet
Sea-paths in ſhoals do ſlide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Pſalms done into metre, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, tranſlated from the original.

PSAL. LXXX.

1 THou, Shepherd, that doſt Iſrael *keep*,
Give ear *in time of need*,
Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
Thy loved Joſeph's ſeed,

That ſits between the cherubs *bright*,
Between their wings outſpread,
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manaſſe's ſight,
Awake * thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen* * *Gnorera*.
To ſave us *by thy might*.

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, *vouchſafe*;
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

4 Lord God of Hoſts how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy * ſmoking wrath, *and angry brow* * *Gnaſhanta*.
Againſt thy people's prayer!

5 Thou feed'ſt them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'ſt them * largely drink the tears * *Shaliſh*.
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A ſtrife thou mak'ſt us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themſelves they * laugh, they * play,
And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagu*.

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
O God of Hoſts, *vouchſafe*;
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou haſt brought,
Thy free love made it thine;
And drov'ſt out nations, *proud and haut*,
To plant this *lovely* vine.

9 Thou didſt prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and faſt,

That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land *at laſt.*
10 With her *green* ſhade that cover'd *all,*
The hills were *overſpread,*
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advance'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the weſtern ſide*
Down to the ſea ſhe ſent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12 Why haſt thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudeſt violence?
13 The *tuſked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beaſts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender ſhoots.
14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From heaven thy ſeat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And viſit this *thy* vine.
15 Viſit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thyſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.
16 But now it is conſum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They periſh at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*;
Upon the ſon of man, whom thou
Strong for thyſelf haſt made.

18 So ſhall we not go back from thee
To ways of ſin and ſhame:
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
Lord God of Hoſts, *vouchſafe;*
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

1 TO God our ſtrength ſing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a ſong,
The timbrel hither bring;
The *cheerful* pſalt'ry bring along,
And harp *with* pleaſant *ſtring.*
3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon
With trumpets *lofty ſound,*
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our ſolemn feaſt *comes round.*
4 This was a ſtatute *given of old*
For Iſrael *to obſerve,*
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not ſwerve.
5 This he a teſtimony ordain'd
In Joſeph, *not to change,*
When as he paſs'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was ſtrange.
6 From burden, *and from ſlaviſh toil,*
I ſet his ſhoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry ſoil,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*

7 When trouble did thee ſore aſſail,
On me then did thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
I anſwer'd thee in * thunder deep
* *Be Sether ragnam.*
With clouds encompaſs'd round;
I try'd thee at the water *ſteep*
Of Meriba *renown'd.*
8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well*,
I teſtify to thee,
Thou ancient ſtock of Iſrael,
If thou wilt liſt to me;
9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien god ſhall be,
Nor ſhalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Aſk large enough, and I, *beſought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael, *whom I lov'd ſo dear*,
Miſlike'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wand'ring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill,
Their own devices blind.
13 O that my people would *be wiſe*,
To ſerve me *all their days*,
And O that Iſrael would *adviſe*
To walk my *righteous* ways.
14 Then would I ſoon bring down their foes,
That now ſo proudly riſe,

And turn my hand againſt *all thoſe*
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord ſhould *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend;
But *they, his people, ſhould remain,*
Their time ſhould have no end.
16 And he would feed them *from the ſhock*
With flour of fineſt wheat,
And ſatisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

Psal. LXXXII.

1 GOD in the * great * aſſembly ſtands
Of kings and lordly ſtates; * *Bagnadath el.*
* Among the gods, * on both his hands, * *Bekerev.*
He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye * pervert the right * *Tiſhphetu*
With * judgement falſe and wrong, *gnavel.*
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and ſtrong?
3 * Regard the * weak and fatherleſs, * *Shiphtu-dal.*
* Diſpatch the * poor man's cauſe,
And † raiſe the man in deep diſtreſs
By † juſt and equal laws. † *Hatzdiku.*
4 Defend the poor and deſolate,
And reſcue from the hands
Of wicked men the low eſtate
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not, nor will underſtand,
In darkneſs they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,
And * out of order gone. * *Jimmotu.*
6 I ſaid that ye were gods, yea all
The ſons of God moſt high;

7 But ye ſhall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
8 Riſe, God, * judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth * redreſs; * *Shiphta.*
For thou art he who ſhalt by right
The nations all poſſeſs.

Psal. LXXXIII.

1 BE not thou ſilent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou ſtill, O God of *ſtrength*;
We cry, and do not ceaſe.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * ſwell,
And * ſtorm outrageouſly, * *Jehemajun.*
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Againſt thy people they * contrive * *Jagnarimu.*
* Their plots and counſels deep, * *Sod.*
* Them to inſnare they chiefly ſtrive,
* *Jirthjagnatſu gnal.*
* Whom thou doſt hide and keep. * *Tſephuneca.*
4 Come, let us cut them off, ſay they,
Till they no nation be,
That Iſrael's name for ever may
Be loſt in memory.
5 For they conſult * with all their might,
And all as one in mind * *Lev. jachdau.*
Themſelves againſt thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *ſcornful* Iſhmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the deſert dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conſpire*,
And *hateful* Amalec,

The Philiſtines, and they of Tyre,
Whoſe bounds the ſea doth check,
8 With them *great* Aſhur alſo bands,
And doth confirm the knot:
All theſe have lent their armed hands
To aid the ſons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That waſted all the coaſt,
To Siſera, and as *is told*
Thou didſt to Jabin's *hoſt,*
When at the brook of Kiſhon *old*
They were repuls'd and ſlain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil ſped,
So let their princes ſpeed;
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their princes *bleed.*
12 *For they amidſt their pride* have ſaid,
By right now ſhall we ſeize
God's houſes, and *will now invade*
* Their ſtately palaces. * *Neoth Elohim bears both.*
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find;
Giddy and *reſtleſs* let *them reel,*
Like ſtubble from the wind.
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire,
Which on a ſudden ſtrays,
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher,
Till all the mountains blaze:
15 So with thy whirlwind them purſue,
And with thy tempeſt chaſe;
16 * And till they * yield thee honour due,
They ſeek thy name, Heb.
Lord fill with ſhame their face.

17 Aſham'd and troubled let them be,
Troubled and ſham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and ſo die
With ſhame, *and ſcape it never.*
18 Then ſhall they know that thou whoſe name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the Moſt High, *and thou the ſame*
O'er all the earth *art one.*

PSAL. LXXXIV.

1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of hoſts, how dear
The *pleaſant* tabernacles are,
Where thou doſt dwell ſo near!
2 My ſoul doth long, and almoſt die,
Thy cours, O Lord, to ſee;
My heart and fleſh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the ſparrow, *freed from wrong,*
Hath found a houſe of *reſt*;
The ſwallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding* neſt;
Ev'n by the altars, Lord of Hoſts,
They find their ſafe abode,
And home they fly from round the coaſts
Tow'ard thee, my King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy houſe reſide,
Where thee they ever praiſe;
5 Happy, whoſe ſtrength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
6 They paſs through Baca's *thirſty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry dale
Where ſprings and ſhowers abound.

7 They journey on from ſtrength to ſtrength
With joy and gladſome cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of hoſts, hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear;
9 Thou God, our ſhield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, *and more bleſt,*
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thouſand days *at beſt.*
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
With ſin *for evermore.*
11 For God the Lord both ſun and ſhield
Gives grace and glory *bright;*
No good from them ſhall be withheld
Whoſe ways are juſt and right.
12 Lord *God* of hoſts, *that reign'ſt on high,*
That man is *truly bleſt,*
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only reſt.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1 THY land to favour graciouſly
Thou haſt not, Lord, been ſlack;
Thou haſt from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didſt forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their ſin, *that did thee grieve,*
Haſt hid *where none ſhall know.*
3 Thine anger all thou haſt remov'd,
And *calmly* didſt return

From thy * fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
* Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*
Far worſe than fire to burn.
4 God of our ſaving health and peace,
Turn us, and us reſtore;
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe
Toward us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
And us again * revive, * Heb. *turn to quicken us.*
That ſo thy people may rejoice
By thee preſerv'd alive?
7 Cauſe us to ſee thy goodneſs, Lord,
To us thy mercy ſhew;
Thy ſaving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8 And *now* what God the Lord will ſpeak,
I will *go ſtrait and* hear;
For to his people he ſpeaks peace,
And to his ſaints *full dear:*
To his dear ſaints he will ſpeak peace;
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but ſurceaſe*
To treſpaſs as before.
9 Surely to ſuch as do him fear,
Salvation is at hand,
And glory ſhall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miſs'd,*
Now *joyfully* are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteouſneſs have kiſs'd,
And hand in hand are ſet.

11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower*,
Shall bud and bloſſom *then*,
And Juſtice from her heavenly bower
Look down *on mortal men*.
12 The Lord will alſo then beſtow
Whatever thing is good,
Our land ſhall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food*.
13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall go
His royal harbinger;
Then * will he come, and not be ſlow,
His footſteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will ſet his ſteps to the way.*

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline;
O hear me, *I thee pray*;
For I am poor, and almoſt pine
With need, *and ſad decay*.
2 Preſerve my ſoul, for * I have trod
* Heb. *I am good, loving a doer of good and holy things.*
Thy ways, and love the juſt;
Save thou thy ſervant, O my God,
Who *ſtill* in thee doth truſt.
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy ſervant's ſoul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my ſoul *and voice*.
5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my ſupplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry

Of my *inceſſant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciouſly.
7 I in the day of my diſtreſs
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant* me *free acceſs*,
And anſwer *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done,
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The nations all whom thou haſt made
Shall come, *and all ſhall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy ſtrong hand are done;
Thou *in thy everlaſting ſeat*
Remaineſt God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *moſt right*,
I in thy truth will bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So ſhall it never ſlide.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is tow'ard me,
And thou haſt freed my ſoul,
Ev'n from the loweſt hell ſet free,
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.
14 O God, the proud againſt me riſe,
And violent men are met
To ſeek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God moſt mild,
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew,
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtyl'd*
Moſt merciful, moſt true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on;
Unto thy ſervant give thy ſtrength,
And ſave thy handmaid's ſon.
17 Some ſign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* ſee,
And be aſham'd, becauſe thou, Lord,
Doſt help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 AMong the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation faſt;
There ſeated is his ſanctuary,
His temple there is place'd.
2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *land, though there be ſtore,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, moſt glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are ſpoke;
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our foreſathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philiſtia *full of ſcorn*,
And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmoſt ends*,
Lo this man there was born:
5 But *twice that praiſe ſhall in our ear*
Be ſaid of Sion *laſt*,
This and this man was born in her,
High God ſhall fix her faſt.

6 The Lord ſhall write it in a ſcroll
That ne'er ſhall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inroll,
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who ſing, and they who dance,
With ſacred ſongs are there;
In thee *freſh brooks, and ſoft ſtreams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 LOrd God that doſt me ſave and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *proſtrate lie.*
2 Into thy preſence let my prayer
With ſighs devout aſcend,
And to my cries, that *ceaſeleſs are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble ſtore
Surcharge'd my ſoul doth lie,
My life *at Death's uncheerful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reckon'd I am with them that paſs
Down to the *diſmal pit*;
I am * a man, but weak alas,
And for that name unfit.

* Heb. *A man without manly ſtrength.*

5 From life diſcharge'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *ſleep,*
And like the ſlain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep.*
Whom thou remembereſt no more,
Doſt never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous houſe hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the loweſt pit *profound*
Haſt ſet me *all forlorn*,
Where thickeſt darkneſs *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
7 Thy wrath, *from which no ſhelter ſaves*,
Full ſore doth preſs on me;
* Thou break'ſt upon me all thy waves,
* And all thy waves break me.
* *The* Heb. *bears both.*
8 Thou doſt my friends from me eſtrange,
And mak'ſt me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through ſorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead;
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I ſpread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the deceas'd ariſe,
And praiſe thee *from their loathſome bed*,
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindneſs tell,
On whom the grave *hath hold*;
Or they *who* in perdition *dwell*,
Thy faithfulneſs *unfold?*
12 In darkneſs can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy juſtice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be ſpent;
And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my ſoul forſake,
And hide thy face from me?

15 That am already bruis'd, and * ſhake
* Heb. *Præ concuſſione.*
With terrour ſent from thee?
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *ſo low,*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrours undergo
Aſtoniſh'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me purſue.
18 Lover and friend thou haſt remov'd,
And ſever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkneſs are.

A Paraphraſe on PSAL. CXIV.

This and the following pſalm were done by the Authour at fifteen years old.

WHen the bleſs'd ſeed of Terah's faithful ſon
After long toil their liberty had won,
And paſs'd from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the ſtrength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Iſrael ſhown,
His praiſe and glory was in Iſrael known.
That ſaw the troubled ſea, and ſhivering fled,
And ſought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear ſtreams recoil,
As a faint hoſt that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied mountains ſkip like rams
Amongſt their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? and why ſkipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan tow'rd his cryſtal fountains?

Shake, earth, and at the preſence be aghaſt
Of him that ever was, and ay ſhall laſt;
That glaſſy floods from rugged rocks can cruſh,
And make ſoft rills from fiery flint-ſtones guſh.

PSAL. CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladſome mind
Praiſe the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God.
For his, etc.

O let us his praiſes tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his, etc.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed heaven and earth to ſhake,
For his, etc.

Who by his wiſdom did create
The painted heavens ſo full of ſtate.
For his, etc.

Who did the ſolid earth ordain
To riſe above the watry plain.
For his, etc.

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, etc.

And caus'd the golden-treſſed ſun,
All the day long his courſe to run.
For his, etc.

The horned moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright.
For his, etc.

He with his thunder-claſping hand
Smote the firſt born of Egypt land.
For his, etc.

And in deſpite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Iſrael.
For his, etc.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.
For his, etc.

The floods ſtood ſtill like walls of glaſs,
While the Hebrew bands did paſs.
For his, etc.

But full ſoon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his, etc.

His choſen people he did bleſs
In the waſteful wilderneſs.
For his, etc.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of proweſs and renown.
For his, etc.

He foil'd bold Seon and his hoſt,
That rul'd the Amorrean coaſt.
For his, etc.

And large limb'd Og he did ſubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his, etc.

And to his ſervant Iſrael
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his, etc.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our miſery.
For his, etc.

And freed us from the ſlavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, etc.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand ſupplies their need.
For his, etc.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majeſty and worth.
For his, etc.

That his manſion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit.

HÆC quae ſequuntur de Authore teſtimonia, tametſi ipſe intelligebat non tam de ſe quam ſupra ſe eſſe dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere ſolent laudare, ut omnia ſuis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in ſe voluntatem non eſſe notam; cum alii præſertim ut id faceret magnopere ſuaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab ſe viribus amolitur, ſibique quod plus æquo eſt non attributum eſſe mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illuſtrium quin ſummo ſibi honori ducat, negare non poteſt.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus, Marchio Villenſis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, ſi pietas ſic,
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipſe fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici poeſeos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetruſca, epigramma Joannis Salſilli Romani.

CEde, Meles, cedat depreſſa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Taſſum deſinat uſque loqui;
At Thameſis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet ſibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Ingleſe.

O D E.

ERgimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di ſtelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Dienſi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeſte virtù celeſti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l'oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia riſiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il ſuo valor l'umana eccede:
Queſta feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù ſbandita
Danno nei petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è ſol gradita,
Perche in lei ſan trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e moſtra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinſe Zeuſi l' induſtre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee traſſe il più raro.

Coſi l'ape Ingegnoſa
Trae con induſtria il ſuo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla roſa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce ſuon diverſe chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgeſti a ricercar ſcienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedeſti i regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quaſi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo penſiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il ſentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo ſcegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Toſco appreſer l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Voleſti ricercar per tuo teſoro,
E parlaſti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuſe Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di ſe ſteſſa trofeo cadde ſu'l piano:
Ch' ode oltr' all Anglia il ſuo piu degno idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toſcana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à ingegni ſovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e ſerra,

Chiaramente conoſci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il tempo l'ale,
Fermiſi immoto, e an un fermin ſi gl'anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiurioſi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di poema e ſtoria
Furon gia, l' hai preſenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeſte ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e conceſſo
Per te ſuo cigno pareggiar Permeſſo.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento ſpiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e aſcolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo ſtupore.

Del Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI Londinenſi,

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIro qui multa peregrinatione, ſtudio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perſpexit, ut novus Ulyſſes omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ ſic reviviſcunt, ut idiomata omnia ſint in ejus ludibus infacunda; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plauſus populorum ab propria ſapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporiſque ſenſus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipſam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plauſus hortantur, ſed venuſtate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu ſapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœleſtium ſphærarum ſonitus, aſtronomia duce, audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ, per quos Dei magnitudo deſcribitur, magiſtra philoſophia, legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetuſtatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite aſſidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, reſtauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora famæ non ſufficiant, nec hominum ſtupor in laudandis ſatis eſt, reverentiæ et amoris ergo, hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert *Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus*,

Tanto homini ſervus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

Ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occidua Devæ Ceſtrenſis ab ora
Vergivium prono qua petit amne ſalum.
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluiſſe remotas
Pectus amans noſtri, tamque fidele caput;
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua ſodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere juſſa velit.
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thameſis alluit unda,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mighi cura reviſere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraſque negantia molles,
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri,
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.
Si ſit hoc exilium patrios adiiſſe penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, ſortemve recuſo,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tuliſſet
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam ceſſiſſet Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.

Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera muſis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc feſſum ſinuoſi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plauſus garrula ſcena ſuos.
Seu catus auditur ſenior, ſeu prodigus heres,
Seu procus, aut poſita caſſide miles adeſt,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato ſuccurrit ſervus amanti,
Et naſum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores,
Quid ſcit amor neſcit, dum quoque neſcit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furioſa Tragœdia ſceptrum
Quaſſat, et effuſis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et ſpecto, juvat et ſpectaſſe dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror ineſt:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;
Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conſcia funereo pectora torre movens;
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, ſeu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit inceſtos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque ſub tecto ſemper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicina conſitus ulmo,
Atque ſuburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas ſpirantia ſidera flammas
Virgineos videas præteriiſſe choros.
Ah quoties dignæ ſtupui miracula formæ
Quæ poſſit ſenium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi ſuperantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,

Et decus eximium frontis, tremuloſque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
Pellaceſque genas, ad quas hyacinthina ſordet
Purpura, et ipſe tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turrita fronte puellæ,
Et quot Suſa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ faſces ſubmittite nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia muſa columnas
Jactet, et Auſoniis plena theatra ſtolis.
Gloria virginibus debetur prima Brittannis,
Extera ſat tibi ſit fœmina poſſe ſequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum ſtructa colonis
Turrigerum late conſpicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formoſi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo ſcintillant aſtra ſereno
Endymioneæ turba miniſtra deæ,
Quot tibi conſpicuæ formaque auroque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis veniſſe invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roſeam poſthabitura Cypron.
Aſt ego, dum pueri ſinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quam ſubito linquere fauſta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos uſus ope.
Stat quoque juncoſas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire ſcholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia Secunda, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigienſis.

TE, qui conſpicuus baculo fulgente ſolebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque ſæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipſa ſuo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
Sub quibus accipimus delituiſſe Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juveneſcere ſucco,
Dignus in Æſonios vivere poſſe dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, ſæpe rogante dea.
Tu ſi juſſus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer a Phœbo nuncius iro tuo;
Talis in Iliacâ ſtabat Cyllenius aula
Alipes, æthereâ miſſus ab arce Patris.
Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ juſſa ſevera ducis.
Magna ſepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
Sæva nimis Muſis, Palladi ſæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem eſt telis iſta petenda tuis.
Veſtibus hunc igitur pullis, academia, luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipſa modos querebunda Elegëia triſtes,
Perſonet et totis nænia mœſta ſcholis.

Elegia Tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præſulis Wintonienſis *.

MOeſtus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante ſedebam,
Hærebantque animo triſtia plura meo;

* Lancelot Andrews, who died Sept. 21, 1626.

Protinus en ſubiit funeſtæ cladis imago,
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina ſolo;
Dum procerum ingreſſa eſt ſplendentes marmore turres,
Dira ſepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulſavitque auro gravidos et jaſpide muros,
Nec metuit ſatrapum ſternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratriſque verendi
Intempeſtivis oſſa cremata rogis:
Et memini heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit et amiſſos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi, digniſſime præſul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, et triſti ſic ore querebar,
O Mors fera Tartareo diva ſecunda Jovi,
Nonne ſatis quod ſylva tuas perſentiat iras,
Et quod in herboſos jus tibi detur agros;
Quodque afflata tuo marceſcant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi ſacra roſa;
Nec finis ut ſemper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapſus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi ſuccumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis;
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia ſylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum ſit conceſſa poteſtas,
Quid juvat humana tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas accuiſſe ſagittas,
Semideamque animam cæde fugaſſe ſua?
Talia dum lacrymans alto ſub pectore volvo,
Roſcidus occiduis Heſperus exit aquis,
Et Tarteſſiaco ſubmerſerat æquore currum
Phœbus ab eöo littore menſus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo poſui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque ſoporque meos:

Cum mihi viſus eram lato ſpatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium viſa referre meum.
Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga ſole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Veſtitu nituit multicolore ſolum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Heſperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura ſub innumeris humida nata roſis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur eſſe domus.
Ipſe racemiferis dum denſas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi ſubito Præſul Wintonius aſtat,
Sidereum nitido fulſit in ore jubar;
Veſtis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque ſenex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra ſono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœleſtia pennis,
Pura triumphali perſonat æthra tuba.
Quiſque novum amplexu comitem cantuque ſalutat,
Hoſque aliquis placido miſit ab ore ſonos;
Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni;
Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulſa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice ſomnos,
Talia contingant ſomnia ſæpe mihi.

Elegia Quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem ſuum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Paſtoris munere fungentem.

CUrre per immenſum ſubito mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obſtet eunti,
Et feſtinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipſe ego Sicanio frænantem catcere ventos
Æolon, et virides ſollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque ſuis comitatam Dorida nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per ſua regna viam.
At tu, ſi poteris, celeres tibi ſume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleuſina miſſus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiſo quæ ducere nomen ab Hama,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dediſſe neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præſul, Chriſticolas paſcere doctus oves:
Ille quidem eſt animæ pluſquam pars altera noſtræ;
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt alia parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi, quam tu, doctiſſime Graiûm,
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quamque Stagirites generoſo magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte receſſus
Luſtrabam, et bifidi ſacra vireta jugi;

Pierioſque hauſi latices, Clioque favente,
Caſtalio ſparſi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus et ſignum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Biſque novo terram ſparſiſti, Chlori, ſenilem
Gramine, biſque tuas abſtulit Auſter opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina paſcere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibiſſe ſonos.
Vade igitur, curſuque Eurum præverte ſonorum;
Quam ſit opus monitis res docet, ipſa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte ſedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara ſuo;
Forſitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Verſantem, aut veri Biblia ſacra Dei;
Cœleſtive animas ſaturantem rore tenellas,
Grande ſalutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque ſolet, multam ſit dicere cura ſalutem,
Dicere quam decuit, ſi modo adeſſet, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modeſtos
Verba verecundo ſis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, ſi teneris vacat inter prælia Muſis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe ſinceram, quamvis ſit ſera, ſalutem;
Fiat et hoc ipſo gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, ſed vera fuit, quam caſta recepit
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
Aſt ego quid volui manifeſtum tollere crimen,
Ipſe quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deſeruiſſe ſuum.
Tu modo da veniam faſſo, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, ſolent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.

Sæpe fariſſiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœſtas delicuere preces.
Extenſeque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hoſtia parva Deos.
Jamque diu ſcripſiſſe tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere paſſus amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuncia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma paraſſe duces.
Te circum late campos populatur Enyo,
Et ſata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat;
Germaniſque ſuum conceſſit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odryſios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuoque comans jam defloreſcit oliva,
Fugit et æriſonam Diva peroſa tubam,
Fugit Io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad ſuperas juſta volaſſe domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumſonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto ſolus inopſque ſolo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrina quæris egenus opem.
Patria, dura parens, et ſaxis ſævior albis,
Spumea quæ pulſat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum;
Et ſinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi proſpiciens miſerat ipſe Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuncia, quique
Quæ via poſt cineres ducat ad aſtra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clauſa tenebris,
Æternaque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Theſbitidis olim
Preſſit inaſſueto devia teſqua pede,

Deſertaſque Arabum ſalebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis et horriſono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathia pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piſcoſæque ipſum Gergeſſæ civis Iëſum
Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.
At tu ſume animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuſpis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipſe Dei radiante ſub ægide tutus;
Ille tibi cuſtos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros,
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Miſit ab antiquis priſca Damaſcus agris,
Terruit et denſas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenoſam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
Et ſtrepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod ſupereſt miſeris) ſperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites qnandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios poſſe videre lares.

Elegia Quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN ſe perpetuo tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induiturque brevem tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque ſoluta gelu dulce vireſcit humus.

Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adeſt?
Munere veris adeſt, iterumque vigeſcit eb illo
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam ſibi poſcit opus.
Caſtalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen ſomnia nocte ferunt;
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et ſonitus me ſacer intus agit.
Delius ipſe venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipſe venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora deûm;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande ſonat diſtento ſpiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid ſacer iſte furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint iſto reddita dona modo.
Jam, Philomela, tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Inſtituis modulos, dum ſilet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu ſylva, ſimul incipiamus utrique,
Et ſimul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc ſubeat Muſa perennis opus.
Jam ſol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque Lycaonius, plauſtrum cœleſte, Bootes
Non longa ſequitur feſſus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant ſidera rara polo.

Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte receſſit,
Neve Giganteum Dî timuere ſcelus.
Forte aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
Roſcida cum primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruiſti nocte puella
Phœbe tua, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Deſere, Phœbus ait, thalamos, Aurora, ſeniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit inviſam Tellus rediviva ſenectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna eſt; quid enim formoſius illa,
Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus,
Atque Arabum ſpirat meſſes, et ab ore venuſto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma roſis!
Ecce coronatur ſacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.
Florbus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos,
Tænario placuit diva Sicana deo.
Aſpice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros;

Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quod ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coemptus amor)
Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties, cum tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
In veſpertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
Heſperiis recipit cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tarteſſide lympha?
Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſalo?
Frigora, Phæbe, mea melius captabis in umbra;
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelida veniet tibi ſomnus in herba;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſuſurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleïa fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo ſapientius uteris igni;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languenteſque fovet ſoliis ab igne faces.
Inſonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triſte micant ferro tela coruſca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperaſſe Dianam,
Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant, Hymenæe, per urbes,
Littus, Io Hymen, et cava ſaxa ſonant.

Cultior ille venit tunicaque decentior apta,
Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella ſinus.
Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque ſeptena modulator arundine paſtor,
Et ſua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat ſua ſidera cantu,
Delphinaſque leves ad vada ſumma vocat.
Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad ſua feſta deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum ſera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro;
Sylvanuſque ſua cypariſſi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus Dryades latuere vetuſtis,
Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per ſata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan;
Vix Cybele mater, vix ſibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipſa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere ſylvas,
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea, dii, precor, ite domo.
Te referant miſeris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?
Tu ſaltem lente rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales,
Qua potes, et ſenſim tempora veris eant.
Brumaque productas tarde ferat hiſpida noctes,
Ingruat et noſtro ſerior umbra polo.

Elegia Sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. ſcripſiſſet, et ſua carmina excuſari poſtulaſſet, ſi ſolito minus eſſent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud ſatis felicem operam Muſis dare ſe poſſe affirmabat, hoc habuit reſponſum.

Mitto tibi ſanam non pleno ventre ſalutem,
Qua tu diſtento forte carere potes.
At tua quid noſtram prolectat Muſa camœnam,
Nec ſinit optatas poſſe ſequi tenebras?
Carmine ſcire velis quam te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine ſcire queas.
Nam neque noſter amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit a claudos integer ipſe pedes.
Quam bene ſolennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
Feſtaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciaſque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Hauſtaque per lepidos Gallica muſta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibuſque poeſin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtaſſe corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus, Euœ!
Miſta Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non ſata vitis erat.
Quid niſi vina, roſaſque racemiferumque Lyæum,
Contavit brevibus Tëia Muſa modis?
Pindaricoſque inflat numeros Teumeſius Euan,
Et redolet ſumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everſo currus crepat axe ſupinus,
Et volat Eleo palvere fuſcus eques.

Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulcit canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoſo menſa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Maſſica fœcundam deſpumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipſo condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fuſumque per intima Phœbum
Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te,
Numine compoſito, tres peperiſſe deos.
Nunc quoque Threſſa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Inſonat, arguta molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremula quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi, dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat oſſa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem
Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia ſinus.
Namque elegia levis multorum cura Deorum eſt,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa ſuos;
Liber adeſt elegis, Eratoque, Cereſque, Venuſque,
Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius et veteri commaduiſſe mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto ſub Jove cœlum,
Heroaſque pios, ſemidioſque duces,
Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperum conſulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parce, Samii pro more magiſtri,
Vivit, es innocuos præbeat herba cibos;

Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic ſceleriſque vacans, et caſta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et ſine labe manus.
Qualis, veſte nitens ſacra, et luſtralibus undis
Surgis ad infenſos, augur, iture deos.
Hoc ritu vixiſſe ferunt poſt rapta ſagacem
Lumina Tireſian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, ſenemque
Orpheon Edomitis ſola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, ſic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monſtrificam Perſeiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis inſidioſa ſonis;
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi ſanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuiſſe greges.
Diis etenim ſacer eſt vates, divumque ſacerdos;
Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.
At tu, ſiquid agam, ſcitabere, (ſi modo ſaltem
Eſſe putas tanti noſcere ſiquid agam),
Paciferum canimus cœleſti ſemine regem,
Fauſtaque ſacratis ſecula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, et ſtabulantem paupere tecto
Qui ſuprema ſuo cum Patre regna colit;
Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
Et ſubito eliſos ad ſua fana deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa,
Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque preſſa manet patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inſtar eris.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA, Anno Ætatis 19.

NOndum, blanda, tuas leges, Amathuſia, noram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
Atque tuum ſprevi, maxime, numen, Amor.

Tu, puer, imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas;
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de paſſeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos;
Hæc ſunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes iſta pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim deus ullus ad iras
Promptior), et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et ſummæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum ſuſtinuere jubar.
Aſtat amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;
Prodidit aſtantem mota pharetra deum:
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miſcet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
At qui formoſas pellexit ad oſcula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, ſed et has decuiſſe putares;
Addideratque truces, nec ſine felle, minas.
Et, miſer, exemplo ſapuiſſes tutius, inquit,
Nunc mea quid poſſit dextera, teſtis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere noſtras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipſe ego, ſi neſcis, ſtrato Pythone ſuperbum
Edomui Phœbum, ceſſit et ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipſe fatetur
Certiùs et graviùs tela noſcere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
Qui poſt terga ſolet vincere, Parthus eques:
Cydoniuſque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inſcius uxori qui necis author erat.

Eſt etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeuſque comes.
Jupiter ipſe licet ſua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri ſpicula noſtra Jovis.
Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, ſtulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Muſæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone ſagittam,
Evolat in tempidos Cypridos ille ſinus.
At mihi riſuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modo qua noſtri ſpatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque ſimillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruſcat;
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi ſpectacula grata ſeverus,
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus male providus obvia miſi,
Neve oculos potui continuiſſe meos.
Unam forte aliis ſupereminuiſſe notabam,
Principium noſtri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipſa videri,
Sic regina deûm conſpicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
Nec procul ipſe vafer latuit, multæque ſagittæ,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæſit, nunc virginis ori,
Inſilit hinc labiis, inſidet inde genis:
Et quaſcunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.

Protinus inſoliti ſubierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea miſero quæ jam mihi ſolo placebat,
Ablata eſt oculis, non reditura, meis.
Aſt ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui ſæpe referre pedem.
Findor, et hæc remanet; ſequitur pars altera vŏtum,
Raptaque tam ſubito gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amiſſum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis et abreptum ſolem reſpexit, ad Orcum,
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve ſequi.
O utinam ſpectare ſemel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, et coram triſtia verba loqui;
Forſitan et duro non eſt adamante creata,
Forte nec ad noſtras ſurdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi, nullus ſic infeliciter arſit;
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce, precor, teneri cum ſis deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus, O certe eſt mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt noſtris altaria donis,
Solus et in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores;
Neſcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,
Cuſpis amaturos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim læva, ſtudioque ſupino
Nequitiæ poſui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abretum ſic me malus impulit error,
Indociliſque ætas prava magiſtra fuit.

Donec Socraticos umbroſa academia rivos
Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.
Unde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe ſagittis,
Et Diomedéam vim timet ipſa Venus.

In proditionem bombardicam.

CUM ſimul in regem nuper ſatrapaſque Britannos
Auſus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluiſti ex parte videri,
Et penſare mala cum pietate ſcelus?
Scilicet hos alti miſſurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivoliſque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

SIccine tentaſti cœlo donaſſe Jacobum
Quæ ſeptemgemino, Bellua, monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis inſidioſa tuis.
Ille quidem ſine te conſortia ſerus adivit
Aſtra, nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.
Sic potius fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana deos;
Namque hac aut alia niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene ſcandet iter.

In eandem.

PUrgatorem animæ deriſit Iäcobus ignem,
Et ſine quo ſuperûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trina monſtrum Latiale corona,
Movet et horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea ſacra, Britanne;
Supplicium ſpreta religione dabis.
Et ſi ſtelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non niſi per flammas triſte patebit iter.
O quam funeſto ceciniſti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura ſuis!
Nam prope Tartareo ſublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra peruſta plagas.

In eandem.

QUem modo Roma ſuis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque ſinu,
Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere geſtit ad aſtra,
Et cupit ad ſuperos evehere uſque deos.

In inventorem bombardæ.

IApetionidem laudavit cæca vetuſtas,
Qui tulit ætheream ſolis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen ſurripuiſſe Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

ANgelus unicuique ſuus (ſic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi ſi gloria major?
Nam tua præſentem vox ſonat ipſa deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia cœli
Per tua ſecreto guttura ſerpit agens;
Serpit agens, faciliſque docet mortalia corda
Senſim immortali aſſueſcere poſſe ſono.
Quod ſi cuncta quidem Deus eſt, per cunctaque fuſus,
In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

ALtera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab inſano ceſſit amore furens.
Ah miſer ille tuo quanto felicius ævo
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pieria ſenſiſſet voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!
Quamvis Dircæo torſiſſet lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus deſipuiſſet iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæca vertigine ſenſus
Voce eadem poteras compoſuiſſe tua;
Et poteras ægro ſpirans ſub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu reſtituiſſe ſibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fan Acheloiados,
Littoreamque tua defunctum Naiada ripa
Corpora Chalcidico ſacra dediſſe rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amœna Tibridis unda
Mutavit rauci murmura Pauſilipi.
Illic Romulidum ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque deos.

Apologus de Ruſtico et Hero.

RUſticus ex malo ſapidiſſima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino:
Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus
Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
Mota ſolo aſſueto, protinus aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit domino, ſpe luſus inani,
Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.

Atque ait, heu quanto ſatius fuit illa coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo?
Poſſem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem;
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipſe parens.

Elegiarum finis.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno ætatis 16.

In obitum Procancellarii medici *.

PArere fati diſcite legibus,
Manuſque Parcæ jam date ſupplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iapeti colitis nepotes.
Vos ſi relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocarit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incaſſum dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum eſt.
Si deſtinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Neſſi venenatus cruore
Æmathia jacuiſſet Oeta.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidiſſet occiſum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Enſe Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triſte fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare poſſint, Telegoni parens
Vixiſſet infamis, potentique
Ægiali ſoror uſa virga.
Numenque trinum fallere ſi queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,

* Dr. John Goſlyn, Maſter of Caius college, and the King's Profeſſor of Phyſic, who died when he was a ſecond time Vice-Chancellor, in October 1626.

Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidiſſet haſta.
Læſiſſet et nec te, Philyrëie,
Sagitta echidnæ perlita ſanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
Cæſe puer, genitricis alvo.
Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondoſa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi
Lætus, ſuperſtes, nec ſine gloria,
Nec puppe luſtraſſes Charontis
Horribiles barathri receſſus.
At fila rupit Perſephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.
Colende præſes, membra, precor, tua
Molli quieſcant ceſpite, et ex tuo
Creſcant roſæ, calthæque buſto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proſerpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, anno ætatis 17.

JAM pius extrema veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit; jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificuſque novo felix diveſque ſedebat
In ſolio, occultique doli ſecurus et hoſtis:

Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immenſum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans ſceleris ſocios, vernaſque fideles,
Participes regni poſt funera mœſta futuros;
Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viſcera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoſcunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter
Tentat inacceſſum ſceleri corrumpere pectus,
Inſidiaſque locat tacitas, caſſeſque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ſeu Caſpia tigris
Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia prædam
Nocte ſub illuni, et ſomno nictantibus aſtris.
Talibus infeſtat populos Summanus et urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentiſonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poſcere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia ſecula Trojæ.
  At ſimul hanc opibuſque et feſta pace beatam
Aſpicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia ſulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clauſus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ab ore Typhœus.
Igneſcunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuſpide cuſpis.
Atque pererrato (ſolum hoc lachrymabile) mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi ſola rebellis,

Contemtrixque jugi, noſtraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Qua volat, adverſi præcurſant agmine venti,
Denſantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Auſoniæ fines; a parte ſiniſtra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priſcique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Etruria, nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oſcula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam tricoronifer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt ſubmiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantum ſeries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis,
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro), fremituſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cava reſponſat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipiteſque impellit equos ſtimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirſutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius heres,
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes).

At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque ſilentûm,
Prædatorque hominum falſa ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit; aſſumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo; et, ne quicquam deſit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrinxit funе ſalaces,
Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama eſt, veſta Franciſcus eremo
Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycoſque leones.
Subdolus at tali ſerpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe,
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni;
Surge, age, ſurge, piger, Latius quem Cæſar adorat,
Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, et faſtus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit,
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor Heſperiæ disjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probroſæ
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto,
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,

Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de ſtripe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabea, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, qua convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcunque habet Anglia fidos,
Propoſiti, factique mone; quiſquamne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ?
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſuque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Secula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit, et adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum, illætabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos viſus, et ſomnia grata revolvens.
Eſt locus æterna ſeptus caligine noctis,
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, et ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,

Et Timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror;
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia manes
Exululant, tellus et ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat.
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque ſequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt ſontes, et retro lumina vortunt;
Hos pugiles Romæ per ſecula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu,
Tartareoque leves difflentur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ;
Conſilii ſocios adhibite, operiſque miniſtros.
Finierat, rigidi cupide paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Deſpicit ætherea Dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.
Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, qua diſtat ab Aſide terra
Fertilis Europe, et ſpectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, ſonans, rutilis vicinior aſtris
Quam ſuperimpoſitum vel Athos vel Pelion Oſſæ.
Mille fores adituſque patent, totidemque feneſtræ,
Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata ſuſurros;
Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æſtivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipſa quidem ſumma ſedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,

Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencæ
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,
Lumina ſubjectas late ſpectantia terras.
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli:
Milleniſque loquax auditaque viſaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis ſermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a noſtro meruiſti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memoraſſe pigebit
Carmine tam longo; ſervati ſcilicet Angli,
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terraque tremente:
Fama, ſiles? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Britannos,
Et nova ſceptrigero cædes meditata Jocobo?
Nec plura; illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,
Et, ſatis ante fugax, ſtridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geſtat Temeſæo ex ære ſonoram.
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes;
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas ſolito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura ſpargit,
Mox arguta dolos, et deteſtabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoreſque addit ſceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Inſidiis loca ſtructa ſilet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique ſenes pariter, tantæque rinæ

Senſus ad ætatem ſubito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miſereſcit ab alto
Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papiculum; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres:
At pia thura Deo, et grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. *In obitum Præſulis Elienſis* *.

ADhuc madentes rore ſqualebant genæ,
Et ſicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant ſalis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœſta charo juſta perſolvi rogo
Wintonienſis Præſulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ſemper mali
Cladiſque vera nuntia!)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populoſque Neptuno ſatos,
Ceſſiſſe morti, et ferreis ſororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex ſacrorum illa fuiſti in inſula
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus ira protinus
Ebulliebat fervida,
Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naſo in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiuſque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus eſt dolum,
Sponſamque Neobolen ſuam.
At ecce diras ipſe dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,

* Nicholas Felton, who died Oct. 5, 1626.

Audiſſe tales videor attonitus ſonos
Leni, ſub aura, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas,
Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non eſt, ut arbitraris eluſus miſer,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebove patre creta, ſive Erinnye,
Vaſtove nata ſub Chao:
Aſt illa, cœlo miſſa ſtellato, Dei
Meſſes ubique colligit;
Animaſque molè carnea reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Joviſque filiæ;
Et ſempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At juſta rapta impios
Sub regna furvi luctuoſa Tartari,
Sedeſque ſubterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileſque fauſtus inter milites
Ad aſtra ſublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum ſenex
Auriga currus ignei,
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidoloſi Scorpionis brachia,
Non enſis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi ſolus globum,
Longeque ſub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat ſuos
Frænis dracones aureis.

Erraticorum ſiderum per ordines,
  Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
  Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt Olympi, et regiam cryſtallinam, et
  Stratum ſmaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
  Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
  Sat eſt in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati ſenium.

HEU quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiſcit [fundis
  Avia mens hominum, tenebriſque immerſa pro-
Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem!
Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et inciſas leges adamante perenni
Aſſimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſeclo
Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis.
  Ergone marceſcet ſulcantibus obſita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum ſterileſcet ab ævo?
Et ſe faſſa ſenem male certis paſſibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas
Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque
Sidera vexabunt? an et inſatiabile Tempus
Eſuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viſcera patrem?
Heu, potuitne ſuas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra muniſſe nefas, et Temporis iſto
Exemiſſe malo, gyroſque dediſſe perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque ſono dilapſa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvious ictu
Stridat uterque polus, ſuperaque ut Olympius aula
Decidat, horribiliſque retecta Gorgone Pallas;

Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tù quoque, Phœbe, tui caſus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, ſubitaque ferere ruina
Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia ſibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulſus ſedibus Hæmi
Diſſultabit apex, imoque alliſa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In ſuperos quibus uſus erat, fraternaque bella.
At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortius aſtris,
Conſuluit rerum ſummæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine ſummo
Singula perpetuum juſſit ſervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapſu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat, et ambitos ſocia vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud ſolito Saturnus, et acer, ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat criſtata caſſide Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruſcat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; ſed ſemper amica
Luce potens eadem currit per ſigna rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formoſus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, et ſerus agens in paſcua cœli,
Temporis et gemino diſpertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, ſolitoque fragore
Lurida perculſas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos equali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, ſpiratque hyemem, nimboſque volutat.
Utque ſolet, Siculi deverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et rauca circumſtrepit æquora concha

Oceani Tubicen, nec vaſta mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorſo Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi ſecli vigor ille vetuſti
Priſcus abeſt, ſervatque ſuum Narciſſus odorem,
Et puer ille ſuum tenet, et puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuuſque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum ſceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel ſub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum ſeries juſtiſſima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late
Circumplexa polos, et vaſti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica, quemadmodum Ariſtoteles intellexit.

DIcite ſacrorum præſides memorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenſo procul
Antro recumbis, otioſa Æternitas,
Monumenta ſervans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique faſtos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura ſolers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unuſque et univerſus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles inſidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura ſit communior,
Tamen ſeorſus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo ſtringitur ſpatio loci;
Seu ſempiternus ille ſiderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras ſedens
Oblivioſas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga

Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celſum caput
Atlante major portitore ſiderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto ſinu;
Non hunc ſilenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum ſagaci præpes oſtendit choro;
Non hunc ſacerdos novit Aſſyrius, licet
Longos vetuſti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priſcumque Belon, inclitumque Oſiridem.
Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut ſit arcani ſciens)
Talem reliquit Iſidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris academi decus,
(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus induxti ſcholis),
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
Rovocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,
Aut inſtitutor ipſe nigrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUnc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Muſa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, per optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi
Aptius a nobis quæ poſſint munera donis
Reſpondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima poſſint
Reſpondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Eſſe queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc noſtros oſtendit pagina cenſus,
Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus iſta,
Quæ mihi ſunt nullæ, niſi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi ſemoto ſomni peperere ſub antro,

Et nemoris laureta ſacri Parnaſſides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum deſpice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et ſemina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens veſtigia flammæ.
Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros manes adamante coercet.
Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina ſacrificus ſolennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata ſagax ſumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit, et tepidis Parcam ſcrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque ſidereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compeſcit ſibila ſerpens,
Demiſſoque ferox gladio manſueſcit Orion;
Stellarum nec ſentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare ſolebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vaſtæque immenſa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico ſpumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more ſedens feſta ad convivia vates
Æſculea intonſos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque geſta canebat,
Et Chaos, et poſiti late fundamina mundi,
Reptanteſque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnæo quæſitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,

Verborum ſenſuſque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silveſtres decet iſte choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non cithara, ſimulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has a carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge, precor, ſacras contemnere Muſas,
Nec vanas inopeſque puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito ſis nominis heres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poetam
Contigerit, charo ſi tam prope ſanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, ſtudiumque affine ſequamur?
Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſpertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti.
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, male cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens diteſcere mentem,
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora; tuo, pater optime, ſumptu
Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et que Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novis Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.

Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluus aër,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.
Dimotaque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libaſſe moleſtum.
I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donaſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juveni commiſſit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam docte pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, laurоſque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
In me triſte nihil fœdiſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memoraſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera grato
Percenſere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O noſtri, juvenilia carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos ſperare audebitis annos,
Et domini ſupereſſe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec ſpiſſo rapient oblivia nigra ſub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitis ævo.

Psal. CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἔην ὅσον γένος ὗιες Ἰούδα.
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρέιον βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε κὴ ἐνέροπάδεν φύγυδ' ἐῤῥώνησε θάλασσα
Κύμαλι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὀδ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθη
Ἱερὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέονλο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωνλες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀγωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρλησαν ἐριπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπλε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλορ φύγαδ' ἐῤῥώησας
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τὶ δ' ἄρ ἐσυφελίχθης
Ἱερὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωνλες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιοτέραι τὶ δ' ἄρ' ὑμμες ἀνασκιρλεσατ' ἐριπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο γαῖα τρέεσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκλυπέονλα
Γαῖα Θεὸν τρείεσ' ὕπαλον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
Ὅς τε κὴ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὺς χέε μορμύρονλας,
Κρήνηντ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

Philoſophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et inſontem inter eos forte captum inſcius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος hæc ſubito miſit.

Ὦ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσης με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσανλα, σοφώταλον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειλα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρῃ,
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτιφυὲς βλέπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκλυποτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες φίλοι
Γελᾶτε φαύλῳ δυσμίμημα ζωγράφῳ.

Ad Salſillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Muſa, greſſum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inceſſu,
Nec ſentis illud in loco minus grātum,
Quam cum decentes flava Dëiope ſuras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adeſdum et hæc s'is verba pauca Salſillo
Refer, camœna noſtra, cui tantum eſt cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immerito divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hiſce qui ſuum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (peſſimus ubi ventorum,
Inſanientis impotenſque pulmonis
Pernix anhela ſub Jove exercet flabra),
Venit feraces Itali ſoli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperba cognitas urbes fama
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fauſta multa, Salſille,
Habitumque feſſo corpori penitus ſanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiiſque fixa damnoſum ſpirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Leſbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O falus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe, morborum terror
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt.
Querceta Fauni, voſque rore vinoſo
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri ſedes,
Si quid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rurſum Muſis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.

Ipſe inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis ſemper Ægeriam ſpectans.
Tumiduſque et ipſe Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges,
Nimium ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Aduſque curvi ſalſa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum ſtudio, nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de amicitia ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus *Geruſalemme conquiſtata, lib.* 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è corteſi
Riſplende il Manſo———

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentiâ proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆC quoque, Manſe, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manſe, choro notiſſime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore,
Poſt Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetruſci.
Tu quoque, ſi noſtræ tantum valet aura camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Taſſo
Junxit, et æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum

Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores ;
Mollis et Auſonias ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.
Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, et nec pia ceſſant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges :
Amborum genus, et varia ſub ſorte peractam
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, et dona Minervæ ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum,
Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabere Muſam,
Quæ nuper gelida vix enutrita ſub Arcto
Imprudens Italas auſa eſt volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,
Qua Thameſis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Qua plaga ſepteno mundi ſulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longa ſub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes ſpicas, et lutea mala caniſtris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas)
Miſſimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua ſacris operata deorum,
Heroum laudes imitandaque geſta canebant).
Hinc quoties feſto cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herboſa Graiæ de more puellæ

Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaërge
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate ſenex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui ſuccreſcet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plauſumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum ſponte tuos habitaſſe penates
Cynthius, et famulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas:
At non ſponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden ſuſceperat hoſpes;
Tantum ubi clamoſos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manſueti ceſſit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter ſaltus frondoſaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi ſæpe ſub ilice nigra
Ad citharæ ſtrepitum blanda prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa ſuo, barathro nec fixa ſub imo
Saxa ſtetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec ſentit ſolitas, immania pondera, ſylvas,
Emotæque ſuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoſi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte ſenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Naſcentem, et miti luſtrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantiſque nepos; neque enim niſi charus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis poterit magno faviſſe poëtæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento ſub flore ſenectus
Vernat, et Æſonios lucratur vivida fuſos,
Nondum deciduos ſervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi ſi mea ſors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decoraſſe viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,

Arturumque etiam ſub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ
Magnanimos heroas, et (O modo ſpiritus adſit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque ſatur cineri ſua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis aſtaret ocellis,
Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam, ſim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte ſolutos
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forſitan et noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnaſſide lauri
Fronde comas, at ego ſecura pace quieſcam.
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,
Ipſe ego cœlicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
(Quantum Fata ſinunt), et tota mente ſerenum
Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus,
Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

Argumentum.

Thyrſis et Damon ejuſdem viciniæ paſtores, eadem ſtudia ſecuuti à pueritiâ amicie rant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrſis animi cauſa profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum poſtea reverſus, et rem ita eſſe comperiens, ſe, ſuamque ſolitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem ſub perſona hic intelligitur Carolus Diodatus, ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clariſſimiſque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HImerides Nymphæ, (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meminiſtis fata Bionis),
Dicite Sicelicum Thameſina per oppida carmen:

Quas miſer effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrſis,
Et quibus aſſiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fonteſque vagos, nemorumque receſſus,
Dum ſibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca ſolo pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi ſurgebat culmus ariſta,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meſſes,
Ex quo ſumma dies tulerat Damona ſub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrſis; paſtorem ſcilicet illum
Dulcis amor Muſæ Thuſca retinebat in urbe.
Aſt ubi mens expleta domum, pecoriſque relicti
Cura vocat, ſimul aſſueta ſeditque ſub ulmo,
Tum vero amiſſum tum denique ſentit amicum,
Cœpit et immenſum ſic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Poſtquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua ſic ſine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obſcuris numero ſociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,
Iſta velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certe niſi me lupus ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere ſepulchro,
Conſtabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter paſtores: Illi tibi vota ſecundo
Solvere poſt Daphnin, poſt Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id eſt, priſcamque fidem coluiſſe, piumque,
Palladiaſque artes, ſociumque habuiſſe canorum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu ſæpe ſolebas

Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido ſub ſole, ſiti morientibus herbis ?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præſepibus altis;
Quis fando ſopire diem, cantuque ſolebit ?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum ſibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus ſtrepitat focus, at malus Au-
Miſcet cuncta foris, et deſuper intonat ulmo ? [ſter
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vocat, agni.
Aut æſtate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æſculea ſomnum capit abditus umbra,
Et repetunt ſub aquis ſibi nota ſedilia nymphæ,
Paſtoreſque latent, ſtertit ſub ſepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiaſque tuas, quis tum mihi riſus,
Cecropioſque ſales referet, cultoſque lepores ?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam ſolus agros, jam paſcua ſolus oberro,
Sicubi ramoſæ denſantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic ſerum expecto, ſupra caput imber et Eurus
Triſte ſonant, fractæque agitata crepuſcula ſylvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipſa ſitu ſeges alta fatiſcit !
Innuba neglecto marceſcit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant ; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque ſuum convertunt ora magiſtrum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alpheſibœus ad ornos,
Ad ſalices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas :
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina muſco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interſtrepit arbutus undas
Iſta canunt ſurdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopſus ad hæc, nam me reduentem forte notarat,
(Et callebat avium linguas, et ſidera Mopſus),
Thyrſi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè faſcinat aſtrum,
Saturni grave ſæpe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrſi, futurum eſt?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non hæc ſolet eſſe juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultuſque ſeveri;
Illa choros, luſuſque leves, et ſemper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miſer qui ſerus amavit.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Ægle
Docta modos, citharæque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me ſolantia verba,
Nil me, ſi quid adeſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi ſecum ſibi lege ſodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quiſquam ſecernit amicum
De grege; ſic denſi veniunt ad pabula thoës,
Inque vicem hirſuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deſerto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, viliſque volucrum
Paſſer habet ſemper quicum ſit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, ſerò ſua tecta reviſens,
Quem ſi ſors letho objecit, ſeu milvus adunco
Fata tulit roſtro, ſeu ſtravit arundine foſſor,
Protinus ille alium ſocio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore diſcors,
Vix ſibi quiſque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut ſi ſors dederit tandem non aſpera votis,

Illum inopina dies qua non ſperaveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in ſecula damnum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivoſam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidiſſe ſepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viſeret olim,
Tityrus ipſe ſuas et oves et rura reliquit),
Ut te tam dulci poſſem caruiſſe ſodale,
Poſſem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot ſylvas, tot ſaxa tibi, fluvioſque ſonantes!
Ah certè extremum licuiſſet tangere dextram,
Et bene compoſitos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixiſſe vale, noſtri memor ibis ad aſtra.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam veſtri nunquam meminiſſe pigebit,
Paſtores Thuſci, Muſis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuſcus tu quoque Damon,
Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum ſtratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc ſummas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipſe etiam tentare auſus ſum, nec puto, multum
Diſplicui, nam ſunt et apud me munera veſtra
Fiſcellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin et noſtra ſuas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo.
Et ſtudiis noti, Lydorum ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roſcida luna,
Dum ſolus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus!
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura

Arripui voto levis, et præſentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? niſi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caſſibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos,
Helleborúmque, humileſque crocos, foliúmque hyacin-
Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque mendentûm.
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm.
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecere magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecima jam lux eſt altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere ſonos, dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite ſylvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipſe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Panraſidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennumque Arvigarumque duces, priſcúmque Beli-
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annoſa pendebis, fiſtula, pinu,
Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non ſperâſſe uni licet omnia, mî ſatis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus, (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penituſque inglorius orbi),
Si me flava comas legat Uſa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibuſque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thameſis meus ante omnes, et fuſca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me diſcant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi ſervabam lentâ ſub cortice lauri,

Hæc, et plura ſimul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manſus,
Manſus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipſe,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et ſudantes balſama ſylvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleùm fulgens diverſicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis ſurgentem reſpicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma coruſca faces, et ſpicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúſque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, et circum flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum ſpargit ſua tela per orbes
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere ſacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quo tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque ſimplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra:
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divóſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Ore ſacro. Quin tu cœli poſt jura recepta
Dexter ades, placiduſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylviſque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;

Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſta Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrſo.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad JOANNEM ROUSIUM, Oxonienſis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poëmatum amiſſo, quem ille ſibi denuo mitti poſtulabat, ut cum aliis noſtris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEmelle cultu ſimplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet gemina,
Munditiéque nitens non operoſa,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poëtæ;
Dum vagus Auſonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta luſit
Inſons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulſit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede;

Antiſtrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu miſſus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obſecrante amico,
Illuſtre tendebas iter
Thameſis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,

Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyaſuſque ſacer
Orbi notus per immenſos
Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum ;

Strophe 2.

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo
Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem,
(Si ſatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium),
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus,
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas
Jame penè totis finibus Angligenûm ;
Immundaſque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phinéamque abigat peſtem procul amne Pegaſéo.

Antiſtrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet mala
Fide, vol oſcitantia
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus,
Seu qua te latebra, forſan unde vili
Callo teréris inſtitoris inſulſi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique ſuperam
In Jovis aulam remige penna ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüſius ſui
Optat peculî, numeróque juſto

Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe,
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ :
Téque adytis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipſe præſidet
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quam cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta Dei per templa parentis
Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iön Actæa genitus Creüſa.

Antiſtrophe.

Ergo tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rurſus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
Delo poſthabitâ,
Biſidoque Parnaſſi jugo :
Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici,
Illic legéris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ ſimul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem, haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ſero placidam ſperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit ſolers Roüsî ;
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentum prava faceſſet ;

At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan
Adhibebit integro ſinu.
Tum livore ſepulto,
Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet
Roüſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidemque Antiſtrophis, una demum Epodo clauſis; quas, tametſi omnes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exacte reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuimus, commode legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortaſſe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατὰ σχέσιν, partem ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ ſunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

Ad CHRISTINAM *Suecorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli* *.

BEllipotens Virgo, ſeptem Regina Trionum,
Chriſtina, Arctoï lucida ſtella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura ſub caſſide rugas,
Utque ſenex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia juſſa manu.
Aſt tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec ſunt hi vultus Regibus uſque truces.

* Theſe verſes were ſent to Chriſtina Queen of Sweden with Cromwell's picture, and are by ſome aſcribed to Andrew Marvel, as by others to Milton: but I ſhould rather think they were Milton's, being more within his province as Latin ſecretary. *Newton.*

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A

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the antiquated and difficult words in MILTON's poetical works.

P. L. *ſtands for* Paradiſe Loſt; P. R. *for* Paradiſe Regain'd; S. A. *for* Samſon Agoniſtes; P. *for the* Poems; *and* S. *for the* Sonnets. *The letters* i. ii. iii, *&c. denote the books, poems, or ſonnets; the figures* 1, 2, 3, *&c. the verſes.*

When a word occurs but once or twice, or is taken in a peculiar ſenſe, or has different ſenſes in different places; in all theſe caſes the places are pointed out.

As Milton's critics differ as to the ſenſe of ſome words, ſome preferring one ſenſe, and ſome another, the different ſenſes are often given.

The etymology of a great many words is given; and frequently the literal or original, as well as the metaphorical ſignification.

A

TO Abaſh, to put into confuſion, to make aſhamed.

To Abide, P. L. iv. 87. to bear or ſupport the conſequences of a thing.

Abject, contemptible, or of no value, P. L. ix. 571; without hope or regard, S. A. 169.

Abſolved, Abſolute, P. L. vii. 94. viii. 421, 547. finiſhed, completed, perfected; from the Latin *abſolutus.*

Acanthus, the herb bears-foot.

Acclaim, a ſhout of praiſe, acclamation.

Acquiſt, S. A. 1755, the ſame as acquiſition; acquirement, attainment, gain.

To Admit, to commit, uſed in the Latin ſenſe, P. L. viii. 637.

Adorn, P. L. viii. 576, an adjective. *Made ſo adorn*, &c. finely dreſſed.

Aduſt, Aduſted, burnt up, hot as with fire, ſcorched, dried with fire.

Advis'd, P. L. vi. 674. (a participial adverbial), adviſedly, deſignedly.

Afer, P. L. x. 702, the ſouth-weſt wind.

Afflicted, P. L. i. 186. routed, ruined, utterly broken; in the Latin ſenſe of the word. It otherwiſe ſignifies put to pain, grieved, tormented.

Affront, outrage, contempt, P. R. iii. 161; open oppoſition, encounter, S. A. 531.

Agape, P. L. v. 357, (an adverb), ſtaring with the mouth.

Aghaſt, ſtruck with horrour at the ſight of a ſpectre; ſtupified with terrour.

Agoniſtes, an actor, a prize-fighter; Gr. Αγωνιστης, *ludio, biſtrio, actor ſcenicus.*

Alchemy, P. L. ii. 517, the name of that art which is the ſublimer part of chemiſtry, the tranſmutation of metals. 'Tis what is corruptly pronounced *ockamy, i. e.* any mixed metal.

Alp, P. L. ii. 620. S. A. 628. for mountain in general. In the ſtrict etymology of the word it ſignifies a mountain white with ſnow. It is commonly appropriated to the high mountains which ſeparate Italy from France and Germany.

Altern, P. L. vii. 348, (an adjective), acting by turns, in ſucceſſion each to the other.

To Alternate, to perform alternately. *Alternate hymns*, P. L. v. 656, 657. *ſing by turns, and anſwer one another.*

Amarant, P. L. iii. 353. Αμαραντος, for unfading, that decayeth not; a flower of a purple velvet colour, which though gathered, keeps its beauty, and when all other flowers fade, recovers its luſtre by being ſprinkled with a little water.

Ambition, that which adds fewel to the flame of pride, and claps ſpurs to thoſe furious and inordinate deſires that break forth into the moſt execrable acts to accompliſh mens haughty deſigns. Milton ſtigmatizes *ambition* as a worſe ſin than pride, P. L. iv. 40. See Pride. A going about with ſtudiouſneſs and affectation to gain praiſe, as the origin of the Latin word imports, S. A. 247.

Ambroſial, partaking of the nature or qualities of ambroſia, the imaginary food of the gods; fragrant, delicious, delectable. Milton applies this epithet to the night, P. L. v. 642.

To Amerce, P. L. i. 609, to deprive, to forfeit. It properly ſignifies, to mulct, to fine; but here it has a ſtrange affinity with the Greek αμερδω, to deprive, to take away.

Amice, P. R. iv. 427, cloathing; the firſt or undermoſt part of a prieſt's habit, over which he wears the alb; derived from the Latin *amicio*, to clothe.

Amorous. Milton ſeems to uſe this word, P. R. ii. 162, rather in the ſenſe of the Italian *amoroſo*, which is applied to any thing relating to the paſſion of love, than in its common Engliſh acceptation, in which it generally expreſſes ſomething of the paſſion itſelf.

Amphiſbæna, P. L. x. 524, a ſerpent ſaid to have a head at both ends; ſo named of αμφι and βαινω, becauſe it went forward either way.

Anarch, P. L. ii. 988, the author of confuſion.

Angelic virtue, P. L. v. 371. an angel.

To Announce, P. R. iv. 504, to publiſh, to proclaim.

Antarctic, P. L. ix. 79, the ſouthern pole, ſo called, as oppoſite to the northern.

Antic, S. A. 1325, one that plays antics; he that uſes ode geſticulation; a buffoon.

Apathy,

Apathy, P. L. ii. 564, not feeling, exemption from paſſion; freedom from mental perturbation.
Apocalyps, P. L. iv. 2. a revelation, a diſcovery.
To Appay, P. L. xii. 401, to ſatisfy, to content.
Appetence, P. L. xi. 619, carnal, ſenſual deſire.
To Appoint, S. A. 373. to arraign, to ſummon to anſwer.
Arbitreſs, P. L. i. 785, a witneſs, a ſpectatreſs.
Architrave, P. L. i. 715, that part of a column, or order of a column, which lies immediately upon the capital, and is the loweſt member of the entablature.
Arctic, P. L. ii. 710, northern, lying under the Bear.
Ardour, P. L. v. 249, a perſon ardent or bright, an angel. The Latin *ardor* implies fervency, exceeding love, eager deſire, fiery nature; all included in the idea of angel.
Argeſtes, P. L. x. 699, the north-eaſt wind.
To Arreed, P. L. iv. 962, to decree, to award.
Aſkance, awry.
Aſphaltus, P. L. i. 729, bitumen, a pitchy ſubſtance.
Aſthma, P. L. xi. 488, a frequent, difficult, and ſhort reſpiration, joined with a hiſſing ſound and a cough.
To Aſtound, to aſtoniſh, to confound with fear or wonder.
Atheous, P. R. i. 487, atheiſtic, godleſs.
Atrophy, P. L. xi. 486, want of nouriſhment; a diſeaſe in which what is taken at the mouth cannot contribute to the ſupport of the body.
Attent, P. R. i. 385, intent, attentive, headful, regardful.
Atteſt, P. R. i. 37, witneſs, teſtimony, atteſtation.
To Attune, P. L. iv. 265, to make any thing muſical.
Autumn, P. L. v. 394, for the fruits of autumn.
Azurn, P. xvi. 893, the ſame as *Azure*, blue, faint blue.

B

Baleful, full of miſery, full of grief, ſorrowful, ſad, woful.
Bandite, P. xvi. 426, a man outlawed.
Barbaric, P. L. ii. 4, foreign, far-fetched.
Barbed, bearded, headed.
Baſe, P. L. ix. 36, that part of any ornament which hangs down, as houſing; from the French *bas*, low; becauſe houſing falls low to the ground.
To Batten, P. xvii. 29, to fatten, or make fat; to feed plenteouſly.
Beheſt, a command, precept, mandate.
Belated, P. L. i. 783, benighted, out of doors late at night.
Beldam, P. ii. 46, an old woman; generally a term of contempt, marking the laſt degree of old age, with all its faults and miſeries. From the French *belle dame*, which of old ſignified an old woman.
Benediction, well ſpeaking, thanks, P. L. viii. 645, P. R. iii. 127; bleſſing, P. L. xii. 125.
Beryl, P. L. vi. 756, a precious ſtone of a ſea-green colour.
Beſprent, P. xvi. 542. ſprinkled.
Beſtrown, P. L. i. 311, iv. 631, ſprinkled over.

Bevy,

Bevy, P. L. xi. 582, a company, an aſſembly; of the Italian *beva*, a covey of patridges.

Bickering, P. L. vi. 766, fighting, and thence deſtroying; from the Welch *bicre*, a conteſt, a combat Mr. Johnſon thinks it means here quivering, playing backward and forward.

Blank, white, P. L. x. 656; confuſed, cruſhed, diſpirited, ſubdued, depreſſed, P. L. ix. 890, P. R. ii. 120.

Bland, P. L. v. 5, ix. 855, 1047, ſoft, mild, gentle.

To Blank, S. A. 471, to confuſe, to damp, to diſpirit.

Blear, P. xvi. 155, dim, obſcure, or that which makes dimneſs.

Blithe, gay, airy, merry, joyous, ſprightly, mirthful.

Bolt, the bar of a door, P. L. ii. 877; lightning, a thunderbolt, P. L. vi. 491; an arrow, P. xvi. 445.

To Bolt, P. xvi. 760, to dart, to ſhoot, to ſhift. Mr. Johnſon thinks it ſignifies here to blurt out, or throw out precipitantly.

Boreas, P. L. x. 699, the north wind.

Boſky, P. xvi. 313. woody; from the Belgian *boſche*, and the Italian *boſco*, a wood.

Bourn, P. xvi. 313, a bound, a limit; from the French *borne*.

Brand, P. L. xii. 643, a ſword. *Brando* in Italian too ſignifies a ſword; and the reaſon of this denomination ſeems to be derived from hence, becauſe men fought with burnt ſtakes and fire-brands, before arms were invented.

To Breathe, P. L. ii. 244, to ſmell, to throw out the ſmell, to exhale, to ſend out as breath.

To Braid, to plait, to weave, to twiſt. *Braided train*, P. L. iv. 349, plaited or twiſted tail.

To Bray, P. L. vi. 209, (probably from the Greek βραχω, *ſtrepo*), to make an offenſive or diſagreeable noiſe. It ſignifies to make any kind of noiſe, though now it be commonly appropriated to a certain animal.

Brigandine. S. A. 1120, a coat of mail.

To Brim, P. L. iv. 336, P. xvi. 924, to fill to the top.

Brinded, P. L. vii. 466, P. xvi. 443, ſtreaked, tabby, marked with branches.

To Briſtle, P. L. vi. 82, to erect in briſtles. The Latins expreſs this by the word *horrere*, taken from the *briſtling* on a wild boar's or other animal's back. Milton has the expreſſion of *horrent arms*, P. L. ii. 513. See Horrent.

Budge, P. xvi. 707, furred, ſurly, ſtiff, formal.

Bullion, P. L. i. 704, gold or ſilver in the lump, unwrought, uncoined. Bullion droſs, the droſs which aroſe from the metal in refining it.

But, P. L. iii. 377, except, unleſs.

Buxome, is vulgarly underſtood for wanton, jolly, but it properly ſignifies flexible, yielding, obedient, obſequious, as P. L. ii. 842, v. 270; and alſo gay, lively, briſk, as P. xiii. 24.

C

Cecias, P. L. x. 699, the north-weſt wind.

Callow,

Callow, P. L. vii. 420, unfledged, naked, without feathers.

To Calve, P. L. vii. 463, to bring forth; from the Belgic word *calven*, to bring forth.

Capariſon, P. L. ix. 35, a horſe-cloth, or a ſort of cover for a horſe, which is ſpread over his furniture.

Caravan, P. L. vii. 428, P. R. i. 323, a great convoy of merchants, which meet at certain times and places, to put themſelves into a condition of defence from thieves, who ride in troops in ſeveral deſert places upon the road, in Perſia and Turky. It is like an army, conſiſting ordinarily of 5 or 600 camels, and near as many horſes, and ſometimes more.

Carbuncle, a jewel ſhining in the dark, like a lighted coal or candle.

To Career, P. L. vi. 756, to run with ſwift motion. Careering fires, are lightnings darting out by fits; a metaphor taken from the running in tilts, ſays Dr. *Newton*.

Carol, P. L. xii. 367, a ſong of devotion.

To Carol, P. xvi. 849, to praiſe, to celebrate.

To Caſt, P. L. iii. 634, to conſider, to contrive, to turn the thoughts.

Cataphracts, S. A. 1619, men or horſes completely armed; from *καταφρασσω, armis munio.*

Cataract, P. L. ii. 176, xi. 824, a fall of water from on high, a ſhoot of water, a caſcade.

Catarrh, P. L. xi. 483, a defluxion of ſharp ſerum from the glands about the head and throat.

Cates, P. R. ii. 348, viands, food, diſh of meat; generally employed to ſignify nice and luxurious food.

Cedarn, P. xvi. 990, the ſame as *cedrine*, of or belonging to the cedar-tree.

Centaur, P. L. x. 328, the ſign Sagittarius, or the Archer, in the zodiac.

Centric, P. L. x. 671, placed in the centre. *Centric* (or concentric) *ſpheres*, P. L. viii. 83, are ſuch ſpheres whoſe centre is the ſame with that of the earth.

Ceraſtes, P. L. x. 525, a ſerpent having horns, or ſuppoſed to have horns; from *κερας*, a horn.

Charity, P. L. iv. 756, tenderneſs, kindneſs, love. Charities is uſed in the Latin ſignification, and, like *caritates*, comprehends all the relations, all the endearments of conſanguinity and affinity. The theological virtue of univerſal love, P. L. iii. 216, xii. 584.

Chimera, P. L. ii. 628, a monſter feigned to have the head of a lion, the belly of a goat, and the tail of a dragon. Hence is ſignifies a vain and wild fancy, as remote from reality as the exiſtence of this poetical chimera.

Chivalry, P. L. i. 307, (from the French *chevalerie*), ſignifies knighthood, and alſo thoſe who uſe horſes in fight, both ſuch as ride on horſes, and ſuch as ride in chariots drawn by them. In the ſenſe of riding and fighting the word is uſed ver. 765; and in the ſenſe of riding and fighting in chariots drawn by horſes, P. R. iii. 343, compared with ver. 328.

Chryſolite,

Chryſolite, P. L. iii. 596, a precious ſtone of a duſky green, with a caſt of yellow.

Ceiling, P. L. xi. 743, the inner roof. It may be thought (ſays Mr. Richardſon) too mean a word in poetry; but Milton had a view to its derivation from the Latin *cælum*, and the Italian *cielo*, heaven.

Cimmerian, P. xiii. 10, which ſees no ſun, obſcure, dark. The Cimmerians were a people who lived in caves under ground, and never ſaw the light of the ſun. Whence comes the phraſe *cimmerian darkneſs*, i. e. great obſcurity.

Clang, a ſharp, ſhrill noiſe.

Clarion, P. L. i. 532, a ſmall ſhrill treble trumpet; *a claro quem edit ſono.*

To Cluſter, P. L. iv. 303, vii. 320, to grow in bunches, to gather into bunches, to congregate.

Collateral, running parallel, diffuſed on either ſide, P. L. viii. 426; ſide by ſide, a ſenſe agreeable to the etymology of the word, P. L. x. 86.

Colures, P. L. ix. 66, two great circles ſuppoſed to paſs through the poles of the world, interſecting each other at right angles, and incompaſſing the earth from north to ſouth, and from ſouth to north again.

Combuſtion, conflagration, burning in a dreadful manner, P. L. i. 46; tumult, hurry, hubbub, buſtle, hurly burly, P. L. vi. 225.

To Commerce, P. xiv. 39, to hold intercourſe with.

Compeer, P. L. i. 127, equal, companion, colleague, aſſociate.

Cone, P. L. iv. 776, a figure round at bottom, and, leſſening all the way, ends in a point.

To Conglobe, to gather into a round maſs, to conſolidate in a ball, to aſſemble and aſſociate together, P. L. vii. 239; to coaleſce into a round maſs, P. L. vii. 292.

To Conjure, P. L. ii. 693, to conſpire, to band and league together, to bind many by an oath to ſome common deſign; from the Latin *conjurare*, to bind one another by an oath to be true and faithful in a deſign undertaken.

Convex, bending down on all ſides round, riſing in a circular form. Convex is ſpoken properly of the exteriour ſurface of a globe, and concave of the interiour ſurface, which is hollow.

Cormorant, P. L. iv. 196, a bird that lives upon fiſh, eminently greedy and rapacious.

Cornice, P. L. i. 716, the uppermoſt member of the entablature of a column; the higheſt projection of a wall or column.

Corny, P. L. vii. 321, ſtrong or hard like horn, horny; of the Latin *corneus*, horny.

To Couch, P. L. ii. 536, to fix or place the ſpear in the reſt, in the poſture of an attack; from the French *coucher*, to place.

Couchant, P. L. iv, 406, lying down, ſquatting.

To Cover, P. L. i. 736, to incloſe.

Crank, P. xiii. 27, any conceit formed by twiſting or changing, in any manner, the form or meaning of a word.

To Craze, P. L. xii. 210, S. A. 571, to cruſh, bruize or break in pieces, to weaken.

Creſcent, P. L. x. 434, any ſimilitude of the moon increaſing. The Turks bear the horned moon, the creſcent, in their enſigns.

Creſcent, P. L. i. 439, increaſing, growing, in a ſtate of increaſe.

Creſſet, P. L. i. 728, a great blazing light ſet upon a beacon, light-houſe, or watch-tower.

To Crown, P. L. v. 445, to fill above the brim, yet not ſo as to run over.

Crude, not brought to perfection, unfiniſhed, immature, P. L. vi. 511; premature, and coming before its time, S. A. 700.

Cubic, P. L. vi. 399, four ſquare.

Cuiraſſiers, P. R. iii. 328, horſemen armed with cuiraſſes, which covered the body quite round, from the neck to the waſte.

To Culminate, P. L. iii. 617, to be vertical and ſhoot directly, to be in the meridian.

Curfeu, P. xiv. 74, (of the French *couvre feu*). William the Conqueror, in the firſt year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell ſhould be rung every night at eight of the clock, and that all perſons ſhould then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed; the ringing of which bell was called *curfeu*.

Cycle, P. L. viii. 84, a circle in the heavens, imaginary orbs.

Cynoſure, P. xiii. 80, the ſtar next the north pole, by which ſailors ſteer; the conſtellation of Urſa Minor.

D

Dank, damp, humid, moiſt, wet.

Dapper, P. xvi. 118, little and active, lively without bulk.

To Dapple, P. xiii. 44, to ſtreak, to vary, to diverſify with colours.

To Damaſk, P. L. iv. 334, to variegate, to diverſify.

Darkling, P. L. iii. 39, in the dark, without light; a word merely poetical.

To Debel, P. R. iv. 605, to conquer, to overcome in war; of the Latin *debello*.

To Defend, P. L. xi. 86, xii. 207, P. R. ii. 370, to forbid, prohibit, keep off, hinder; of the French *defendre*, to forbid.

Dell, P. xvi. 312, a ſteep place or valley, a pit, a hole in the ground, any cavity in the earth.

Debonair, P. xiii. 24, elegant, civil, well-bred, gentle, complaiſant.

Democratie, P. R. iv. 269, a popular government.

Diapaſon, P. vii. 23, perfect concord through all the the tones; Gr. διαπασων. It is the ſame with an octave; becauſe there are but ſeven tones or notes, and then the eighth is the ſame again with the firſt.

To Dight, P. xiii. 62, to dreſs, to deck, to bedeck, to imbelliſh, to adorn.

Dingle, P. xvi. 312, a narrow valley between two ſteep hills.

Dipſas, P. L. x. 526, a ſerpent, whoſe bite produces the ſenſation of unquenchable thirſt; of διψα, thirſt.

Diſcontinuous wound, P. L. vi. 329, ſaid in alluſion to the old defi-

nition of a wound, that it ſeparates the continuity of the parts. *Vulnus eſt ſolutio continui.*

To Diſpart, to divide in two, to ſeparate, to break, to burſt.

To Diſpenſe, to diſtribute, to deal out in parcels.

Divan, P. L. x. 457, any council aſſembled.

To Divert, P. R. ii. 349, to turn aſide, to withdraw the mind.

Divine, P. L. ix. 845, preſaging, foreboding.

Divinely, (from the Latin *divinitus*), of God, from heaven, P. L. viii. 500, P. R. i. 26. Excellently in the ſupreme degree, P. L. ix. 489.

To Doff, S. A. 1410. P. iii. 33, to put off dreſs.

Dole, S. A. 1529, gifts and portions, blows dealt out; from a Saxon word, or from the Greek απο τυ διελειν, *diſtribuere.*

Doughty, S. A. 1181, brave, valiant.

Drear, P. L. x. 525, ſad, dreadful, mournful, diſmal, ſorrowful.

To Drizzle, P. L. vi. 545, to fall in ſhort ſlow drops.

Drop ſerene, P. L. iii. 25, a diſeaſe of the eye, proceeding from an inſpiſſation of the humour.

To Drug, P. L. x. 568, to phyſic, to torment with the hateful taſte uſually found in drugs; to tincture with ſomething offenſive.

Dryad, P. L. ix. 387, a wood-nymph.

Dulcimer, P. L. vii. 596, a muſical inſtrument played by ſtriking the braſs wires with like ſticks.

Dun, P. L. iii. 72, dark, gloomy.

E

Eccentric, ſuch ſpheres whoſe centres are different from that of the earth.

To Eccliſpe, P. L. v. 776, to diſgrace.

Eccliptic, P. L. iii. 740, a great circle of the ſphere, ſuppoſed to be drawn through the middle of the zodiac, and making an angle with the equinoctial.

Eld, P. i. 13, old age.

Elfe, P. xvi. 846, a wandering ſpirit, ſuppoſed to be ſeen in wild unfrequented places.

Elops, P. L. x. 525, a dumb ſerpent that gives no notice by hiſſing to avoid him.

Emblem, P. L. iv. 703, in the Greek and Latin ſenſe, for inlaid flowers of ſtone or wood, to make figures mathematical or pictural.

To Embow, P. xiv. 157, to arch, to vault.

Embryon, the offſpring yet unfiniſhed in the womb.

Emergent, P. L. vii. 286, riſing into view or notice.

Empiric, P. L. v. 440, verſed in experiments, who makes bold trials and experiments, without much ſkill and knowledge.

Empriſe, P. L. xi. 642, P. xvi. 610, an old word for enterpriſe.

Engine, P. L. i. 750, device, wit, contrivance.

Ens, P. ii. any being or exiſtence.

To Envermeil, P. i. 6, to paint with vermilion.

Epicycle, P. L. viii. 84, a circle upon a circle; or a little circle whoſe centre is in the circumference of a greater.

Epilepſy,

Epilepſy, P. L. xi. 483, a convulſion, or convulſive motion of the whole body, or of ſome of its parts, with a loſs of ſenſe.

Eremite, P. L. iii. 474. P. R. i, 8, a ſolitary, an anchoret, an inhabitant of the deſert, one who retires from ſociety to contemplation and devotion.

Erſt, at firſt, in the beginning, P. xv. 9; formerly, long ago, S. A. 336; before, till then, till now, P. L. ix. 876.

Eternal, P. L. v. 173, fixed and continual, perpetual, conſtant.

Euphraſy, P. L. xi. 414, the herb eyebright, ſo named from its clearing virtue.

Eurus, P. L. x. 705, the eaſt wind.

Even, P. L. iv. 555, that part of the hemiſphere where it was then evening.

Exceſs, P. L. xi. 111, P. vi. 24, ſin, offence; literally, a going beyond the bounds of our duty.

To Exerciſe, P. L. ii. 89, to vex and trouble, to keep employed as a penal injunction. It is uſed in this ſenſe alſo in Latin.

Eyry, P. L. vii. 424, the neſt of a bird of prey.

F

Falſities and lies, P. L. i. 367, falſe idols.

Fanatic, P. L. i. 480, enthuſiaſtic, ſtruck with a ſuperſtitious frenzy.

Fatal, upheld by fate, P. L. ii. 104; appointed by deſtiny, P. L. v. 861.

Favonius, S. xx. 6, the weſtern wind that blows in the ſpring.

Faye, P. iii. 235, a fairy, an elf.

To Fet, P. R. ii. 401, to fetch, to go and bring.

Flamen, P. iii. 194, a prieſt.

Flaw, P. L. x. 698, a ſudden guſt, a violent blaſt; from the Greek φλαω, to break.

To Flare, P. xiv. 132, to glitter offenſively.

Fledge, full feathered, able to fly, qualified to leave the neſt.

Flown, P. L. i. 502, puffed, inflated, alate, raiſed.

Founded, P. L. i. 703, melted; from *fundere*, to melt, to caſt metal.

Fraud, miſery, misfortune, miſchief, puniſhment conſequent upon deceit, P. L. vii. 143; hurt and damage, P. L. ix. 643, P. R. i. 372.

To Freak, P. xvii. 144, to freckle, to ſpot, to variegate, to checquer.

Freeze, P. L. i. 716, that part of the intablature of columns between the architrave and cornice.

Frequence, P. R. ii. 130, croud, concourſe, aſſembly.

To Fret, to form into raiſed work, P. L. i. 717; to hurt by attrition, S. ix. 7.

Fret, P. L. vii. 597, that ſtop of the muſical inſtrument which cauſes or regulates the vibrations of the ſtring.

Friers, P. L. iii. 474, 5, *white*, Carmelites; *black*, Dominicans; *gray*, Franciſcans.

From, P. R. i. 165, uſed as ὑπο and *præ*, to ſignify *for*, or *becauſe of*.

Frore, P. L. ii. 595, an old word for froſty.

To Frounce, P. xiv. 123, to criſp, to curl, to frizzle.

Fugue, P. L. xi. 563, (of *fuga*, a flight), in muſic the correſpondency of parts, anſwering one another in the ſame notes, either above or below.

G

Gabble, P. L. xii. 56, loud talk without meaning.

Galaxy, P. L. vii. 579, the milky way, a ſtream of light in the ſky.

Gariſh, P. xiv. 141, gaudy, ſplendid, ſhowy, fine.

Garrulity, S. A. 491, loquacity, incontinence of tongue, inability to keep a ſecret.

Gauntlet, S. A. 1121, an iron glove uſed for defence, and thrown down in challenges.

Gear, P. xvi. 167, furniture, accoutrements.

To Gem, P. L. vii. 325, to put forth the firſt buds; of the Latin *gemmare*.

Glare, P. L. iv. 402, a fierce piercing look.

To Glare, to ſhoot ſuch ſplendour as the eye cannot bear, P. L. vi. 849; to look with fierce piercing eyes, P. L. x. 714, P. R. i. 313.

Globe, P. L. ii, 512, a body of ſoldiers drawn into a circle.

To Gloze, to flatter, to wheedle, to inſinuate, to fawn.

God, P. L. v. 117, for angel.

Gonfalon, P. L. v. 589, a kind of ſtreamer or banner, an enſign, a ſtandard.

Gordian twine, P. L. iv. 348, intricate turnings and twiſtings, like the famous Gordian knot, which no body could untie, but Alexander cut it with his ſword.

Gorgon, P. L. ii. 628, a monſter with ſnaky hairs, of which the ſight turned beholders to ſtone.

Graces, P. L. iv. 267, the beautiful ſeaſons.

Grange, P. xvi. 175, a farm; generally a farm with a houſe at a diſtance from neighbours.

Greves, S. A. 1121, armour for the legs; a ſort of boots.

To Gride, P. L. vi. 329, to cut, to make way by cutting.

Gris-amber, P. R. ii. 344, for ambergris.

Grunſel, P. L. i. 460, the groundſil, the lower part of the building.

Gryphon, P. L. ii. 943, a fabulous creature, ſaid to be generated between the lion and eagle, and to have the head and paws of the lion, and the wings of the eagle.

Guerdon, P. xvii. 73, a prize, a reward, a recompence.

Guiſe, manner, mien, habit, caſt of behaviour.

Gurge, P. L. xii. 41, whirlpool, gulf.

Guſt, a ſudden violent blaſt of wind, P. L. x. 698; height of perception, height of ſenſual enjoyment, P. L. x. 565.

Gymnic, S. A. 1324, ſuch as practiſe the athletic or gymnaſtic exerciſes.

Gyves, S. A. 1093, fetters, chains for the legs.

Habergeon,

H

Habergeon, S. A. 1120, a coat of mail for the neck and ſhoulders.
Habitable, P. L. viii. 157, an adjective uſed ſubſtantively, to which earth is underſtood; like the Greek οἰκουμένη, the inhabited, the earth.
Hair, P. L. vii. 523, for leaves, twigs, and branches; as the Latin *coma* is uſed.
Hand, P. R. iv. 59, for handywork.
Hardihood, P. xvi. 650, ſtoutneſs, bravery.
To Harneſs, P. iii. 244, to dreſs, to arm, to accoutre.
To Harrow, P. xvi. 565, to diſturb, to put into commotion.
Hermes, P. L. iii. 603, mercury or quickſilver.
To Hie, P. L. ii. 1055, to haſten, to go in haſte.
Hippogrif, P. R. iv. 542, an imaginary creature, part like a horſe, and part like a gryphon; a winged horſe.
Holocauſt, S. A. 1702, an entire burnt-offering.
Horrent, P. L. ii. 513, terrible, prickly, ſet up like the briſtles of a wild boar.
To Hoſt, P. L. vi. 93, to encounter in battle. The word *hoſting* (ſays Newton) ſeems to have been firſt coined by Milton. It is a very expreſſive word, a plainly formed from the ſubſtantive *hoſt*. And if ever it is right to make new words, it is when the occaſion is ſo new and extraordinary.
Hours, P. L. iv. 267, the time requiſite for the production and perfection of things.
To Hull, P. L. xi. 840, to float, to drive to and fro upon the water without ſails or rudder.
Hutcht, P. xvi. 719, coffered; from *hutch*, a corn-cheſt.
Hyacinthin, P. L. iv. 301, dark or black.
Hyaline, P. L. vii. 619, the glaſſy ſea.
Hydra, P. L. ii. 628, S xv. 7, a monſter with many heads; whence any multiplicity of evils is termed *hydra*.
Hydrus, P. L. x. 525, the water-ſnake; of ὕδωρ, water.
Hyæna, S. A. 748, a creature ſomewhat like a wolf, and ſaid to imitate a human voice ſo artfully, as to draw people to it, and then devour them.

I

Jaſper, P. L. iii. 363, a precious ſtone of a bright beautiful green colour; it bears ſome reſemblance to the ſea.
Idoliſm, P. R. iv. 234, the worſhip of images.
Idoliſt, S. A. 453, a worſhipper of images.
If, P. L. iii. 117, for though.
Jig, P. xvi. 952, a light careleſs dance, or tune.
Il Penſeroſo, P. xiv. the thoughtful melancholy man.
Illaudable, P. L. vi. 382, unworthy of praiſe or commendation.
Illimitable, P. L. ii. 892, that which cannot be bounded or limited.
To Imblaze, to adorn with glittering imbelliſhments.
To Imboſs, S. A. 1700, to incloſe in a thicket, to conceal, to cover.

To

To Imbrown, P. L. iv. 246, to ſhade, to darken, to obſcure, to cloud.

To Imbrute, to degrade to brutality, P. L. ix. 166; to ſink down to brutality, P. xvi. 468.

Imp, P. L. ix. 89, a ſtock to graft upon, a ſubaltern devil, a puny devil.

To Imp, S. xv. 8. to lengthen or enlarge with any thing adſcititious.

To Impale, P. L. ii. 647, to incloſe, to pale or ſhut in as it were.

To Imparadiſe, P. L. iv. 506, to put in a place or ſtate reſembling Paradiſe in felicity.

Impaſſion'd, P. L. ix. 678, ſeized with paſſion.

Impaſſive, P. L. vi. 455, exempt from the agency of external cauſes.

To Impearl, P. L. v. 747, to form in reſemblance of pearls.

Impediment, P. L. vi. 548, carriages and baggage. They were called in Latin *impedimenta*.

Impervious, P. L. x. 254, unpaſſable, impenetrable.

Implicit, P. L. vii. 323, intangled.

Importance, P. L. ii. 156, *animi impotentia*, weakneſs of mind, ungovernableneſs of paſſion, an unſteddineſs in the government of our paſſions, or the conduct of our deſigns. 'Tis meant for the oppoſite to wiſdom.

To Impregn, to fill with any matter or quality.

Impreſs, P. L. ix. 35, a device, or motto.

To Impurple, P. L. iii. 364, to make red, to colour as with purple.

Inabſtinence, P. L. xi. 476. intemperance.

Incubus, P. R. ii. 152, the night-mare.

To Indent, P. L. ix 496, to notch, to mark any thing with inequalities, like the teeth of a ſaw, to go in and out.

To Indorſe, P. R. iii. 329, to cover on the back.

To Infer, P. L. vii. 116, to make by inference.

Infuriate, P. L. vi 486, inraged, raging.

Inhabitation, S. A. 1512, habitation, place of dwelling.

Inſenſate, P. L. vi. 787, S. A. 1685, ſtupid, wanting thought, wanting ſenſibility.

To Inſinuate, P. L. iv, 348, to infold, to imboſom, to wrap or roll up, to wind.

Intercourſe, P. L. x. 260, paſſing frequently backward and forward.

Interlunar, S. A. 89, belonging to the time when the moon, about the change, is inviſible.

To Intrench, P. L. i. 601, to cut into, to make trenches in, to break with hollows; from the French *intrencher*, to cut.

Jouſt, P. L. ix. 37, tilt, tournament, mock fight.

To Jouſt, P. L. i. 583, to run in the tilt.

Iris, P. L. iv. 698, the flower-de-luce; ſo called from reſembling the colours of the rainbow.

Irriguous, P. L. iv. 255, well watered, full of ſprings and rills.

Jugler, P. xvi. 757, one who practiſes ſleight of hand, a cheat.

Judicious, P. L. viii. 591, chuſes with prudence and ſkill.

K

To Kennel, P. L. ii. 658, to lie, to dwell.
Kercheft, P. xiv. 125, dreſſed, hooded; from *kerchef*, a head-dreſs; French *couvre chef*.
Kirtle, P. xvi. 254, a woman's gown.
Knee-tribute, P. L. v. 782, genuflection, worſhip or obeiſance ſhown by kneeling.

L

Lair, P. L. vii. 457, the couch or bed of a boar, or wild beaſt.
L'Allegro, P. xiii. the cheerful merry man.
Larboard, P. L. ii. 1019, the left-hand ſide of a ſhip, when you ſtand with your face to the head.
Lars, P. iii. 191, houſehold gods.
Lazar-houſe, P. L. xi. 479, a houſe for the reception of the diſeaſed; an hoſpital.
Lea, P. xvi. 965, ground incloſed, not open; paſtures, or corn-fields.
Lee, or Lee-ſhore, P. L. i. 207, is that on which the wind blows. To be *under the Lee*, is to be cloſe under the weather-ſhore.
Leer, P. L. iv. 503, an oblique view.
Lemures, P. iii. 191, night-ſpirits, hobgoblins.
Lenient, S. A. 659, aſſuaſive, ſoftening, mitigating.
Leſs, P. L. ix. 320, for too little.
Levant, P. L. x. 704, riſing, eaſtern.
Leviathan, P. L. i. 201, a water-animal deſcribed in the book of Job; by ſome imagined to be the crocodile, but in poetry generally taken for the whale.
Libbard, P. L. vii. 467, a leopard, a ſpotted beaſt of prey.
Libecchio, P. L. x. 706, the ſouth-weſt wind.
Limbeck, P. L. iii. 605, a ſtill.
Limitary, P. L. iv. 971, placed at the boundaries as a guard or ſuperintendant; ſet to guard the bounds.
Lithe, P. L. iv. 347, limber, pliant, flexible, eaſily bent.
Longitude, length or diſtance, P. L. iv. 539; the ſun's courſe from eaſt to weſt in a ſtrait and direct line, P. L. vii. 373.
Lore, leſſon, inſtruction.
Lubbar, P. xiii. 110, a ſturdy drone; an idle, fat, bulky loſel; a booby.

M

Madrigal, P. xvi. 495, a paſtoral ſong.
Magnetic, P. L. iii. 583, attractive, having the power to draw things diſtant.
To Manure, P. R. iv. 628, to cultivate by manual labour.
Maraſmus, P. L. xi. 487, a kind of conſumption, accompanied with a fever, waſting the body by degrees.
Mariſh, P. L. xii. 630, an old word for marſh; a bog, a fen.
Marle, P. L. ii. 296, a kind of clay uſed for fattening land.
To May, P. xiii. 20, to gather flowers on a May morning.
Meath, P. L. v. 345, ſweet drink like mead.

Meed,

Meed, P. xvii. 14, reward, recompenſe.
Mellifluous, P. L. v. 429, flowing with honey, with ſweetneſs.
Memory, reminiſcence, recollection, P. L. iv. 24; time of knowledge, P. L. vii. 66, 637.
Mickle, P. xvi. 31. much, great. An obſolete word.
Midriff, P. L. xi. 445, the diaphragm, a nervous muſcle ſeparating the breaſt from the belly.
Mimic, S. A. 1325, a ludicrous imitator. This is *mimirs* in all the editions, though the table of errata to the firſt edition directs to read *mimics*.
Mimic, P. L. v. 110, imitative, befitting a mimic.
Minim, P. L. vii. 482, a ſmall being, a dwarf.
Mintage, P. xvi. 529, that which is coined or ſtamped.
Miſcreated, P. L. ii. 683, formed unnaturally or illegitimately; made as by a blunder of nature.
Miſery, P. L. ix. 12, xi. 476, ſickneſs, diſeaſe, and all ſorts of mortal pains.
To Mix, P. L. ii. 69, to fill with.
Mold, P. L. ii. 355, vi. 576, ſubſtance.
Moment, P. L. vi. 239, x. 45, force, impulſive weight, actuating power. 'Tis the weight that turns the balance.
To Moor, P. L. i. 207, to be fixed, to be ſtationed. It is the laying out of anchors in a proper place for the ſecure riding of a ſhip.
To Mope, P. L. xi. 485, to be ſtupid; to drowſe; to be ſpiritleſs, inactive, and inattentive; to be ſtupid and delirious.
Morrice, P. xvi. 116, a dance in which bells are gingled, or ſtaves or ſwords claſhed.
Moſaic, P. L. iv. 700, a kind of painting in ſmall pebbles, cockles, and ſhells of ſundry colours.
Mound, P. L. iv. 134, any thing raiſed to fortify or defend, a bank of earth and ſtone.
Mummer, S. A. 1325, a maſker, one who performs antics in a perſonated dreſs.
Murky, P. L. x. 280, dark, cloudy, tainted, wanting light.
Murrain, P. L. xii. 179, the plague in cattle.
Muſt, P. L. v. 345, new wine.
Myſterious, including a hidden meaning in it, inacceſſible to the underſtanding, awfully obſcure.

N

Naphtha, P. L. i. 729, a very pure, clear, and thin mineral fluid, of a very pale yellow, with a caſt of brown in it. It is of ſo unctuous and fiery a nature, that it kindles at approaching the fire, or the ſun-beams.
Nard, P. L. v. 293, ſpikenard.
Nathleſs, P. L. i. 299, nevertheleſs.
Navel, P. xvi. 520, the middle, the interiour part.
To Need, P. L. x. 80, S. A. 1554, to be wanting.
Nepenthes, P. xvi. 675, a drug that drives away all pains.
Night, P. L. v. 93, for the viſions and dreams frequent in it.

Nocent,

Nocent, P. L. ix. 186, hurtful, miſchievous.
Notus, P. L. x. 702, the ſouth wind.
Number, P. L. iii. 580, meaſure, harmony.
Number'd, P. L. viii. 19, numerous.

O

To Oblige, P. L. ix. 980, to render obnoxious to guilt or puniſhment. It is uſed in the large ſenſe of the Latin *obligo*.
Of, P. L. iv. 411, for among.
Offal, P. L. x. 633, carrion, coarſe meat.
Omnific, P. L. vii. 217, all-creating.
Ooze, P. L. vii. 303, ſoft mud, mire at the bottom of water, ſlime.
Opal, P. L. ii. 1049, a precious ſtone of diverſe colours, partaking of the carbuncle's faint fire, the amethyſt's bright purple, and the emerald's cheering green.
Opiate, P. L. xi. 133, ſoporiferous, ſomniferous, narcotic, cauſing ſleep.
Orc, P. L. xi. 835, a large kind of ſea-beaſt.
Oread, P. L. ix. 387, a mountain-nymph.
Orgies, P. L. i. 415, mad rites of Bacchus, frantic revels.
Orient, P. xvi. 65, bright, ſhining, glittering, gaudy, ſparkling.
Oriſons, a prayer, a ſupplication.
Ounce, a lynx, a panther.

P

Pact, P. R. iv. 191, the technical term for the contracts of ſorcerers with the devil; a bargain, a covenant.
Palmer, P. xvi. 189, a pilgrim; they who returned from the holy land carrying branches of *palm*, whether they had made a vow to go, and are therefore called *votariſts*.
To Pamper, P. L. v. 214, to be overgrown with ſuperfluous leaves and fruitleſs branches; from the French *pampre*, of the Latin *pampinus*, a vine-branch full of leaves.
Pan, P. L. iv. 266, nature.
Pandæmonium, the capital, or chief reſidence of the devils.
Panim, P. L. i. 765, P. R. iii. 343, pagan, infidel.
Panoply, P. L. vi. 527, armour from head to foot; from the Greek παναπλια, armour at all points.
Panſy, P. L. ix. 1040, a kind of violet.
To Parogon, P. L. x. 426, to compare, to be equal to, like to; of παρα *juxta*, and αγων *certamen*; an exact idea or likeneſs of a thing, able to conteſt with the original.
Paranymph, S. A. 1020, a brideman, one who leads the bride to her marriage.
Pard, P. L. iv. 344, the leopard, a ſpotted beaſt of prey.
Parle, P. L. vi. 296, converſation, talk.
Parly, P. xvi. 241, talk, conference.
To Peer, P. iii. 140, to come juſt in ſight.
Peerleſs, unequalled, having no peer.
Peccant, P. L. xi. 70, guilty, criminal.

Pen, P. L. vii. 421, a feather, from *penna*.

Penance, P. L. ii. 92, puniſhment, ſuffered as an expreſſion of repentance for ſin.

Pennon, P. L. ii. 933, vulgarly ſpelt *pinion*, a wing; from *penna*.

Pernicious, P. L. vi. 520, quick, ſpeedy; from the Latin *pernix*.

Petrific, P. L. x. 294, having the power to change to ſtone.

Phylactery, P. xix. 17, a bandage on which was inſcribed ſome memorable ſentence.

Pied, P. xiii. 75, variegated, particoloured.

Pilaſter, P. L. i. 713, a pillar jutting out of the wall.

Platon, P. L. iv. 478, the plane-tree, ſo named from the breadth of its leaves. Πλατὺς, Gr. broad.

Plate, P. L. vi. 368, broad ſolid armour.

Pledge, P. xvii. 107, a child; as children were ſimply called by the Latins *pignora*, pledges.

Pleiades, P. L. vii. 374, a northern conſtellation.

To Plight, P. xvi. 301, to plait, to braid, to weave.

Plurality, P. xix. 3, more cures of ſouls than one.

To Poiſe, P. L. ii. 905, to give weight or ballaſt to; to hold or place in equiponderance.

Ponent, P. L. x. 704, ſetting, weſtern.

Pontifical, P. L. x. 313, bridge-building.

Pontifice, P L. x. 348, bridgework, edifice of a bridge.

Porcupine, S. A. 1138. a hedgehog, a creature wholly covered with quills.

To Port, P. L. iv. 980, to carry in form. *Ported ſpears*, ſpears borne pointed towards Satan.

Portcullis, P. L. ii. 874, a ſort of machine like a harrow, hung over the gates of a city, to be let down to keep out an enemy.

To Prank, P. xvi. 759, to dreſs, to decorate; to dreſs, or adjuſt to oſtentation.

Predicament, P. ii. 56, a claſs or arrangement of beings or ſubſtances ranked according to their natures.

To Pretend, P. L. x. 872, to hold or place before; to hold as a deluſive appearance; to exhibit as a cover of ſomething hidden: from the Latin *prætendere*.

Pride, P. L. iv. 40, a kind of exceſſive and vitious ſelf-eſteem, that raiſes men in their own opinions above what is juſt and right. See Ambition.

Proboſcis, P. L. iv. 347, the ſnout or trunk of an elephant.

Procinct, P. L. vi. 19, complete preparation, preparation brought to the point of action. *In procinct*, ready girded; in alluſion to the ancients, who juſt before the battle uſed to gird their garments cloſe to them, which on other occaſions they wore very looſe.

Proof, P. L. v. 384, for armour.

Proviſion, P. L. ix. 623, what is provided for men, accumulation of ſtores before hand, ſtock collected. It uſually ſignifies what men have provided.

To Prowl, P. L. iv. 183, to prey, to plunder.

Punctual, P. L. viii. 23, compriſed or conſiſting in a point, no bigger than a point.

Puny,

Puny, P. L. ii. 367, weak, little, born ſince, created long after; from the French *puis nè*.

To Purfle, P. xvi. 995, to decorate with a wrought or flowered border, to embroider. *Purfled*, flouriſhed, or wrought upon with a needle.

Purlieu, P. L. iv. 404, border, incloſure.

To Purloin, P. ii. 946, to ſteal, to take by theft.

To Purvey, P. L. ix. 1021, to procure proviſions.

Q

Quaint, P. L. viii. 78, ſubtly excogitated, fineſpun.

Quality, P. ii. nature relatively conſidered; or property, accident.

Quantity, P. ii. that property of any thing which may be increaſed or diminiſhed.

Quaternion, P. L. v. 181, a fourfold mixture and combination.

Quinteſſence, an extract from any thing, containing all its virtues in a ſmall quantity.

Quip, P. xiii. 27, a ſharp jeſt, a taunt, a ſarcaſm.

R

Rathe, P. xvii. 142, early, coming before the time.

To Reak, P. L. viii. 256, to ſteam, to ſmoke, to emit vapour; from the Saxon *rec*, ſmoke.

Reälty, P. L. vi. 115, loyalty. A word peculiar to Milton.

Rebec, P. xiii. 94, a three-ſtringed fiddle.

Rebell'd, P. L. vi. 737, for thoſe who have rebelled, rebellious.

To Reck, to care, to heed, to mind, to make account of, to rate at much.

To Record, P. L. vii. 338, to celebrate, to cauſe to be remembered.

Recreant, P. R. iii. 138, apoſtate, falſe.

Reign, P. L. i. 543, kingdom; uſed like *regnum*.

Relation, P. ii. manner of belonging to any perſon or thing.

Religion, P. L. i. 372, religious rites; or a ſyſtem of worſhip oppoſite to others.

Reluctant, P. L. vi. 58, unwilling, acting with repugnance.

To Remark, S. A. 1309, to diſtinguiſh, to point out, to mark.

To Repeal, P. L. vii. 59, to abrogate, to revoke. In the ſame ſenſe as a law is ſaid to be *repealed*, when an end is put to all the force and effect of it; ſo when *doubts* are at an end, they may be ſaid to be *repealed*.

Reprobate, P. L. i. 697, loſt to virtue, loſt to grace, abandoned.

Reptile, P. L. vii. 388, an animal that creeps upon many feet.

To Retain, P. L. ix. 601, to confine.

Rheum, P. L. xi. 488, a thin watery matter oozing through the glands, chiefly about the mouth.

Rhomb, a figure of four ſides; which being converted into one of three makes a *wedge*, P. R. iii. 309.

Rubied, red as a ruby.

Ruin, P. L. i. 46, falling with violence and precipitation.

To Ruin, P. L. vi. 868, to fall down with ruin and precipitation.

Ruſſet, P. xiii. 71. ruſtic.

Ruth, P. xvii. 163, pity, mercy, tenderneſs, ſorrow for the miſery of another.

S

Sable, P. L. ii. 962, black. A ſable is a creature whoſe ſkin is of the greater price, the blacker it is.

Sad, P. L. vi. 541, ſour and ſullen, ſerious or in earneſt.

Sadly, P. xvi. 509, ſoberly, ſeriouſly.

Sagacious, P. L. x. 281, quick of ſcent.

Saphir, a precious ſtone of a blue colour.

Saw, P. xvi. 110, a maxim, a ſaying, a ſentence, a proverb.

Scape, P. R. ii. 189, a looſe act of vice or lewdneſs.

To Scathe, P. L. i. 613, to damage, to hurt, to waſte, to deſtroy.

Sciential, P. L. ix. 837, producing ſcience or knowledge.

Scrannel, P. xvii. 124, vile, worthleſs grating to the ſound.

Scull, P. L. vii. 402, a ſhoal or vaſt multitude of fiſh.

To 'Sdeign, P. L. iv. 50, to diſdain.

Senſible, P. L. ii. 278, the ſenſe. To *ſenſibile*, the adjective uſed for a ſubſtantive.

Seneſhall, P. L. ix. 38, one who had in great houſes the care of feaſts, or domeſtic ceremonies; a ſteward.

Sere, P. L. x. 1071, P. xvii. 2, dry, withered; from the Greek ξηρος.

Serenate, P. L. iv. 769, muſic or ſongs with which ladies are entertained by their lovers in the night.

To Serry, P. L. i. 548, vi. 599, to preſs cloſe; to drive hard together; to link and claſp together; from the French *ſerrer*, to lock, to ſhut cloſe.

Servitude, P. L. xii. 132, ſervants; the abſtract for the concrete.

Sewer, P. L. ix. 38, an officer who ſerves up a feaſt.

Sextile, P. L. x. 659, a poſition or aſpect of two planets, when at ſixty degrees diſtant, or at the diſtance of two ſigns from one another.

To Shatter, P. L. x. 1066, P. xvii. 5, to ſhake or break in pieces, to break ſo as to ſcatter the parts.

Sheen, brightneſs, ſplendour.

Sheen or Sheeny, bright, glittering, ſhewy.

Sheer, clean, quick, at once.

Shifter, P. xi. 5, one who plays tricks, a man of artifice.

Shoon, P. xvi. 635, ſhoes.

Sideral, x. 693, ſtarry, aſtral.

Sirocco, P. L. x. 706, the ſouth-eaſt or Syrian wind.

Sky-tinctured, P. L. v. 285, ſky coloured, dyed in grain, to expreſs beauty and durableneſs.

Smouldring, P. iii. 159, burning and ſmoking without vent.

Soldan, P. L. i. 764, a Sultan, the Emperor of the Turks.

Solitary, P. L. vi. 139, ſingle.

Sooth, truth. *In ſooth*, indeed.

Sooth, P. xvi. 823, true, faithful, pleaſing, delightful.

Sord,

Sord, P. L. xi. 433, turf, graſſy ground.
Soul, P. L. v. 197, an intelligent being, any creature that has life beſides man.
Speculation, P. L. xii. 589, a watching on a tower or high place, thence a diſcovery.
Squat, P. L. iv. 800, cowering, cloſe to the ground.
To Stand, P. L. viii. 3, to remain, to continue.
Station of a planet, P. L. vii. 563, a term of art, when the planet appears neither to go backwards nor forwards, but to ſtand ſtill and keep the ſame place in its orbit.
Statiſt, P. R. iv. 354, a ſtateſman, a politician.
To Subſcribe, P. L. xi. 182, to aſſent, to agree to. *Suſcribere* literally ſignifies to underwrite, thence to agree to.
Subſtance, P. ii. a being ſubſiſting in and by itſelf.
Succeſs, P. L. ii. 9. vi. 161, for ill ſucceſs. It imports the termination of any affair happy or unhappy; but without any epithet it is commonly taken for good ſucceſs.
Succinct, P. L. iii. 643, ready, prepared; the metaphorical ſenſe of the word. Literally it ſignifies *girded*, or *tucked up*.
Suffuſion, P. L. iii. 26, that which is ſuffuſed or ſpread.
To Sum, P. L. vii. 421. P. R. i. 14, to have feathers full grown, or to their full ſtrength; to want nothing of the ſum of its feathers. A term in falconry.
Superiour, free from emotion or concern, unconquered.
To Supplant, P. L. x. 513, to trip up one's heels, to overthrow; from the Latin *ſupplanto, a planta pedis ſubtus emota*.
Swart, black, gloomy, malignant. Swart ſtar, P. xvii. 138, the dog-ſtar.
To Swerve, P. L. vi. 386, to wander out of its place, to deviate, to rove; by analogy, to bend, to ply.
To Swinge, P. iii. 172, to move as a laſh. In this ſenſe the word is not now in uſe.
To Swink, P. xvi. 293, to overlabour, to work, to tire, to fatigue.
Sylvan, a wood-god, or Satyr.
Symphony, concert of inſtruments, harmony of mingled ſounds.
Syrtis, P. L. ii. 939, a quick ſand, a bog.

T

To Tangle, to inſnare, to intrap, to be intangled.
Tangle, a knot of things mingled in one another.
Taſſel'd, P. xv. 57, adorned with taſſels.
To Ted, P. L. ix. 450, to lay graſs newly mown in rows, for drying.
To Tempeſt, P. L. vii. 412, (from the Italian *tempeſtare*), to diſturb as by a tempeſt,
Tepid, P. L. vii. 417, lukewarm.
Thankleſs, P. xvii. 66, that earns no thanks, is not thanked. It otherwiſe ſignifies unthankful, ungrateful,
Thraſcias, P. L. x. 700, the wind blowing from Thrace, northward of Greece.
To Thrill, P. iii. 103, to pierce, to bore, to penetrate.

Tiar,

Tiar, P. L. iii. 625, a Perſian word for a round cap, high and ending in a point; the uſual covering and ornament the eaſtern princes wore on their heads.

To Tilt, to run in tilts, P. L. ix. 34, to play unſteadily, P. L. xi. 747.

Tilth, P. L. xi. 430, arable, tilled.

To Tine, P. L. x. 1075, to light, to kindle, to ſet on fire; from the Saxon *tynan*, to light, to kindle. From this we have the word *tinder*.

Tipſy, P. xvi. 104. drunk, overpowered with drink.

To Torment, P. L. vi. 244, to put into great agitation; from the French *tormente*, a great ſtorm.

Torneament, or Tournament, tilt, juſt, P. L. ix. 37.; encounter, ſhock of battle, P. L. xi. 652.

Tortuous, P. L. ix. 516, twiſted, wreathed, winding.

Trading, P. L. ii. 640, having a trading wind, or a monſoon.

To Train, P. L. vi. 553, to draw along, to draw in train; from the term *train of artillery*.

Tranſmigration, P. L. x. 261, paſſage from one place or ſtate into another.

To Travel, P. L. iii. 501, to tire, to harraſs. Mr. Johnſon thinks this word ſhould be ſpelt *travail* when it ſignifies *labour*, and *travel* when it ſignifies *journey*.

To Trick, P. xiv. 123, xvii. 170, to dreſs, to decorate, to adorn.

Triform, P. L. iii. 730, having a triple ſhape. The moon is ſaid to be *triform*, when increaſing with horns towards the eaſt, decreaſing with horns towards the weſt, and at the full.

To Trill, P. R. iv. 246 to utter quavering.

To Trip, P. L. xi. 847, P. xv. 99, to dance, to run, or ſtep lightly; from *tripudiare*, to dance.

To Troll, P. L. xi. 620, to move circularly.

Tropic, P. L. x. 675, the line at which the ſun turns back.

Tun, P. L. iv. 816, a large caſk.

Turkis, or Turkois, P. xvi. 894, a blue ſtone, numbered among the meaner precious ſtones.

Turm, P. R. iv. 66, a troop; a word coined from the Latin *turma*.

U

Unapparent, P. L. vii. 103, obſcure, not viſible.

Uncouth, old ſtrange, unuſual. From the Saxon *uncud*, unknown.

Underſtood, P. L. i. 662, not expreſſed, not openly declared, and yet implied; as when we ſay, that a ſubſtantive or verb is *underſtood* in a ſentence.

Uneſſential, P. L. ii. 439, void of real being.

Unexpreſſive, unutterable, ineffable, not to be expreſſed.

Unfum'd, P. L. v. 349, not burnt and exhaling ſmoke, as in fumigations, but with its natural ſcent.

Uniſon, P. L. vii. 599, ſounding alone.

Unprevented, P. L. iii. 231, not preceded by any thing.

Unremov'd,

Unremov'd, P. L. iv. 987, for immovable, not capable of being removed.
Unweeting, ignorant, unknowing.
Unwiſer, P. L. iv. 716, not ſo wiſe as one ſhould have been.
To Uſe, P. xvii. 136, to haunt, to frequent.
Uxorious, ſubmiſſively fond of a wife, infected with connubial dotage.

V

Van, a wing with which the air is beaten.
Vant-braſs, or Vant-brace, S. A. 1121, armour for the arms.
Various, varied with diverſe ſculptures and paintings, P. L. vi. 84; variegated, diverſified, P. L. vii. 318.
To Veer, P. L. ix. 515. to turn about.
Vernant, P. L. x. 679, flouriſhing as in the ſpring.
Viands, food, meat dreſſed.
Vigil, P. R. i. 182, watch; devotions performed in the cuſtomary hours of reſt; ſongs ſung while the angels kept watch.
Void, P. L. iii. 12. deſtitute of any formed being, void as the earth was when firſt created. It commonly ſignifies *emptineſs*; but it cannot be ſo underſtood here; for Chaos is deſcribed as full of matter.
Volant, P. L. xi. 561, nimble, active.
Vollied, P. L. iv. 928. diſploded, diſcharged with a volley.
Voluble, rolling, having quick motion.

W

To Wallow, P. L. vii. 411, to move heavily and clumſily.
War, P. L. xii. 214, forces, army.
Ware, P. L. ix. 353, P. xvi. 558, wary, cautious.
To Warp, P. L. i. 341, to turn; to work forward; a ſea-term.
Waſſailer, P. xvi. 179, a toper, a drunkard. Mr. Johnſon gives this account of the origin of the word. *Hail* or *heil* for health was in ſuch continual uſe among the good fellows of ancient times, that a drinker was called a *was-heiler*, or a *wiſher of health*; and the liquor was termed *was-heil*, becauſe *health* was ſo often *wiſhed over it*. Theſe words were afterwards corrupted into *waſſail* and *waſſailer*. Miſcel. obſ. on Macbeth, p. 41.
To Wattle, P. xvi. 344, to bind with twigs; to form, by platting twigs one within another.
To Ween, to think, to imagine, to fancy.
To Weet, to know, to be informed.
Welkin, the firmament or ſky.
Weſtering, P. xvii. 31, drawing toward the weſt.
Whilome, P. i. 24, formerly, once, of old.
Whiſt, P. iii. 64, ſtill, ſilent. It is commonly uſed as an interjection commanding ſilence. And hence it is ſuppoſed the game of *Whiſt* hath its name, as it requires cloſe attention and ſilence.
Wight, a perſon, a being.
Wiſard, a wiſe man, P. iii. 23; an inchanter, a conjurer, P. xvi. 571.
Within, P. L. i. 725, xi. 470, an adverb, inwardly.

To

To Won, P. L. vii. 457, to live, to dwell, to inhabit.
To Worſe, P. L. vi. 440. to put to diſadvantage.
To Wrack, P. L. ii. 182, to rock, to ſhake.
To Wrench, S. xxi. 4, to force, to wreſt.
To Writhe, to diſtort, P. L. x. 569; to twiſt with violence, P. L. vi. 328.

Y

Ycleaped, P. xiii. 12. called, named, termed.

Z

Zenith, the point over head oppoſite to the nadir.
Zephyr, the weſt wind.
Zodiac, a great circle of the ſphere, containing the twelve ſigns.
Zone, a girdle, P. L. v. 281; a diviſion of the earth, P. L. ii. 397; circuit, circumference, P. L. v. 560.

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